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THE DRAMATIC WORKS
OF BALZAC

VOLUME I.





The Dramatic Works of Honoré de Balzac

FIRST
ENGLISH
TRANSLATION



Rendered into
English by
E. de Valcourt-Vermont

V O L U M E I

V A U T R I N
Q U I N O L A ' S
R E S O U R C E S
P A M E L A
G I R A U D

GEBBIE & COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA

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INTRODUCTION

It is the first time, to our knowledge, that the five plays constituting the Dramatic Works of Honoré de Balzac are rendered into the English language. Certainly none of the collections of the famous Frenchman's magnum opus, issued in England or America, and so justly popular on both sides of the Ocean, include these two volumes which are invariably comprised in the French sets of the same works. This singular omission needs perhaps a few words of explanation, as a kind of preface to this translation.

To begin with, it is well known that publishers are often overcautious in their acceptance of translated works of fiction. Indeed an author has had to gain a very wide reputation in his own country before securing the remotest chance to the honor of transference into a foreign language. Then, again, only such works of his as have met with a particularly flattering welcome in the original are in demand outside of the land of his birth. Thus the probabilities are great that the author venturing abroad will obtain but a very incomplete hearing, doubtless, limited to what in the book-world is called his "money-making" successes. Later, after his death generally, and in exceptional cases only, the comple-

mentary works of the foreigner are added to the "leaders" already published, these additions depending for their sale on being included in "editions" or "sets."

In this respect, Balzac, the great Balzac, has not escaped the common fate. To this day, and when his reputation among the English-speaking people has reached such satisfying proportions, those of his books that are really popular with the mass of the reading public could be counted upon the ten fingers of the hands, and have been issued under a dozen different garbs. The balance of the 42 volumes forming the collection of his novels and philosophical works, are practically unknown, or at least neglected by the general reader. This is doubtless one of the reasons why publishers—if they knew of the existence of the dramatic works of Balzac—did not add these two remarkable volumes to the large collections already on the market.

And besides, for the public at large, Balzac is essentially a novelist, the greatest of them all in the opinion of many literary lights, but with the limitations of the novelist; just as Shakespeare, with whom he is so frequently compared, is distinctively and exclusively a playwright and a poet. This idea has been so firmly implanted in the foreign mind that it is almost with fear and trembling that we dare touch the curious error thus fostered and entertained, and proclaim the fact that Balzac has written plays—five of them—, that these plays have all been acted on prominent Parisian stages by actors of no mean reputation, and that

their plots, characters, and style are of the most captivating interest.

Nor do they belong to what might be called the incubating period of his talent, to those long years of dire poverty—from 1822 to 1829—when the struggling young author was issuing under various noms de plume the many stories included since among “the novels of his youth.” No, the dramatic works of Balzac all date from the heyday of the prolific author’s life—from 1838 to 1850, the year of his death. Thus does fall to the ground the unjust assertion made by people who never perused these plays that they are but inferior productions of either an undeveloped or an exhausted writer.

Finally an explanation is in order as to the comparative lack of success of these productions on the stage, as it has had evidently a serious influence on the decision of foreign publishers not to include them in their sets of translations.

As a matter of fact, but two of the works comprised in these volumes were positively rejected by the hypercritical public of the “first nights,” and a sober judgment leads us to think that only one—Quinola’s *Resources*—might be classed as an ill-constructed theatrical machine. Of the four others, *Mercadet* is still presented frequently on the boards of that famed sanctuary of high histrionic art—the *Théâtre Français*—and *The Step-Mother* has often been mentioned as a sure success if revived by a first-class company. *Vautrin* and *Pamela Giraud* have certainly suffered worse from the changes in ways, manners and habits of the

people, and would meet with a doubtful welcome from French audiences of the present day; but this, of course, has little, if anything, to do with their intrinsic merit and interest as works of literature. And this is the point we are particularly desirous of impressing upon the reader's mind before he begins perusing these volumes.

We did not, without giving the matter long and serious thought, resolve to apply ourselves to produce as good and faithful a translation of Balzac's *Dramatic Works* as lay within our power. We read and re-read the plays in the original with, we believe, cool and unbiased attention, and it was only when the powerful interest that pervades them all had acted over us with the usual magic of the great dissector of human hearts and minds that we accepted our self-imposed task, with the firm conviction that there was not a page in these two volumes that would not conquer and retain the breathless interest of the reader. In fact we consider these plays as containing more exciting action and more ingenious combinations than the majority of the novelist's best stories.

This said, let us give a paragraph or two to the peculiar atmosphere of each play, as we have avoided breaking off the interest of the reading, by the introduction of footnotes in reference to the historical coloring so plentifully used by the author.

Vautrin is, of course a well-known character to the readers of Balzac's novels, as the sinister figure of the ex-convict looms up in its terrific grandeur in *Père Goriot*, *Lost Illusions*, *Splendor*

and Wretchedness of Courtezans and The Last Incarnation of Vautrin. In the play, however, none of these novels has been drawn upon to furnish incidents or characters. It is the case, in fact, with every one of the Balzac theatrical efforts; they are not in any sense of the word adaptations from any of his published stories and the plots are as new as they are ingenious. The atmosphere, in Vautrin, is that of the Court of the Bourbon kings, shortly after the second return to Paris of Louis XVIII. The allied troops are still in possession of the country and titled foreigners are almost as numerous in the capital as the returned French nobles. This statement explains many of the peculiarities of plot and action.

Quinola's Resources brings us back to the dark days of Philip II. of Spain, at the time of the all-powerful Holy Office, or Spanish Inquisition. In a short preface, that preceded the first publication of this drama, Balzac insisted that he had discovered in old Spanish archives sufficient evidence that such a boat moved by a steam-engine had been truly constructed by a Spanish pupil of the great Galileo, but had been mysteriously destroyed after the first successful experiment. It is a far cry from 1588-89 to Fulton's first successful steamboat, The Clermont, and its trial trip on the Hudson, August 11, 1807. But the legend, if legend it be, is well told and certainly worth reading.

Pamela Giraud leads us back to the period of

the French Restoration (1816-1830), and to those troubled times when the old soldiers of Napoleon were plotting the return of the "little corporal" or the enthronement of that puny son of his, the Austrian Duke of Reichstadt, "l'Aiglon."

To the latter part of this same historical era, The Step-Mother must be ascribed. No plotting is mentioned in this superb drama, but the hatreds originating from the Revolutionary and Imperialistic periods are seen at play in an apparently peaceful home until they destroy its very foundations.

Mercadet tells a story of more contemporaneous interest, in fact a story as fresh to-day and in our own United States as it was in the fifties in Paris. For it treats of the wiles and tricks of unscrupulous speculators and promoters, and it needs but very slight verbal changes to make the whole story fit admirably some ill-flavored incident in the life of the 20th century financier.

With these few words of introduction and explanation we do not hesitate to submit Balzac's Dramatic Works to the judgment of the intelligent American reader.

E. de Valcourt-Vermont.

VAUTRIN

A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS

*Presented for the first time at the Théâtre de
la Porte Saint Martin, in Paris,
March 14, 1840.*

CHARACTERS

JACQUES COLLIN, alias VAUTRIN.

THE DUKE OF MONTSOREL.

THE MARQUIS ALBERT OF MONTSOREL, his son.

RAOUL DE FRESCAS.

CHARLES BLONDET, alias THE CHEVALIER OF SAINT-CHARLES.

FRANCOIS CADET, alias THE PHILOSOPHER.

SILK-THREAD, a cook.

BUTEUX, a janitor.

PHILIPPE BOULARD, alias LAFOURAILLE.

A POLICE CAPTAIN.

JOSEPH BONNET, the groom of the chambers of the Duchess of Montsorel.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL (Louise de Vaudrey).

MADemoisELLE DE VAUDREY, her aunt.

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.

INES DE CHRISTOVAL (Princess of Arjos).

FELICITE, maid of the Duchess of Montsorel.

Servants, policemen, detectives, etc.

The action takes place in Paris, shortly after the second return of the Bourbons, in 1816.

VAUTRIN

FIRST ACT

(A Drawing-room in the Montsorel mansion.)

SCENE I

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL. MADemoisELLE
DE VAUDREY.

THE DUCHESS.—And so you waited for me? How kind of you!

MADemoisELLE DE VAUDREY.—What can be the matter with you, to-day, Louise? For the first time in the twelve years that we have grieved together, I see you with a happy face. To one who knows you as I do, it is positively alarming.

THE DUCHESS.—Oh, my joy must manifest itself— You who have shared my anguish during all these years can alone understand the delight brought to me by a faint ray of hope.

MADemoisELLE DE VAUDREY. — Have you learned something about your son?

THE DUCHESS.—I have found him.

MADemoisELLE DE VAUDREY.—That cannot be— You will only suffer added tortures when you find you have been the victim of an illusion.

THE DUCHESS.—Dear aunt, a dead child has his grave in his mother's heart, but a stolen child lives there to the last.

MADemoiselle DE VAUDREY.—Hush! If anyone should hear you!

THE DUCHESS.—What do I care! From to-day, I begin a new life and feel within me all the strength needed to resist Monsieur de Montsorel's tyranny.

MADemoiselle DE VAUDREY.—After twenty-two years of vain tears, upon what events do you base this new hope?

THE DUCHESS.—It is more than a hope— Just listen! After the King's reception, I drove to the Spanish embassy; the Ambassador was to present me to the Duchess of Christoval. It was there that I saw a young man who looked strikingly like me. Do you understand now why I returned home so late? I felt as if I were fixed in the drawing-room where he stood. Only when *he* left could I withdraw.

MADemoiselle DE VAUDREY.—And is it such a feeble clue that has excited you so greatly?

THE DUCHESS.—For a mother, is not a sudden revelation the surest of proofs? The first time I gazed upon him, I felt as if a flame passed before my eyes; his look kindled my life again and I was filled with heavenly bliss. Ah, if he is truly my son, I know I shall love him madly!

MADemoiselle DE VAUDREY.—It would ruin you!

THE DUCHESS.—Perhaps it would. I may have been observed already. An unconquerable force carried me on; I saw no one but him; I was bound to have him speak to me. And he did speak to me; he told me his age—just twenty-three—Fernand's exact age—

MADemoiselle DE VAUDREY.—But the Duke was there, was he not?

THE DUCHESS.—How could I think of my husband! I listened to this young man as he was talking to Ines de Christoval. I believe they love each other.

MADemoiselle DE VAUDREY.—What! Ines! The proposed wife of your son, the Marquis? And do you think the Duke was not struck by the sight of such favor being shown by you to his son's evident rival?

THE DUCHESS.—You are right. I realize now to what danger Fernand is exposed. But I do not want to keep you up any longer. I feel I could talk to you about him until daybreak. Besides, you will see him soon. I told him to call upon me at an hour when Monsieur de Montsorel is in attendance upon the King, so that we may question him concerning his childhood.

MADemoiselle DE VAUDREY.—I am afraid you will enjoy but little sleep. Do try and calm yourself. The first thing to do is to send Felicité to bed; she is not accustomed to staying up so late. (*She rings the bell.*)

FELICITÉ, *entering the room*.—Monsieur le Duc has just reached home with Monsieur le Marquis.

THE DUCHESS.—I have already told you, Felicité, never to inform me of any matter concerning Monsieur. You may retire. (*Exit Felicité.*)

MADemoiselle DE VAUDREY.—I hardly dare touch upon an illusion that gives you so much joy; but when I measure the height to which it has carried you, I dread some horrible fall. Precipitated from such a lofty peak, both soul and body are likely to be crushed together. I repeat it, I tremble for you.

THE DUCHESS.—You are afraid of the effects of despair, I am afraid of the excess of my joy.

MADemoiselle DE VAUDREY, *gazing at the Duchess, who is leaving the room.*—If she finds herself mistaken, it may drive her insane.

THE DUCHESS, *coming back.*—Dear Aunt, Fernand is Raoul de Frescas. (*She goes from the room.*)

SCENE II

MADemoiselle DE VAUDREY, *alone.*—She cannot realize that it would take a miracle to restore her son to her. But all mothers believe in just such miracles. She must be closely watched. A look, a word, might ruin her! For, if she were right, and this young man is really her son, she is threatened with a catastrophe more terrible than the disappointment which is probably in store for her. I wonder if she will know how to control herself in the presence of her maids?

SCENE III

MADemoiselle DE VAUDREY. FELICITÉ.

MADemoiselle DE VAUDREY.—Is your mistress through with you so soon?

FELICITÉ.—Yes, Mademoiselle; Madame la Duchesse was in a great hurry to dispense with my services.

MADemoiselle DE VAUDREY.—She gave you no special orders for the morning?

FELICITÉ.—No, Mademoiselle.

MADemoisELLE DE VAUDREY.—Toward noon, a young gentleman named Monsieur Raoul de Frescas, will call upon me. He may possibly ask for the Duchess. Speak to Joseph about it, and tell him to conduct the gentleman to my sitting-room. (*She leaves the room.*)

SCENE IV

FELICITÉ, *alone*.—A young man for her? I should think not! He's for Madame. I always thought that the withdrawal of the Duchess from society had some hidden motive. She is beautiful, she is rich and the Duke does not love her. To-night is the first time she has been out in a long while; to-morrow a young man is to call upon her and Mademoiselle is appointed to receive him— Well, well, they are concealing something from me— In this house, there are neither confidences nor tips. If that's going to be the kind of life for us maids, under this new order of things, I wonder how we are going to get along— (*A side door opens and two men are seen on the threshold; the door is closed at once.*) Well— We'll see the young man, anyhow. (*Exit Felicité.*)

SCENE V

JOSEPH. VAUTRIN.

(*Vautrin walks in through the side door, dressed in the evening attire of a diplomat. His overcoat is tan-colored, bordered with fur and lined with black satin.*)

JOSEPH.—The wretched creature! If she had seen us, we would have been ruined.

VAUTRIN.—You mean, *you* would have been ruined! So, you are awfully anxious not to get into hot water again, it seems. I suppose you are enjoying angelic peace in this house.

JOSEPH.—Well, I find that it pays to be honest.

VAUTRIN.—What do you mean by being honest?

JOSEPH.—Oh, making just a trifle over and above my wages.

VAUTRIN.—I see, I see— You steal often but little at a time; you are feathering your nest and perhaps enjoying a little usury¹ on the side. Well, you have no idea how pleased I am to see one of my old acquaintances settled in a most honorable position. You are built for it, for you have only a few minor faults, and that's like being half virtuous. Personally, I have had vices, and I regret them, for, alas, they have passed away. All I have left, nowadays, is the excitement of dangers and struggles. After all, it's much like the Indian surrounded by his enemies: I defend my scalp.

JOSEPH.—And mine?

VAUTRIN.—And yours? Oh, that's so, I remember, I promised you, on the word of a Jacques Collin, never to place you in any compromising situation; but, you are to obey me in everything—

JOSEPH.—In everything? That is—

VAUTRIN.—Oh, I know the Penal Code— For any risky work, I have the old chums, the faithful friends. By the way, you have been here long?

JOSEPH.—Madame la Duchesse engaged me when

she followed His Majesty to Ghent, early last year and I have been trusted by her ever since.

VAUTRIN.—That's all right. I need some information about the Montsorels. What did they tell you?

JOSEPH.—Nothing.

VAUTRIN.—It's seldom that great people confide in their servants. Now, what have you discovered?

JOSEPH.—Nothing.

VAUTRIN, *aside*.—I declare, he is getting honest too fast. Perhaps, after all, he knows nothing. Still, by talking five minutes with a man, I always manage to get some information out of him. (*Aloud.*) In whose room are we here?

JOSEPH.—This is Madame la Duchesse's private drawing-room, and these doors lead to her other apartments. The Duke's suite is just above, and the rooms of their only son, the Marquis, are on the floor below with windows on the courtyard.

VAUTRIN.—I asked you to procure me the impressions of all the keys used in the Duke's private study. Have you got them?

JOSEPH, *with a show of hesitation*.—Here they are.

VAUTRIN.—Every time I shall want to enter the premises, you'll find a cross-mark in chalk upon the outside of the garden door— You'll go every evening to look for it— They must be virtuous people here, for I noticed that the hinges were quite rusty. Well, the days of Louis XVIII. are very different from the days of Louis XV. And now, good-by, for the present, my dear fellow; I'll be back to-morrow night. (*Aside.*) I must return to my people at the Christoval mansion.

JOSEPH, *aside*.—Since this terrible man has discovered me, I haven't had a moment's rest—

VAUTRIN, *returning after having walked to the door*.—So the Duke is not living with his wife?

JOSEPH.—They have been on bad terms for the last twenty years.

VAUTRIN.—Do you know why?

JOSEPH.—Even their son does not.

VAUTRIN.—And the man in your place before you, why did they send him away?

JOSEPH.—I don't know. I never met him. In fact, I think the household has been organized as it now is only since the second return of the King.

VAUTRIN.—This is one of the results of the new order of things: no more attachment between masters and servants, hence no more confidences, hence no chance of betrayal. (*To Joseph.*) Do they exchange cutting remarks at the dinner table?

JOSEPH.—Never in the presence of the serving people.

VAUTRIN.—What is your opinion of your masters between yourselves, in the servants' hall?

JOSEPH.—We think the Duchess a saint.

VAUTRIN.—And the Duke?

JOSEPH.—An utterly selfish man.

VAUTRIN.—A statesman, in a word. (*Aside.*) There must be secrets in his life; we'll have to make use of them. Every great lord has some small passion by which he may be led. If I ever discover what the Duke's pet vice is, his son will have to— (*To Joseph.*) What do they say of the marriage of the Marquis with Dona Ines de Christoval?

JOSEPH.—They never mention it before us. The

Duchess seems to take very little interest in the matter.

VAUTRIN.—And he, her only son! That looks hardly natural.

JOSEPH.—Between us, I think she cares very little for her son.

VAUTRIN.—By Jove, it has been harder to get this piece of information out of you than to pull the cork out of a bottle. So, after all, there is a secret in this house— A Duchess of Montsorel who dislikes her son, and he an only son!— Who is her father-confessor?

JOSEPH.—She attends to all her devotional exercises in private.

VAUTRIN.—Oh, well, I'll know all about her in no time— Secrets are like maidens: the closer they are kept locked up, the more certain they are to escape. I'll place two of my fellows on watch at the door of her parish church; they won't get their salvation, but something else—more useful to me. Good-by.

SCENE VI

JOSEPH, *alone*.—Yes, that's an old friend of mine, but, sure as fate he'll be the cause of my losing my situation. If I were not deathly afraid that Jacques Collin would have me poisoned like a dog, I'd go straight away and tell the Duke everything. But, in this world, we all have to take care of ourselves first. I am not going to pay anybody else's score, not I. So I'll let the Duke square accounts with Jacques as best he may. Anyhow it's time to go to bed. Ah, the

Duchess is moving about. What is she after, I wonder? I'll listen. (*He leaves the room but keeps the door slightly ajar.*)

SCENE VII

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL, *alone*.—Where can I hide my son's birth-certificate? (*She reads aloud an official looking paper she is holding in her hand.*) "Valencia, July, 1793—" Valencia, the city of my life's disaster! There did Fernand come into the world just seven months after my wedding-day. To his fatally premature birth was due the most infamous accusation! (*She meditates for a minute.*) I know what I shall do— I will ask my aunt to keep this paper in her possession, until I find a secure place for it. The Duke would not hesitate to have my rooms searched, in my absence. He has the whole police of the Kingdom at his disposal. Who would dare refuse anything to a man so high in power? I only hope that Joseph will not see me visiting Mademoiselle de Vaudrey so late at night— Everybody in the house would talk about it— Ah, what a position to be in! Alone against them all! A prisoner in my own house!

SCENE VII

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL. MADemoisELLE
DE VAUDREY.

THE DUCHESS.—So, I see that you find it just as hard to sleep as I do myself?

MADemoiselle DE VAUDREY.—No, dear child if I come back to you to-night, it is to try and drive away the dream that is now luring you to a fearful awakening. Louise, I must tear you away from your wild imaginings. The more I have thought of what you told me a moment ago, the more I have felt pity for you. It is my duty to tell you the cruel truth. The Duke certainly hurled Fernand so far down the social plane that it is not possible that he should have climbed again to our height. The young man you saw to-night cannot be your son.

THE DUCHESS.—But you do not know my Fernand! I know him, and know that wherever he is his life keeps close to mine. I have seen him thousands of times—

MADemoiselle DE VAUDREY.—In your dreams!

THE DUCHESS.—Fernand has in his veins the blood of the Vaudreys as well as that of the Montsorels. The position his birth ought to have secured for him, he has managed to reach by conquest; wherever he is, people give way to his prestige. If he entered the army, he is now a colonel. My son is proud, handsome, beloved by all! I know that he is loved. Do not contradict me, dear aunt; I tell you, Fernand exists. If he did not, it would mean that the Duke broke his word as a gentleman, and you know that he places too high the virtues of his caste to violate the foremost of them all.

MADemoiselle DE VAUDREY.—Would not his honor as a husband and his thirst for revenge have proved dearer to him than his loyalty to a promise?

THE DUCHESS.—Ah, you send cold shivers over me.

MADemoiselle DE VAUDREY.—Don't you know, Louise, that pride of race is as much the heritage of

the house of Montsorel as brilliancy of wit is that of the house of Mortemart?

THE DUCHESS.—I know it but too well. The doubt he has harbored as to the legitimacy of his son has driven him almost insane.

MADemoiselle DE VAUDREY.—No, not insane. His head is cool if his blood is hot. But, when obeying the impulse of their inborn principles, men of his sort act almost as quickly as they think.

THE DUCHESS.—But, dear aunt, you know the price he made me pay for my son's life. It was high enough to secure for me, at least, the certainty that it is not endangered. Had I persisted in my protestations that I was guiltless, Fernand would have been put to death then and there. I sacrificed my honor for my son's sake. All mothers would have done the same. You were far away, in France, keeping watch over my estates, and I, left to myself, in a strange land, weakened by fever and illness, I lost my head—I have realized, since, that they would never have dared to put their threats into execution. When I consented to such a sacrifice, I knew well enough that Fernand would be a nameless waif wandering, in dire poverty, over countries unknown to me. But I also knew that he would live and that some day I should meet him, even if I had to search the whole world through. To-night, I was so excited, that I forgot to place in your care Fernand's birth certificate which the Spanish Ambassadors has at last secured for me. Please keep it on your person, until you have occasion to give it into the hands of your father-confessor.

MADemoiselle DE VAUDREY.—The Duke must be aware of the steps you have taken recently in the

matter. Beware of him, for your son's sake! Since he returned from the Embassy, to-night, he has been at work in his study.

THE DUCHESS.—If I resolve to shake off the shame he has tried to put upon me, if I give up my solitary and silent tears, you may be certain that nothing will make me waver. I am no longer in Spain, or England, under absolute control of a diplomat, crafty as a tiger, who, during the whole period of the emigration, spied upon my looks, my gestures, my words, even my silence! Who seemed to read my most inmost thoughts; who surrounded me with ever-watching eyes as within a web of iron meshes; who made of my servants as many incorruptible jailers, and who kept me within that most hateful of prisons—an open house. But now I am in France, you are with me again, I hold an office at Court, I can speak. I will find out what has become of the Vicomte de Langeac; I will prove that after the Tenth of August* we never saw each other again, I will tell the King of what crime the heir of two great houses has been the victim— I am a woman, I am the Duchess of Montsorel, I am a mother! You and I are wealthy; we have a virtuous priest as our counselor and guide, and right is on our side! That's why I have secured my son's birth certificate—

* By Tenth of August is always meant, by the French, August 10th, 1792, the day of the storming by the rabble of the Palace of the Tuileries.

SCENE IX

THE PRECEDING. THE DUKE OF MONTMOREL. *He has entered while the Duchess is uttering her last words.*

THE DUKE.—You secured this certificate to deliver it to me, Madame.

THE DUCHESS.—Since when, sir, have you presumed to enter my apartments without sending in your name?

THE DUKE.—Since you have begun to break our agreement, Madame. You swore never to make any attempt to discover the whereabouts of—your son. That was the absolute condition on which I allowed him to live.

THE DUCHESS.—Is it not more honorable, on my part, to break this promise than to keep all the others?

THE DUKE.—Then we are both freed from our compacts.

THE DUCHESS.—Have you respected yours up to this day?

THE DUKE.—I have, Madam.

THE DUCHESS.—You hear what he says, dear aunt, and will bear witness to it.

MADemoiselle DE VAUDREY.—Has it ever entered your mind, sir, that Louise might be guiltless?

THE DUKE.—I understand why it is possible for you, Mademoiselle de Vaudrey, to believe her innocent. What would I not give for such a belief! Madame has now had twenty years in which to prove herself blameless.

THE DUCHESS.—Yes, for twenty years you have tor-

tered my heart pitilessly, relentlessly— You are not a judge, you are an executioner.

THE DUKE.—Madame, if you do not give me this certificate, your Fernand will have everything to fear from me. You have procured this document so quickly after our return, doubtless, because you want to use it as a weapon against me. You will attempt to secure for your son a name and a fortune that are not his; you are set upon introducing him into a family that has, except in your case, been kept free from stain by virtuous women—a family that has never known a misalliance.

THE DUCHESS.—And your son will continue the tradition worthily!

THE DUKE.—Imprudent woman! You dare awaken terrible remembrances! And these words of yours are sufficient evidence that you will not hesitate to bring about a scandal that will cover us all with shame. Are we then to expose in the court-room a past which, while it will not leave me unbesmirched, will proclaim your dishonor? (*He turns toward Mademoiselle de Vaudrey.*) I suppose she never told you the whole story, my dear aunt. She loved the Vicomte de Langeac; I knew it and respected this maidenly attachment. I was so young then! The Vicomte came to me, saying that he felt that he, a younger son and without any fortune, ought, for her own sake to give up all pretensions to Mademoiselle de Vaudrey's hand. Trusting both their honors, I accepted her from him, believing her a pure girl. In those days, I would have given my life for the Vicomte and I proved it. On August 10th, in the defense of the Royal Family, the scoundrel acted with such daring

bravery that he was singled out for destruction by the rabble. I had him cared for by one of my agents, but he was discovered and locked up in the Abbaye prison. As soon as I heard of it I gave all the gold I had gathered for our flight to a man named Boulard who undertook to save the prisoner by mingling with the butchers in the September massacres. A second time, the Vicomte was rescued from death and through me! (*To Madame de Montsorel.*) He has paid back his debt honorably, has he not? How is it that, young as I was, beside myself with jealous passion, I did not crush that child with my own hands? To-day, you reward me for my forbearance, as your lover rewarded me for my blind confidence. Matters are now just where they were in those days— But I shall not tell you now as I told you then: forget your son and he shall live!

MADemoiselle DE VAUDREY.—And her twenty-two years of suffering, do you count them for nothing?

THE DUKE.—The greatness of the remorse is commensurate to the greatness of the crime.

THE DUCHESS.—If you dare to take my sufferings for evidence of remorse, I must cry out to you again and again: I am innocent, innocent! No, sir, the Vicomte never betrayed your confidence; it was not alone for his King he had sworn to die on that fatal day, when he said good-by, and gave up all claims upon my love! Since that hour, I never have set my eyes upon him.

THE DUKE.—You purchased your son's life by stating exactly the contrary.

THE DUCHESS.—An agreement exacted by fear can never be binding!

THE DUKE.—Will you give up this certificate of birth?

THE DUCHESS.—It is not in my possession.

THE DUKE.—Then I do not answer any longer for your son's safety.

THE DUCHESS.—Have you weighed the portent of this threat?

THE DUKE.—You should know me by this time, Madame.

THE DUCHESS.—But you, you do not know me! You say you do not answer any longer for my son's safety! Take care of that of your son then! Albert's life shall answer for Fernand's. If you set a watch over my goings and comings, yours will be spied upon by my people; if the King's police obey your orders, I shall call to help my skill and God's assistance. If you touch Fernand, Albert will have to answer for it. Wound for wound, I tell you! Now go!

THE DUKE.—You are in your own apartment, Madame. I forgot myself in speaking here as I did. I trust you will kindly excuse me.

THE DUCHESS.—You are more of a gentleman than your son. When he loses his self-control he does not apologize.

THE DUKE, *aside*.—So her resignation up to this day was only deceit! Has she been waiting for this very moment? Ah, women counseled by cunning priests are like volcanoes that falsely seem extinct! The fire in them seethes concealed, and one only discovers it when it bursts forth! She holds my secret; I no longer hold her child in my power— I may be beaten.

(*Exit the Duke.*)

SCENE X

THE PRECEDING, *minus* THE DUKE.

MADemoiselle DE VAUDREY.—Louise, you cherish the child you never have seen, you detest the son who has grown under your roof. You must tell me the reason of your hatred for Albert, unless you wish to lose all claims to my regard and affection.

THE DUCHESS.—Do not let us say a word more on the subject.

MADemoiselle DE VAUDREY.—The indifference of your husband, a moment ago, when you were manifesting your aversion to your son, struck me as most strange.

THE DUCHESS.—Oh, he is accustomed to it.

MADemoiselle DE VAUDREY.—And yet, I cannot believe that you are an unnatural mother.

THE DUCHESS.—An unnatural mother! Indeed I am not! (*She meditates for a minute and then proceeds.*) I cannot afford to lose your affection. (*She draws her aunt closer to her.*) Albert is not my son.

MADemoiselle DE VAUDREY.—A stranger has usurped the place, the name, the title, the property of the real son and heir!

THE DUCHESS.—Not an absolute stranger, for Albert is his son. Since that fatal night, when Fernand was snatched from me, there has been a complete separation between the Duke and me. The wife felt as deeply outraged as the mother; but here, again, I had to purchase my solitude.

MADemoiselle DE VAUDREY.—I dare not understand you.

THE DUCHESS.—I allowed the Duke to present as my own this offspring of some low Spanish paramour of his. He was bound to have an heir to his name and title. In the turmoil brought upon Spain by the French revolution, the fraud was never detected. Do you understand now how my blood boils over at the sight of the child of the courtesan usurping the place and rank of the legitimate son?

MADemoiselle DE VAUDREY.—Ah, now I can truly share your hopes, my poor Louise. How I trust that you are not mistaken and that this young man is really your son! But what else is troubling you now?

THE DUCHESS.—I suddenly thought that by calling his father's attention toward him, to-night, I may have caused his ruin— Oh, let us try and ward off this danger without a moment's delay! I must find out his address so as to notify him not to call upon me to-morrow morning.

MADemoiselle DE VAUDREY.—Don't leave the house at this time of night, Louise; that would be sheer madness.

THE DUCHESS.—Listen, then, for save him we must, at all cost—

MADemoiselle DE VAUDREY.—What are you going to do?

THE DUCHESS.—Neither of us will be able to leave the house to-morrow, without being followed. So, first of all, we must bribe my maid before the Duke does.

MADemoiselle DE VAUDREY.—Oh, Louise, how can you make use of such means?

THE DUCHESS.—If Raoul be really the son disavowed

by his father, the son over whose loss I have wept for twenty-two years, the world will see what a wife, a mother, wickedly and falsely accused, will do for her child's sake!

(CURTAIN ON FIRST ACT.)

SECOND ACT

(Same scenery as in the first act.)

SCENE I

JOSEPH. THE DUKE.

JOSEPH, *just finishing putting the room in order, aside.*— The Duke! So late to bed and already in Madame's apartment— There must be something the matter. I wonder if that terrible Jacques is right, after all?

THE DUKE.—Joseph, I shall be at home to only one person, this morning. When he comes, introduce him here. His name is Monsieur Le Chevalier de Saint-Charles. Now, find out if Madame can receive me. *(Joseph leaves the room.)* This re-awakening of a maternal feeling I thought dead has taken me by surprise. This struggle, happily a secret yet, must be ended at once. Louise's resignation has rendered our life bearable! It would otherwise have become odious. In a foreign country, I could rule over my wife; here I have to depend for success upon my skill and the assistance of people in power. I propose to tell the King everything; I shall submit my conduct to his judgment, and Madame de Montsorel will have to obey him. But I'll wait awhile before doing that. The secret agent whom I expect this morning, if he has any degree of skill, soon will discover the cause of

my wife's sudden revolt. I shall know whether Madame de Montsorel has only been deceived by some fancied resemblance or whether she really has met her son. For myself, I have known nothing of his whereabouts for the last twelve years, since my agents reported his disappearance. I feel rather sorry now that I lost my self-control last night. Henceforth, if I appear indifferent, her suspicions will be lulled and her secrets will come out.

JOSEPH, *entering the room*.—Madame la Duchesse has not rung for her maids yet.

THE DUKE.—Very well.

SCENE II

THE PRECEDING. FELICITÉ.

(To explain his presence in the room, the Duke examines some articles scattered on the table; while doing so he finds a letter in a book.)

THE DUKE, *reading*.—"To Mademoiselle Ines de Christoval." *(Aside.)* Why should my wife hide such a seemingly unimportant letter? She probably wrote it after our quarrel. I wonder if she mentions that fellow Raoul in it? This letter is not going to reach the Christoval mansion.

FELICITÉ, *picking up the same book after the Duke has gone from the table, aside*.—Where can Madame's letter be? She must have forgotten where she placed it.

THE DUKE.—Are you looking for a letter?

FELICITÉ.—Ah! Yes, Monsieur le Duc.

THE DUKE.—For this one, perhaps?

FELICITÉ.—Yes, Monsieur le Duc.

THE DUKE.—I am surprised that you should leave Madame la Duchesse just as she is rising; she doubtless needs your services.

FELICITÉ.—Therese is attending to Madame la Duchesse. Besides, she is sending me on an errand.

THE DUKE.—Oh, you don't have to render me any account of your orders.

SCENE III

THE PRECEDING. SAINT-CHARLES.

(Joseph and Saint-Charles walk together from the door at the back of the stage, studying each other stealthily.)

JOSEPH, *aside*.—This man's look makes me uncomfortable. *(To the Duke.)* Monsieur le Chevalier de Saint-Charles. *(The Duke nods to Saint-Charles who comes forward.)*

SAINT-CHARLES, *giving a letter to the Duke, aside*.—Does he know anything about my real personality or does he want to use me as Saint-Charles?

THE DUKE.—My dear fellow—

SAINT-CHARLES, *aside*.—He is talking to Saint-Charles all right.

THE DUKE.—You are recommended to me as a man whose cleverness, in a loftier sphere, might be called genius.

SAINT-CHARLES.—If Monsieur le Duc grants me an opportunity, he will have no cause to call back such a flattering opinion.

THE DUKE.—You shall have the opportunity at once.

SAINT-CHARLES.—What are your orders?

THE DUKE.—You notice that girl, over there? She intends to go out, and I do not want to restrain her. But she must not take a step out of this house until further orders. (*Calling.*) Felicité! (*He gives her the letter.*)

SAINT-CHARLES, *aside to Joseph as Felicité leaves the room.*—I recognize you, I know everything. If you manage to have this girl remain in this house and secure the letter she holds, I won't call on you further, and will know nothing of the past; in fact, I'll leave you in peace as long as you behave yourself.

JOSEPH, *aside.*—Nice position I am in, between Jacques Collin and this other fellow— Well, I'll have to try and serve them both honestly— (*Exit Joseph on Felicité's track.*)

SCENE IV

THE DUKE. SAINT-CHARLES.

SAINT-CHARLES.—The matter is already settled, Monsieur le Duc. Do you want to know the contents of this letter?

THE DUKE.—Indeed, you must wield a power both terrible and miraculous.

SAINT-CHARLES.—You place in our hands absolute power; we use it cleverly, that's all.

THE DUKE.—And supposing you abuse it?

SAINT-CHARLES.—Impossible; we should be crushed at once.

THE DUKE.—How can men endowed with such

unique talents be satisfied to practice them in so inferior a sphere?

SAINT-CHARLES.—Everything combines to prevent us from rising above it. We are the protectors of our protectors. Too many honorable secrets are confided to us, too many shameful ones are hidden from us to allow of any real sympathy. The services we render can only be rewarded with contempt. Our clients want us to consider noble ideas as mere words; as far as we are concerned, delicacy is called foolishness, honor a conventional fiction, treachery a form of diplomacy! We are supposed to be trustworthy and yet we are left to guess half of what ought to be told us. To think and to act, to unravel the past by means of the present, to order the future in the smallest details, as I was just doing—this is only a hundredth part of our daily program and it would be enough to frighten a man of no mean talent. When the object desired has been obtained, words resume their real meanings, Monsieur le Duc, and those we serve begin to suspect that we are nothing but petty, contemptible scamps.

THE DUKE.—This may all be quite true, my dear man, but you do not expect, I suppose, to change the world's opinion or my own, for that matter?

SAINT-CHARLES.—It would be very silly on my part, if I did. Besides, it is not the opinion of others that I care to change; I simply wish my own position modified.

THE DUKE.—And you think it would be an easy thing to do?

SAINT-CHARLES.—Why not, Monseigneur? Instead of setting me to ferret out family secrets, they would

use me to spy on ministers of state; instead of devoting my time to hunting vulgar criminals, I would attach myself to the steps of wily diplomats; instead of assisting more or less despicable passions, I would serve the government. My happiness would be to play even the most obscure part in a brilliant performance— And what a devoted servant you would have in me, Monsieur le Duc!

THE DUKE.—I deeply regret, my dear fellow, that I must make use of your talents in such a narrow field, but you will have a chance to distinguish yourself, and later—well, later we'll see.

SAINT-CHARLES, *aside*.—We'll see, we'll see—that means it's all seen already.

THE DUKE.—I wish to have my son marry—

SAINT-CHARLES.—Mademoiselle Ines de Christoval, Princess of Arjos! A splendid match. The father committed the mistake of serving under Joseph Bonaparte and was banished from Spain by King Ferdinand. He may possibly have taken a part in the Mexican revolution.

THE DUKE.—Madame de Christoval and her daughter receive in their house an adventurer by the name of—

SAINT-CHARLES.—Raoul de Frescas.

THE DUKE.—Is there anything you do not know already?

SAINT-CHARLES.—If Monsieur le Duc prefers it, I'll know nothing.

THE DUKE.—On the contrary, speak out, if only to inform me whether there are any secrets you allow us to keep as our own.

SAINT-CHARLES.—With Monseigneur's permission, let us agree on one thing: Whenever my outspoken

speech proves obnoxious, Monsieur le Duc may call me "Chevalier," and I will at once resume my part of a paid observer.

THE DUKE.—Proceed, my dear man. (*Aside.*) These fellows are decidedly amusing.

SAINT-CHARLES.—Monsieur de Frescas will be entitled to the appellation of adventurer when he is no longer able to live on a footing of one hundred thousand francs a year.

THE DUKE.—In the meantime, it will be your duty to pierce the mystery he wraps himself in.

SAINT-CHARLES.—That is not an easy task, Monsieur le Duc. Just at present we are obliged to act with extreme care whenever a foreigner is in question. Strangers are ruling Paris and have upset it pretty generally.

THE DUKE.—What a plague!

SAINT-CHARLES.—Does Monsieur le Duc belong to the opposition.

THE DUKE.—I only wish the King might have been brought back without such an escort.

SAINT-CHARLES.—The King would not have had to leave the country last year if the splendid police system of Bonaparte had not become disorganized. The same state of affairs is now being brought about again by society people! It's bad enough to make one resign in disgust! Our hands are tied so tight by the military police of the invaders that we are prevented from arresting any suspect for fear of taking into custody some German prince mixed up in a love intrigue, or some Margrave befuddled with wine. But we'll do our very best for you, Monseigneur. Is this young man known to have any vices? Does he gamble?

THE DUKE.—He does, at social gatherings.

SAINT-CHARLES.—Does he play fair?

THE DUKE.—Monsieur le Chevalier!

SAINT-CHARLES.—Then he must be quite wealthy.

THE DUKE.—You will do well to inform yourself on that point.

SAINT-CHARLES.—You must excuse me, Monsieur le Duc; but without knowledge of his weaknesses, we shall discover little of importance. Will Monseigneur kindly tell me whether this young man is sincerely in love with Mademoiselle de Christoval?

THE DUKE.—With a princess, an heiress! Why, this question makes me almost doubt you?

SAINT-CHARLES.—Has not Monseigneur told me that we had to deal with a very young man? Besides, feigned love is more perfect in its outward manifestations than genuine love. That's the reason so many women are deceived by it. He must have had to break with some sweetheart, and a freed heart frees the tongue.

THE DUKE.—Take care, sir! Your task is not a common one; you ought not to mix any woman's affairs with it. The slightest indiscretion will lose you my good will. Everything that concerns Monsieur de Frescas must die a secret between you and me. The silence I am thus exacting from you must include your assistants and your employers as well. Finally, you will be a ruined man if Madame de Montsorel discovers one of the steps you are about to take.

SAINT-CHARLES.—Does Madame de Montsorel show any interest in this young man? The girl who just went out, is her maid; am I to watch the mistress as well?

THE DUKE.—Monsieur le Chevalier, to give you such an order would be unworthy of me; to ask such a question is unworthy of you.

SAINT-CHARLES.—Monsieur le Duc, I see that we understand each other perfectly. What is then to be, at the beginning, the principal object of my inquiries?

THE DUKE.—Find out if Raoul de Frescas is the man's real name; discover his birth place; unearth every little detail of his life and hold all the information thus gathered as a state secret.

SAINT-CHARLES.—You need give me only until to-morrow to find out all this, Monseigneur.

THE DUKE.—That's a short enough time.

SAINT-CHARLES.—It is, but then, I'll need a great deal of money.

THE DUKE.—You must not think that I have any wish to be told bad things about this man. Men of your trade are so accustomed to serving passions instead of enlightening them, that you often prefer to invent ugly stories rather than to come back empty-handed. Personally, I shall be delighted to hear that this young man belongs to a family— (*Enter the Marquis; seeing his father busy he makes a movement as if to withdraw; by a gesture, the Duke invites him to stay.*)

SCENE IV

THE PRECEDING. THE MARQUIS.

THE DUKE, *continuing*.—Should Monsieur de Frescas be of noble birth, should the Princess prefer him to my son, the Marquis shall withdraw his suit.

THE MARQUIS.—But I love Ines, sir.

THE DUKE, *to Saint-Charles*.—You may go, sir.

SAINT-CHARLES, *aside*.—So he is not particularly interested in this match for his son; he certainly is not jealous of his wife; there must be something of the greatest importance in the matter! Either I am a ruined man or my fortune is made. (*Exit Saint-Charles.*)

SCENE VI

THE DUKE. THE MARQUIS.

THE DUKE.—To marry a woman who does not love you is a mistake you shall never commit, Albert, as long as I am alive.

THE MARQUIS.—But I have no proof yet, sir, that Ines is adverse to my suit. Besides, once she is my wife it will be my business to make her love me, and, without conceit, I think I can manage that part of the affair.

THE DUKE.—Allow me to say, my son, that this Guardsman's view of the case is essentially in bad form.

THE MARQUIS.—On any other subject, sir, your word would be a law to me; but each epoch has its own way of making love. In the meantime, I beg of you, hasten the conclusion of my marriage arrangements. Like all only daughters, Ines has a somewhat willful disposition, and the complacency with which she accepts the attentions of an adventurer ought to alarm you. I must say that I find you, this morning, inconceivably

indifferent on the subject. Leaving aside my love for Ines, is it probable that I could easily find a better match? I shall become a Grandee of Spain, as you are yourself, and besides, I shall have the title of Prince. Are these things not to your liking, father?

THE DUKE, *aside*.—Will the blood of his mother never cease to manifest itself in him? How Louise did divine the manner in which he wounds me! (*Aloud*.) You ought to remember, sir, that there is no more glorious title than that of Duke of Montsorel.

THE MARQUIS.—Have I offended you, sir? ¹

THE DUKE.—Enough about it! You forget that I engineered this marriage during my stay in Spain. Besides, Madame de Christoval cannot give away Ines in marriage without the father's consent. Mexico has just proclaimed its independence and this explains sufficiently the delay in Monsieur de Christoval's answer to his wife's communication on the subject.

THE MARQUIS.—Well then, sir, your plans will be foiled. Did you not notice what happened, last night, at the Spanish Embassy? My mother took this Raoul de Frescas under her open patronage, and Ines was evidently pleased. Do you know what thought, long dormant within me, was brought forth by this incident: my mother hates me! And shall I tell you, you who love me, I believe I have no feeling in my heart for her!

THE DUKE, *aside*.—I am truly reaping what I sowed. Hatred is just as sure a revealer of truth as love itself! (*Aloud*.) It does not behoove you to judge your mother; you are not able to understand her. She has noticed in me too blind an affection for you, and she wants her show of severity to make up for it. Let it

be the last time that I hear you speak in that way. To-day, you are on duty at the castle; go there at once. I'll get you leave of absence for to-night, so that you may have a chance of paying court to Princess of Arjos in the ball-room.

THE MARQUIS.—Before going, may I call upon my mother and beg her to assist me with Ines, who, I know, is to visit her to-day?

THE DUKE.—You may ask whether she is visible. I am waiting to see her myself. (*Exit the Marquis.*) All at once everything seems to be against me. Yesterday the Spanish Ambassador asked me where my elder son died; last night his mother appeared to believe she had found him again; just now the son of Juana Mendes managed to wound me to the quick! Ah, I feel that instinctively the Princess has taken his measure. Laws can never be violated with impunity, nature is even more merciless than society. Shall I be strong enough, even with the King's assistance, to lead events the way they ought to go?

SCENE VII

THE DUKE. THE DUCHESS OF MONTMOREL.
THE MARQUIS.

THE DUCHESS.—A thousand pardons! Albert, I am favored, indeed. What a surprise! You come here, just to kiss your mother before going to your duties at the castle! And you do it solely out of filial affection! Ah, if a mother ever could doubt her son's love, this outburst—and you have not spoiled me with many like

it—would remove all anxiety, and so I must thank you again for it. At last, we understand each other.

THE MARQUIS.—These words make me very happy, mother. If I have appeared somewhat remiss in my duties toward you, it has been due solely to my fear of displeasing you.

THE DUCHESS, *to the Duke*.—Ah, I understand now—*(To the Marquis.)* To you, good-by. I hear that the King is growing quite strict with his household guard; I would be grieved to cause you to be reprimanded.

THE DUKE.—Why send him away when Ines is expected?

THE DUCHESS.—I don't expect her; I wrote to her a few moments ago.

SCENE VIII

THE PRECEDING. JOSEPH.

JOSEPH, *announcing*.—Madame la Duchesse de Christoval, Mademoiselle la Princesse D'Arjos!

THE DUCHESS, *aside*.—What an awful complication!

THE DUKE, *to his son*.—Stay here. I'll arrange matters at the castle. We are being deceived.

SCENE IX

THE PRECEDING. THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL. THE PRINCESS OF ARJOS.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—Ah, Madame, it is most gracious on your part to forestall my visit.

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—I came to prove to you that no question of etiquette is ever to stand between us.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL, *aside to Ines*.—You have not read my letter then?

INES.—I just received it from one of your maids, in this house.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL, *to herself*.—Then I may expect Raoul here at any moment.

THE DUKE, *to the Duchess of Christoval, as he leads her to the sofa*.—Is it permissible for us to consider this informal visit as the beginning of a family intimacy?

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—Do not let us give such importance to what I find a most pleasant incident.

THE MARQUIS.—Are you then so afraid, Madame, to give my hopes some encouragement? Was I not made miserable enough, yesterday? Mademoiselle granted me nothing, not even a look.

INES.—I did not think, sir, that I should have occasion to meet you so soon again. I believed you on duty, at this time of day; but I am happy to be given this chance of defending myself; in fact, I only saw you as we were leaving the ball-room, and my excuse (*Pointing at Madame de Montsorel*) stands there.

THE MARQUIS.—You had two excuses, Mademoiselle. It is gracious on your part to mention only one.

THE DUKE.—Mademoiselle, you will kindly consider this mild reproof as an evidence of my son's excessive modesty. Albert feels some anxiety, as if Monsieur de Frescas ought to inspire him with any! At this age, love is a naughty fairy that magnifies trifles. But neither your mother, nor yourself, Mademoiselle, would give any serious consideration to a young man

whose name is an enigma and who is absolutely silent concerning his family.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—Do you not even happen to know the place of his birth?

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—We have not yet reached the point where such inquiries are in order.

THE DUKE.—I imagine, though, that at least three of us here would be quite interested in this piece of information. Probably you alone, ladies, would keep silent, for I have noticed silence profits only those who recommend it to others.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—And I, sir, do not believe in the guilelessness of certain kinds of curiosity.

THE MARQUIS, *to his mother*.—May I ask, madam, whether my curiosity is really out of place? Am I not at liberty to ask Madame if the Frescas of Aragon are not extinct in the male line?

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL, *to the Duke*.—We were all acquainted, in Madrid, with the old Commander of the Order of Malta that bore the name the last of his house.

THE DUKE.—And, of course, he died childless.

INES.—But there exists a branch of the family in Naples.

THE MARQUIS.—Why, Mademoiselle, you must know that your cousins, the Medina-Coelis, inherited their property?

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—You are right; there are no more Frescas.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—Well, if this young man is without a name, a family and a country, he can hardly be a dangerous rival for Albert, and I do

not see why we need give him so much of our attention.

THE DUKE.—Oh, but he does attract women's attention to an unusual degree.

INES.—I begin to open my eyes—

THE MARQUIS.—Ah!

INES.—Yes, this young man is, perhaps, not all that he wishes people to believe him to be; but he is witty, even cultured, he expresses none but noble feelings, he has manifested toward us the most chivalrous respect, he has spoken ill of no one. Evidently, if he is assuming the character of a gentleman he is exaggerating the part.

THE DUKE.—I am also afraid that he is exaggerating his wealth; but it is a kind of deception hard to keep up for any length of time in Paris.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL, *to the Duchess of Christoval*.—I understand that you are going to give splendid entertainments.

THE MARQUIS.—Does Monsieur de Frescas speak Spanish, ladies?

INES.—As well as we do, ourselves.

THE DUKE.—Keep silent, Albert; have you not realized, by this time, that Monsieur de Frescas is an accomplished young man?

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—He is certainly very charming, and I must say, my dear Duke, that if your suspicions prove true, I'll feel quite sorry not to be able to receive him any longer.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL, *to the Duchess of Christoval*.—You look as lovely, this morning, as you did last night. I envy you the ability to stand so well the fatigues of society life.

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL, *aside to Ines*.—Do not speak of Monsieur de Frescas any more; the subject does not please Madame de Montsorel.

INES, *to her mother*.—She liked him well enough last night.

SCENE X

THE PRECEDING. JOSEPH. RAOUL.

JOSEPH, *to the Duchess of Montsorel*.—Monsieur de Frescas is asking for Mademoiselle de Vaudrey, who is not in; does Madame la Duchesse wish to receive him?

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—Raoul here!

THE DUKE, *aside*.—Already in this house!

THE MARQUIS, *to his father*.—My mother is deceiving us.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL, *to Joseph*.—Not at home.

THE DUKE.—If you have already asked Monsieur de Frescas to call upon you, why should you show yourself discourteous toward such an important personage? (*To Joseph in spite of a gesture of protest from the Duchess of Montsorel.*) You may introduce the gentleman. (*To the Marquis.*) Be prudent and calm.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL, *aside*.—While trying to save him, I shall be the cause of his undoing!

JOSEPH.—Monsieur Raoul de Frescas.

RAOUL.—My eagerness in obeying your orders, Madame la Duchesse, shows you how proud I am of your favor and how anxious to prove myself worthy of it.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL. — Your promptness pleases me greatly, sir. (*In a low voice.*) But it may be fatal to you.

RAOUL, *aside, as he bows to the Duchess of Christoval and her daughter.*—What, Ines in this house! (*The young man bows to the Duke who returns the salutation; but the Marquis has picked up a newspaper on the table and affects not to see Raoul.*)

THE DUKE.—I must confess, Monsieur de Frescas, that I did not expect to meet you here; still I am pleased to see the interest Madame de Montsorel takes in you, since it gives me the occasion of seeing a young man whose début has met with such brilliant success. You are one of those rivals of whom one may feel proud when victor, and not ashamed when vanquished.

RAOUL.—Anywhere but in your own house, Monsieur le Duc, the excessiveness of this praise, of which I am unworthy, might be regarded as ironical; but here it is impossible to consider it except as a courteous way of welcoming me (*looking toward the Marquis whose back is turned to him*) where I might otherwise think myself undesired.

THE DUKE.—On the contrary, your visit is quite timely; we were just speaking of your family and of the old Commander de Frescas, whom Madame and I knew intimately a few years ago.

RAOUL.—So, you did me the honor of mentioning me; such an honor is generally accompanied by a little harmless gossip.

THE DUKE.—One can gossip only concerning people one knows all about.

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—And we should feel

delighted if you gave us the right of gossiping about you.

RAOUL.—It is certainly to my interest to remain in your good graces.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—I think I know of a sure means of securing this end.

RAOUL.—And it is?

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—To remain the mysterious personage you are now.

THE MARQUIS, *laying down his newspaper and turning round*.—Here is something interesting, ladies; at the Field-Marshal's party, which you certainly attended, they caught one of these so-called foreign noblemen in the act of cheating at cards.

INES.—Is that the news that has been absorbing your attention?

RAOUL.—In these days, who is not a foreigner?

THE MARQUIS.—Mademoiselle, the news interested me only as a proof of the inconceivable facility with which people we know nothing about gain entrance into society.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL, *aside*.—Do they intend to insult him in my own drawing-room?

RAOUL.—If we are to be suspicious of persons of whom we know little, there are other people, of whom we know too much, after the slightest acquaintance.

THE DUKE.—Albert, how can this possibly interest you? Do we ever receive any one without knowing all about his family?

RAOUL.—Monsieur le Duc knows all about mine.

THE DUKE.—You are in Madame de Montsorel's drawing-room, and that's enough for me. We know too well what we owe you to give you a possible excuse

for forgetting what you owe us. The name of Frescas is a guarantee and you bear it worthily.

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL, *to Raoul*.—I wish you would tell us now who you are, if not for your sake, at least for that of your friends.

RAOUL.—I should be much concerned if my presence here were the occasion of the slightest discussion. But, as certain precautions of speech are apt to wound as deeply as the most direct questioning, I should prefer that this fencing come to an end, as it is unworthy of you or of me. Madame la Duchesse certainly did not invite me to her home to have me submitted to such interrogatories. I recognize in no one the right of calling me to account for a silence I consider it best to preserve.

THE MARQUIS.—But you leave us the right of interpreting this silence, do you not?

RAOUL.—If I claim freedom for my conduct, I surely have no right to chain yours.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL, *to Raoul*.—You must not answer, sir; your dignity is at stake.

THE DUKE.—You are a noble young man; you have the natural distinction of a gentleman; but do not run against the world's inquisitiveness; it is the safeguard of all of us. Your sword cannot close the mouth of all questioners, and society, generous as it is toward all true modesty is pitiless in its treatment of unjustified pretensions.

RAOUL.—Sir—

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL, *speaking to Raoul rapidly and low*.—Do not say a word about your childhood, leave Paris and let me be the only one to know your retreat. Your whole future is at stake.

THE DUKE.—I wish to be your friend, although you are my son's rival. Grant me your confidence; I am honored by that of the King. Tell me, how do you happen to belong to the house of Frescas, which we all thought extinct?

RAOUL.—Monsieur le Duc, you are too powerful to lack for protégés; I am not weak enough to need a protector.

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—I hope, sir, that you will bear me no ill-will, if I tell you that, as a mother, the conclusion of this conversation has convinced me that it would be imprudent to admit you too often into the Christoval mansion.

INES, *to Raoul*.—One word from you would save the situation, and you keep silent! There is something, then, that you love better than you do me?

RAOUL.—Ines, I could have stood everything but this reproach! (*Aside.*) Ah, Vautrin, why did you compel me to close my lips? (*He bows to the ladies. To the Duchess of Montsorel.*) You owe me my happiness.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—Obey me, and I will answer for the result.

RAOUL, *to the Marquis*.—I am at your disposal, sir.

THE MARQUIS.—Until we meet again, Monsieur Raoul.

RAOUL.—De Frescas, if you please.

THE MARQUIS.—De Frescas, let it be.

(*Exit Raoul.*)

SCENE XI

THE PRECEDING, *minus* RAOUL.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL, *to the Duchess of Christoval*.—You have shown yourself very severe.

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—You are not aware, perhaps, Madame, that, for the last three months, this young man has been found wherever my daughter and I have happened to call, and that our treatment of him may not have been very wise.

THE DUKE, *to the Duchess of Christoval*.—One might take him for a prince in disguise.

THE MARQUIS.—Might he not be, rather, a man of no account masquerading as a prince?

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—Your father could tell you, sir, that such disguises are not easy to wear.

INES.—A man of no account, did you say, sir? Do you not know that persons of our class may be raised to a higher sphere, but are incapable of dropping lower.

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—What are you saying, Ines?

INES.—He is not here now, mamma. Either he was out of his wits, or these gentlemen lacked in generosity.

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL, *to the Duchess of Montsorel*.—I realize, Madame, that no explanation is possible now, especially in Monsieur de Montsorel's presence; but our honor is concerned and I shall expect your early visit.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—I shall call upon you to-morrow. (*The Duke of Montsorel escorts to the door the Duchess of Christoval and her daughter. The Duchess of Montsorel follows.*)

SCENE XII

THE DUKE. THE MARQUIS.

THE MARQUIS.—It strikes me, sir, that the visit of this adventurer, caused you, as well as my mother, a violent emotion. It did not look as if a mere marriage scheme hung in the balance but, as if your very existences were endangered— I saw that the Duchess of Christoval and her daughter went away deeply impressed—

THE DUKE.—Ah, why did they come to witness such a discussion?

THE MARQUIS.—Then you, also, are interested in that fellow Raoul?

THE DUKE.—And what of you? I tell you that your name, your future, your marriage prospects, everything that makes life worth living, all this, and more, has been at stake before your very eyes.

THE MARQUIS.—If all that depends upon this young man, you may be assured that I will rid us of him in short order.

THE DUKE.—A duel, wretched boy! If it were your sad luck to kill him, then, indeed, would the game be lost!

THE MARQUIS.—Then, what shall I do?

THE DUKE.—Act like a diplomat—await developments.

THE MARQUIS.—But if you are in any peril, sir, do you want me to remain unmoved?

THE DUKE.—Leave me to carry this burden, my son; it would crush you.

THE MARQUIS.—But you will speak, sir, you will tell me—

THE DUKE.—I will tell you nothing. It would bring too deep a blush upon my cheek and yours.

SCENE XIII

THE PRECEDING. VAUTRIN, *he is dressed in black and bears a most devout and humble appearance during the greatest part of the scene.*

VAUTRIN.—You must pardon me, Monsieur le Duc, for entering thus unannounced, but (*he speaks close to the Duke's ear*) we have been both the victims of the boldest of frauds— Allow me to say a few words to you in private.

THE DUKE, *signing to his son to leave the room.*—You may speak, sir.

VAUTRIN.—In these days, Monsieur le Duc, everybody is intriguing to secure some office, and all the classes of society are infected with the same fever. Everybody wants to be a colonel, and verily, I don't know where the privates are to come from. The fact is, that our country is going to the dogs with this universal thirst for high positions and this distaste for inferior ones. That's the fruit of revolutionary equality. Religion is the only remedy to oppose to such corruption.

THE DUKE.—What are you driving at?

VAUTRIN.—Excuse this outburst, Monseigneur, but I could not help confiding to the statesman that you are and with whom I am about to work, the cause of a

confusion that grieves me greatly. May I ask you, Monsieur le Duc, whether you have entrusted any secret to one of my subordinates who called upon you this morning with the wild intention of supplanting me and of gaining your protection by rendering you some service?

THE DUKE.—What? Is it possible that *you* are the Chevalier de Saint-Charles?

VAUTRIN.—Monsieur le Duc, people of my kind are anything it pleases them to be for the time being. Neither that man, nor myself is foolish enough ever to be his real self; we should be too much the losers.

THE DUKE.—You understand, sir, that I must have absolute proof of your identity.

VAUTRIN.—Monsieur le Duc, if you have confided to him any important secret, I must have him placed at once, under surveillance.

THE DUKE, *aside*.—This man looks much more respectable and sedate than the other fellow.

VAUTRIN.—We call that counter-police work.

THE DUKE.—You ought not to have come here, sir, without being in a position to substantiate your statements.

VAUTRIN.—Monsieur le Duc, in coming here I fulfilled my duty; I can only hope that the ambition of this man, which makes him capable of selling himself to the highest bidder, may induce him to be of service to you.

THE DUKE, *aside*.—How can he be aware, so promptly, of my recent interview with this other fellow?

VAUTRIN, *aside*.—He hesitates— Joseph was right, here is an important secret.

THE DUKE.—Sir—

VAUTRIN.—Monsieur le Duc—

THE DUKE.—It is to your interest as well as to mine to confound this individual.

VAUTRIN.—It will be dangerous work if he already has your secret; for he is cunning.

THE DUKE.—Yes, the scamp was witty.

VAUTRIN.—Has he received a mission from you?

THE DUKE.—Oh, nothing of any importance; I simply wanted him to find out all about Monsieur de Frescas.

VAUTRIN, *aside*.—That's all, is it? (*Aloud.*) I can tell you everything concerning him, Monsieur le Duc, Monsieur de Frescas is a young nobleman whose family is gravely compromised in an affair of high-treason. On that account, he dares not bear his father's name.

THE DUKE.—He has a father?

VAUTRIN.—He has a father.

THE DUKE.—But where does he come from? What is the amount of his fortune?

VAUTRIN.—We are exchanging parts, Monsieur le Duc, and you will allow me not to answer you until I know the nature of the interest your Lordship is manifesting toward Monsieur de Frescas.

THE DUKE.—You forget yourself, sir.

VAUTRIN, *dropping suddenly his humble mien*.—Yes, Monsieur le Duc, I forget the immense distance between those who order spying done and those who do it.

THE DUKE.—Joseph!

VAUTRIN, *aside*.—This Duke has put spies after us—I'll have to act quickly— (*While the Duke is looking at the door through which he expects Joseph to answer his summons, Vautrin vanishes through a panel door.*)

THE DUKE, *turning to where he supposes Vautrin to be standing.*—You shall not leave these premises. But where has the fellow gone? (*He rings again and Joseph appears on the threshold.*) Have all the gates of my house closed at once. ' An unknown man managed to introduce himself here. Hurry up and have the whole household search for him— As soon as found, let him be arrested— (*He enters the Duchess' own room.*)

JOSEPH, *looking to the place in the wood-work where is hidden the panel door.*—He is pretty far off, by this time!

(CURTAIN ON SECOND ACT.)

THIRD ACT

(*A drawing-room in the mansion of Raoul de Frescas.*)

SCENE I

LAFOURAILLE, *alone*.—My late father—the worthy man—would have felt delighted, last night, could he have seen me. He always recommended me to keep only the best company. All night long, I chummed it with ministers' valets, ambassadors' footmen, dukes', princes' and peers' coachmen—a lot of splendid fellows in fine feather and out of harm's way—they rob nobody but their masters. My master danced with a beautiful specimen of a girl who had something like a million francs' worth of diamonds in her hair—and all he cared for was the bouquet in her hand! The poor innocent! Well, we'll take care of that for him! Our good old Jacques Collin—ah, I am at it again, I can't accustom myself to that bourgeois name of his— As I was saying, Monsieur Vautrin will fix that matter of the diamonds directly; they'll take wings, one of these days, and it will be good for them; it's unhealthy for them to be locked up in those stuffy jewel-boxes—besides, it's against the law of the circulation of currency. What a fellow our young master is! How well he poses for the man of untold fortune! He looks fine; he talks like an angel; the heiress takes to him—

and the trick is done! All that's left is to divide—It will be hard-earned money, though; we have been after it over six months now. What idiotic figures we have had to cut! The whole neighborhood takes us for a lot of innocents. But were it not for Vautrin what wouldn't we be up to? He said: "Behave yourselves!" And here we are. I am afraid of him as I am of the police, and, and yet I love him better than gold.

VAUTRIN, *calling outside*.—Lafouraille!

LAFOURAILLE, *seeing him come in*.—Here he comes. His face doesn't suit me this morning; there is a storm brewing. I'd rather some one else got the brunt of it, so I'm going to make myself scarce. (*He walks to the door where he meets Vautrin.*)

SCENE II

VAUTRIN. LAFOURAILLE.

VAUTRIN, *dressed in white flannels, and wearing red leather slippers—the house attire of a rich business man*.—Lafouraille?

LAFOURAILLE.—Sir.

VAUTRIN.—Where are you going?

LAFOURAILLE.—To fetch your letters.

VAUTRIN.—I have them here. Anything else you want to do now?

LAFOURAILLE.—Yes, sir, to set your room to rights.

VAUTRIN.—Why don't you say frankly that you want to keep away from me this morning? I always have noticed that restless legs mean an uneasy conscience.

Stop here awhile, we are going to have a talk together.

LAFOURAILLE.—At your service, sir.

VAUTRIN.—I should hope so. Come closer. You were never tired repeating, under the beautiful sky of Provence, a certain story in which you played a sorry part. The story of some nobleman's steward who fooled you in great style. Don't you recall it?

LAFOURAILLE.—I should think I do! 'That scoundrel of a steward! 'That Charles Blondet! 'The only man that ever got the best of me!

VAUTRIN.—Didn't you sell him your master once? A common enough performance.

LAFOURAILLE.—Once! I sold him my master three times!

VAUTRIN.—Ah, that's better! And what was the steward's scheme?

LAFOURAILLE.—I'll tell you. At eighteen, I was employed in the stables of the Langeac family—

VAUTRIN.—I thought you belonged to the Montsorel household?

LAFOURAILLE.—No, I didn't; and, happily for me, the Duke saw me only twice. I hope he has forgotten my face.

VAUTRIN.—Did you rob him?

LAFOURAILLE.—Oh, just a trifle.

VAUTRIN.—Then, how do you expect him to forget you?

LAFOURAILLE.—Oh, I saw him yesterday at the embassy, and I feel at ease.

VAUTRIN.—So he is the same Montsorel, is he?

LAFOURAILLE.—Yes, only we are both twenty-five years older; that makes a difference.

VAUTRIN.—Never mind about him now; it only occurred to me that you had mentioned the name. Proceed with your story.

LAFOURAILLE.—The Vicomte de Langeac, my master, and this Duke de Montsorel, were as intimate as the fingers on one's hand. When the day came to take my choice between the great ones and the common people, I was not long deciding; I became a full-fledged "citizen," and Citizen Philippe Boulard kept in the hot of it. My enthusiasm was contagious and I was soon a power in my neighborhood.

VAUTRIN.—What! You a politician?

LAFOURAILLE.—Oh, that didn't last. I performed a beautiful action, once, and that ruined me.

VAUTRIN.—My friend, beware of beautiful actions as much as of beautiful women; they are at the bottom of most disasters. But was the deed a really fine one?

LAFOURAILLE.—You just listen. After the storming of the Tuileries, on the tenth of August, the Duke confided the Vicomte de Langeac to my care. I furnished him with a disguise, I concealed and fed him, all that at the risk of losing my popularity and, perhaps, my head. Of course, the Duke had encouraged me by such trifles as a thousand louis or so; when that infamous Blondet came to me and offered a much larger amount to give up our young master.

VAUTRIN.—And you did give him up?

LAFOURAILLE.—On the spot. They locked him up in the Abbaye prison and I found myself the proud owner of sixty thousand livres in gold, in real gold.

VAUTRIN.—Where does the Duke of Montsorel come in?

LAFOURAILLE.—I am reaching him. When the Sep-

tember massacres began, my conduct in the matter did not seem to me as proper as it had at first; so, to please my conscience, I called upon the Duke and offered to save his friend a second time.

VAUTRIN.—Did he pay you full price for your remorse?

LAFOURAILLE.—He had to; remorse was a scarce commodity in those days. Well, he promised me twenty thousand francs if I saved the Vicomte from my friends' knives. And save him I did.

VAUTRIN.—Twenty thousand francs for a Vicomte, it was dirt cheap!

LAFOURAILLE.—Especially as he was the very last of the family. When I discovered that, it was too late. The wily steward had disposed of every one of the other Langeacs, even to a poor old grandmother whom he sent to be butchered at the Carmelite prison.

VAUTRIN.—The fellow was making a clean sweep of it!

LAFOURAILLE.—Yes, and he did not stop there, either. Once informed of my act of rescue, he sought for our trail, found and followed it, and discovered us at Mortagne, in the house of an uncle of mine, where the Vicomte was awaiting a chance to cross the Channel. Here again, the scoundrel offered as much money as he had already paid me. I saw before me a whole future of perfect honesty, and I weakened. Blondet had the Vicomte arrested and shot as a spy, and my uncle, as well as myself, locked up as his accomplices. To get out, I had to disgorge every solitary franc I had received.

VAUTRIN.—That's the way we get to know the human heart! You had to deal with a stronger man than yourself

LAFOURAILLE.—I am not so sure of that; he didn't do a clean job of it, after all—he left me alive.

VAUTRIN.—Enough of it! Nothing in this story is of any use to me. By the way, you went into society, last night; did you behave yourself?

LAFOURAILLE.—They were saying such funny things about their masters that I didn't leave the servants' hall.

VAUTRIN.—I thought I saw you near the refreshment room; what did you take?

LAFOURAILLE.—Oh, a small glass of Madeira, that's all.

VAUTRIN.—Where did you put the dozen silver-gilt spoons you took with your glass of wine?

LAFOURAILLE.—Silver-gilt spoons? I find nothing of the kind in my memory—

VAUTRIN.—Oh, you'll find them in your mattress, all right. And the Philosopher, was he as absent-minded?

LAFOURAILLE.—Oh, the poor Philosopher! Didn't they make fun of him, downstairs— Just imagine! He got to talking with a rather youngish coachman, and he stripped him of most of the lace on his livery. Afterwards, when we came to look at it close, it proved imitation gold! Those masters are such swindlers! You can't be sure of anything nowadays!

VAUTRIN, *giving out a shrill whistle*.—It is not funny to go on stealing in this way. You'll ruin the house in no time. It must be stopped at once. (*To three servants just entering the room.*) Come here, father Buteux, and you, Philosopher, and you, Silk-Thread. My, good friends, here is a matter that has to be settled at once. You are all scoundrels!

SCENE III

THE PRECEDING. BUTEUX. THE PHILOSOPHER. SILK-THREAD.

BUTEUX.—Here I am, where is the fire?

THE PHILOSOPHER.—Or the police.

BUTEUX.—I would sooner have a fire, it can be quenched.

THE PHILOSOPHER.—Oh, the other can be smothered.

LAFOURAILLE.—Oh, he is angry about trifles!

BUTEUX.—Some more moralizing, is it?

SILK-THREAD.—None for me, then. I haven't budged from the house.

VAUTRIN.—You? Why, the night I had you exchange your white cap for a footman's hat, you, poisoner—

SILK-THREAD.—No handle to my name, please—

VAUTRIN.—In the Field-Marshal's hall, while helping me to my fur coat, you helped yourself to the watch of the Chief of Cossacks—

SILK-THREAD.—Oh, an enemy of my country!

VAUTRIN.—You, Buteux, old thief, you stole the Princess of Arjos' lorgnette, the night she drove our young master to his door.

BUTEUX.—Oh, it had dropped upon the carriage-steps—

VAUTRIN.—You ought to have returned it with a great show of respect; but the sight of gold and pearls awakened your tiger-cat instincts.

LAFOURAILLE.—I say, are we to give up every kind of fun? Now, Jacques, really—

VAUTRIN.—What's that?

LAFOURAILLE.—Why, Monsieur Vautrin, you want your young fellow to lead, for a paltry thirty thousand a year, the life of a prince. We can succeed only by the methods of all governments, by annexing and borrowing. So, all those who come here for money, drop some instead— And you are not satisfied!

SILK-THREAD.—If I am not allowed to bring some cash from market when I go there without a franc, I might as well resign.

THE PHILOSOPHER.—And didn't I sell our trade—5,000 francs each time—to four different carriage makers—the favored one to lose the whole amount of his bill? One evening, Monsieur de Frescas started out behind a pair of the poorest animals on the street and returned with a ten-thousand franc team hitched to his brougham. All it cost was a dozen or so of glasses of the fiery stuff. Is that what you are kicking about?

SILK-THREAD.—How do you expect this house to be run, anyway?

VAUTRIN.—And how long do you think such things can go on? What I may have tolerated when we started this establishment, I forbid most positively to-day. From robbery you are dropping to petty thieving! If I am not understood better, I'll have to choose another set of servants.

BUTEUX.—And where will you find them?

LAFOURAILLE.—He may hunt long for the like of us!

VAUTRIN.—You forget that I have answered for your heads to you. Do you think I have picked you out with such care from three different "residences" to allow you to flutter around the scaffold, like moths about a candle? You ought to know, by this time, that with us, an imprudent move is worse than a crime.

You should look so absolutely guileless that you, Philosopher, would be the one to have his gold lace ripped off— Don't forget, for a minute, the parts you are playing—that of honest and faithful servants to Monsieur de Frescas, whom you adore.

BUTEUX.—You are treating the young one like a kind of god. You have hitched us to his hand-cart, and we don't know any more of him than he does of us.

THE PHILOSOPHER.—In a word, is he one of our sort?

SILK-THREAD.—Where is the whole thing going to lead us to?

LAFOURAILLE.—We obey you under the express agreement that you are to reorganize the Ten Thousand gang, which is never to distribute less than that amount after every haul. And we have not yet put a franc in the treasury.

SILK-THREAD.—When are we to be capitalists?

BUTEUX.—If my old chums knew that, for the last six months, I have kept myself disguised as a worn-out old janitor, and all for nothing, they would think me dishonored. If I consent to risk my head, it's for the sake of my Adèle, whom you won't let me see.

LAFOURAILLE, *to the others*.—She is locked up tight. Poor fellow, let us spare him the news.

VAUTRIN.—Are you through your talking? For the last six months you have had the greatest time in your lives, you have dined like diplomats, you have drunk like Poles, you have lived off the fat of the land—

BUTEUX.—But we are getting rusty!

VAUTRIN.—Thanks to me, the police have forgotten you! And to whom do you owe this blessed existence? Who has managed to wipe off from your brows the red mark that branded you? I tell you, I am the

head that conceives, you are merely the arms that execute.

THE PHILOSOPHER.—We know it.

VAUTRIN.—Are you going to obey me blindly?

LAFOURAILLE.—Blindly.

VAUTRIN.—Without a murmur?

SILK-THREAD.—Without a wink.

VAUTRIN.—Otherwise we might as well break our compact right away! If *you* are not grateful to me, where is gratitude to be found in this world?

THE PHILOSOPHER.—Yours, forever, our emperor!

LAFOURAILLE.—Our great man!

BUTEUX.—I love you better than I do my Adèle!

SILK-THREAD.—We simply worship you!

VAUTRIN.—If I feel like it, I must be free to strike you!

THE PHILOSOPHER.—We'll stand the blows without a protest.

VAUTRIN.—I want to be able to spit in your faces if I care to, to risk your lives as if they were of no account—

BUTEUX.—A moment, please, and I'll bring out the knife—

VAUTRIN.—Do so, then, and stab me right now!

BUTEUX.—One can't get angry with such a man! If you want to, I'll return the lorgnette? It was for Adèle.

ALL, *surrounding Vautrin*.—You are not thinking of forsaking us, are you?

LAFOURAILLE.—Vautrin, our friend!

THE PHILOSOPHER.—The great and only Vautrin!

SILK-THREAD.—You dear old pal, do with us what you please!

VAUTRIN.—Oh, I can always do with you what I please— No trouble about that— When I think of the plans you are endangering by your petty thieving, it makes me feel like sending you all back where you came from. You are either below or above society— its scum or its dregs; I am trying hard to get you within its boundaries again. The people used to hoot you when you passed along the street in chained gangs; I want them to salute you as they would respectable citizens. You were criminals; I'll transform you into virtuous members of society, or better.

THE PHILOSOPHER.—Are there any better people?

BUTEUX.—Yes, those who are neither good nor bad.

VAUTRIN.—No, those who decide about the virtue of others. You'll never be respectable gentlemen of the middle class; you must remain as you are, or become enormously rich; to do that you'll have to step over half the social edifice! Bathe in gold and you'll come out virtuous!

SILK-THREAD.—That's so, I know I'll be as good as good bread, the moment I have all I want!

VAUTRIN.—You, Lafouraille, you may become Comte de Saint-Helene, like one of our distinguished friends; and you, Buteux, what do you want to be?

BUTEUX.—A philanthropist; it's the shortest way to wealth.

THE PHILOSOPHER.—I'll turn banker.

SILK-THREAD.—He dreams of being a tax-payer.

VAUTRIN.—If you wish to attain all that, be by turns blind and far-seeing, awkward and skillful, simple and clever. Never try to judge me nor to guess more than I tell you. You want to know about this Frescas affair. Here it is in a nut shell. Raoul is on the eve

of acquiring twelve hundred thousand francs a year and the title of prince; and I picked him up a little beggar on the street, about to enlist as a drummer boy. At twelve years old, he had no name, no family, he was a runaway from Sardinia, hunted down for something.

BUTEUX.—Oh, now that we know all about his past and future—

VAUTRIN.—You'd best return to your janitor's lodge, which you ought never to have left unwatched.

BUTEUX.—Oh, I put little Nini, the daughter of Giroflée, in charge.

VAUTRIN.—She may have allowed a fly to squeeze through.

BUTEUX.—Not she; she is a little weasel to whom you needn't show the tricks.

VAUTRIN.—By what I have almost achieved for Raoul, you may judge of what I can do for you. But ought he not to be provided for first? Raoul de Frescas is a young man who, in our pig-stye, has remained as pure and undefiled as an angel. He is our conscience; then again he is my creation; I am, all in one, his father and mother, and his Providence, to boot. I love to make some one happy—I for whom there is no more happiness. It is as if I were breathing through his lips, living his life, thrilling with his emotions. It is only in his heart, unsullied by any crime, that I can feel what honesty and goodness mean. Everybody has his whim, his hobby—he is mine. In exchange for the brand society has placed upon me, I return to it a man of perfect honor. I challenge Fate in this creation. If you want to be my co-laborers, obey me!

ALL.—We will! We will! Through life and death!

VAUTRIN, *aside*.—I have got my wild beasts tamed again. (*Aloud.*) Philosopher, make up like a clerk in the "Lost and Strayed" office and return to the embassy the spoons Lafouraille purloined there last night. Silk-Thread, Monsieur de Frescas expects a few friends to luncheon to-day; have the meal especially choice. We shall not dine here this evening. As soon as you can, dress up like a respectable looking solicitor and go to No. 6 rue Oblin. Walk up to the fourth floor and pull the bell seven times. You'll ask for "Father Giroflée." They'll ask you, "Where are you coming from?" "From a seaport in Bohemia," you'll answer. They'll let you in. I need several letters and papers from the hand of Monsieur le Duc de Christoval. Here is the text to be copied and here are the models of handwriting. I must have perfect imitations in the briefest possible time. Lafouraille, you'll go to the newspapers and get a few lines inserted concerning the arrival of— (*He whispers a few words to him.*) That's part of my scheme.

LAFOURAILLE.—Now, are you satisfied?

VAUTRIN.—I am.

THE PHILOSOPHER.—Not angry with us any longer?

VAUTRIN.—Not any longer.

SILK-THREAD.—There'll be no more complainings. We'll be good.

BUTEUX.—Don't you worry about us— We'll be so polite and honest—

VAUTRIN.—That's right, my children— A little honesty, lots of manners, and you'll succeed in good time.

SCENE IV

VAUTRIN, *alone*.—All that's needed to lead these fellows is to speak to them of their honor and of their future. Of course, they have no future. But what does it matter! If a general minded his soldiers' lives, no gun would ever be fired! The main thing is that, at last, after twelve years of secret toil, I soon shall have won—for Raoul—an unimpeachable position. It only needs to be strengthened. For that I'll require, for a short while longer, the assistance of Lafouraille and the Philosopher in the country where Raoul will be supposed to have discovered his family. This love affair of the boy has upset all my plans. I wanted him to be famous by his own acts, a conqueror on his own account and by my advice, of this world, the precincts of which it will be forever forbidden me to enter. Raoul is not alone the son of my mind and the offspring of my bitterness, he also is the incarnation of my vengeance. My rascals cannot understand such feelings; they are happy; they did not fall from grace, crime is their natural element; while I—I did try to rise from the common rabble. But, if man may retrieve himself in the eyes of God, he can never do so in the eyes of society. We are asked to repent, but, if we do, no pardon is forthcoming. Toward each other, men have the instincts of ferocious beasts; once wounded, one is trampled upon by his fellows. It is true, that to claim society's protection after you have trodden its laws under your feet, is like returning under a roof you have yourself helped to weaken and which is sure to crush you in its fall. But how I have

polished, how I have caressed this instrument of my future power! By nature, Raoul was brave, he would have had himself killed like a fool, had I not rendered him cold and matter-of-fact. I had to snatch from him, one after the other, all his fair illusions and to clothe him with the shroud of experience; I have made him as shrewd and calculating as an old usurer, while keeping him in ignorance of my true identity. And to-day, comes Love and destroys this laboriously-built edifice! Raoul was to be great, and he will be only happy! As for me, I'll seek a corner in the sun of his prosperity, knowing his bliss to be my work. But for the last two days, I have been asking myself whether it would not be better if the Princess of Arjos should die of—brain fever, or something. It's incredible what a woman can destroy!

SCENE V

VAUTRIN. LAFOURAILLE.

VAUTRIN.—What is it now? Can I not be left a moment in peace? I did not call.

LAFOURAILLE.—The claw of the central office is trying to tickle our shoulders.

VAUTRIN.—What's the latest foolish thing you have done?

LAFOURAILLE.—Well, Nini let slip through the gate a well-dressed gentleman who wants to speak to you. I just heard Buteux whistling, "Where can one better be than in one's family?" He's a fly cop.

VAUTRIN.—Is that all? Have him wait in this room,

and everybody on deck. I know who he is, and I am going to put on my Baron de Vieux-Chene make-up. So, you just "sbeeg Tutch" until I come back. I'll leave him to you; do him brown!

SCENE VI

LAFOURAILLE. SAINT-CHARLES.

LAFOURAILLE.—Mein herr ti Vraissgasse nod here, mein herr, unt his jamperlain, de Paron ti Fieux-Jaine, he is bizi mit ein argidegt wer vill bilt a grant palatz for mein masder.

SAINT-CHARLES.—What name did you say, my dear man?

LAFOURAILLE.—Der Paron ti Fieux-Jaine.

SAINT-CHARLES.—A baron?

LAFOURAILLE.—Ya, ya.

SAINT-CHARLES.—Baron of what?

LAFOURAILLE.—Ti Fieux-Jaine.

SAINT-CHARLES.—I see, you are German.

LAFOURAILLE.—No German, no German, Alsacer! Der is greadt tifference—Die German dey say "roper," and die Alsacer dey say "ropair."

SAINT-CHARLES, *aside*.—This is too strong a German accent to come from any place outside of Paris.

LAFOURAILLE, *aside*.—I know the fellow—don't I, though?

SAINT-CHARLES.—If the Baron de Vieux-Chene is busy, I'll await his leisure.

LAFOURAILLE, *aside*.—Ah, Blondet, darling, you hide your features all right, but you can't change your

voice! If you escape our clutches, this time, you'll be in luck! (*Aloud.*) Vat musd I say to mein herr Paron to mage him receive you? (*He makes a move as if to leave the room.*)

SAINT-CHARLES.—A moment, please, my dear man. You are speaking a kind of German and I another language; we might not understand each other. (*He puts a purse in his hand.*) With that interpreter, we'll get on all right.

LAFOURAILLE.—Ya, mein Herr.

SAINT-CHARLES.—It's only a starter.

LAFOURAILLE, *aside*.—A first installment on my 80,000 francs. (*Aloud.*) So you vill dat I sby ofer my masder?

SAINT-CHARLES.—Spyⁿ upon your master? Indeed not— I only want you to give me a few bits of information that won't compromise you.

LAFOURAILLE.—In koot Tutch, ve call dat sbying

SAINT-CHARLES.—No, no, it is—

LAFOURAILLE.—Sbying. And vat do you vant me do dell mein herr Paron aboutt you?

SAINT-CHARLES.—Announce Monsieur le Chevalier de Saint-Charles.

LAFOURAILLE.—Oh, I understand; I vill him to you bringen. But you musd nod money to de Paron offer. He honest man is, more than you oder me. (*He pokes the Chevalier in the ribs familiarly.*)

SAINT-CHARLES.—You mean that he costs more?

LAFOURAILLE.—Ya, mein herr. (*Exit Lafouraille.*)

SCENE VII

SAINT-CHARLES, *alone*.—A stupid start! Ten louis thrown away! "Sbying"— That way of calling

things by their name, straight away, is too stupid not to be very clever— If the bogus chamberlain—for noblemen don't keep chamberlains nowadays—is as cunning as his footman, I'll have to depend not on what they say but on what they'll try to conceal, to lead me to discoveries. This drawing-room, to begin with, is quite the correct thing—no portrait of the King and no Napoleonic bric-a-brac. The owner's opinions are kept under cover. What does the furniture indicate? Nothing special, except that it is still too new to have been paid for. Were it not that peculiar whistle of the janitor, which sounded like a warning, I'd feel like believing in the genuineness of the Frescos.

SCENE VIII

SAINT-CHARLES. VAUTRIN. LAFOURAILLE.

LAFOURAILLE.—Mein herr, der is de Paron ti Fieux-Jaine.

(Vautrin appears dressed in a light brown coat, cut in the fashion of Louis XV.'s time, and with large, engraved buttons; he wears small clothes of black satin with hose of silk, low shoes, a large square, flowered waistcoat, two watch-chains, a necktie in the style of the revolutionary days, and a wig of powdered white hair. His face is made up like that of a very old courtier and sinner. He speaks in a low, smooth and worn-out voice.)

VAUTRIN, to Lafouraille.—That's all right. You may leave the room. *(Aside.)* And now, let us fight it

out, Monsieur Blondet. (*Aloud.*) Your humble servant, sir.

SAINT-CHARLES, *aside*.—A used-up fox, though dangerous still— (*Aloud.*) I hope you will excuse me, Monsieur le Baron, if I intrude upon you without an introduction.

VAUTRIN.—I think I guess what is bringing you here, sir.

SAINT-CHARLES, *aside*.—I wonder if he does.

VAUTRIN.—You are an architect, I suppose, and you want to offer your services; but I am already in possession of superb proposals.

SAINT-CHARLES.—Excuse me, but I'm afraid your German valet did not give you my name right. I am the Chevalier de Saint-Charles.

VAUTRIN, *raising his spectacles*.—Are you? Well, yes, of course— But we are old acquaintances then? You attended the Congress of Vienna, and your name there was Comte de Gorcun—a good name—

SAINT-CHARLES, *aside*.—Isn't he getting mixed up, the old fool! (*Aloud.*) Oh, so you were there too, were you?

VAUTRIN.—Indeed I was! You don't know how delighted I am to meet you again! You showed yourself such a clever fellow! Oh, but didn't we fool them, didn't we fool them!

SAINT-CHARLES, *aside*.—All right, Vienna let it be. (*Aloud.*) Ah, now, Monsieur le Baron, I remember you perfectly well. How cleverly you did handle your ship in those treacherous waters.

VAUTRIN.—Well, you know, we had the women on our side— By the way, do you still have your beautiful Italian girl?

SAINT-CHARLES.—You knew her, then; she was the cleverest little thing—

VAUTRIN.—Of course she was! Why she actually tried to discover who I was.

SAINT-CHARLES.—If she tried, she succeeded.

VAUTRIN.—Well—my dear fellow, you won't be angry, if I tell you that she discovered nothing.

SAINT-CHARLES.—My dear Baron, if we are to be so frank to each other, I'll confess that the adorable Polish Countess you were so devoted to—

VAUTRIN.—What, you also?

SAINT-CHARLES.—I have to acknowledge the soft impeachment.

VAUTRIN, *laughing*.—Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

SAINT-CHARLES, *joining in the laughter*.—Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!

VAUTRIN.—I suppose we may laugh about it freely, for you certainly have left her behind?

SAINT-CHARLES.—Of course; I did as you had done yourself before me. For we have both come to Paris to enjoy our earnings, and we were right— It seems to me though, Baron, that you have accepted a very secondary position, here. Not that it is not conspicuous enough!

VAUTRIN.—Many thanks, Chevalier, many thanks. I hope now that we'll be friends for a long while.

SAINT-CHARLES.—Forever.

VAUTRIN.—Let us come to some agreement then. You can be of great use to me and I may serve you enormously. Now, just tell me what your interest is in this house, and I'll tell you mine.

SAINT-CHARLES, *aside*.—I say, is he after me or I after him?

VAUTRIN, *aside*.—We may go on in this way forever!

SAINT-CHARLES, *aloud*.—I'll speak first, then.

VAUTRIN.—All right.

SAINT-CHARLES.—Between you and me, Baron, I admire you greatly.

VAUTRIN.—What praise from your lips!

SAINT-CHARLES.—No, honestly. The creation of a Frescas in the face of Parisian society, is a masterpiece that excels a thousand times all our countesses and baronesses of the Vienna Congress. You are fishing for a dowry with rare audacity.

VAUTRIN.—I, fishing for a dowry?

SAINT-CHARLES.—Yes, my dear man, you are; and your daring scheme would be exposed this very day if it were not that I, your old friend, am the very person intrusted by people in the highest position with the mission of finding you out. But how could it come into your head—excuse my temerity—how could it come into your wise head to dispute with the powerful house of Montsorel for an heiress?

VAUTRIN.—I am dumfounded! Why, I thought you came to me to propose that we should go together into some venture, using the Frescas money, which is entirely under my control! And now, you are telling me a tale you must have dreamed. Why, my dear, Frescas is one of the seven legitimate names of this young Spanish nobleman. Most important reasons will prevent him, for twenty-four hours longer, from declaring his true position in the world. I know all about his family and his immense wealth; I have just come from a visit of inspection over the estates. I don't mind so much your taking me for a sharper—the huge amount at stake is sufficient excuse—but to have

thought me such an unconscionable fool as to have placed myself in the train of some cheap adventurer and to be fighting for his sake such people as the Montsorels— Why, such a stupid blunder, my dear fellow, is proof sufficient that you never went to Vienna! We are not running in the same class, my man!

SAINT-CHARLES.—Don't excite yourself to no purpose, respectable chamberlain! Why should we try any longer to trip each other by means of more or less clever inventions? You cannot expect me to swallow any more of them. I tell you, our cash-box is fuller than yours, you will do well to come over to our side! Your Frescas is as much a Frescas as I am a chevalier and you a baron. You met him on the Italian coast; then he was a tramp; now he is an adventurer; that's all the difference!

VAUTRIN.—Very well, let us stop telling each other more or less agreeable lies; the time has come for the bare truth.

SAINT-CHARLES.—I'll pay you for it.

VAUTRIN.—Here it is, free of charge. You are an infamous rascal, my dear fellow. Your name is Charles Blondet; you were the steward of the house of Langeac; twice you bought the Vicomte, to deliver him to sure death, and you did not even pay the price—that's contemptible! You owe 80,000 francs on that score to one of my servants. You had the Vicomte shot, at Mortagne, to secure for yourself the fortune confided to you by the family. If the Duke of Montsorel, who sent you here, knew what kind of a man you are—he—he—to what strange accounting might he not call you? Take off your moustache, your

whiskers, your counterfeit crosses and stars— (*As he speaks, he tears off the articles he enumerates.*) Good-morning, scoundrel; how did you manage to devour so quickly the wealth so cleverly stolen? It was enormous, where did you lose it?

SAINT-CHARLES.—I was unlucky.

VAUTRIN.—I understand— But what are you after now?

SAINT-CHARLES.—Whoever you are, here is my hand; I give up; to-day, again, I am unlucky! But you must be the Evil One or Jacques Collin himself!

VAUTRIN.—For you I am and will be the Baron de Vieux-Chene and no one else. Now listen to my ultimatum; if I want to, I can have you buried alive within five minutes in one of the cellars of this house. Nobody will look for you.

SAINT-CHARLES.—True enough.

VAUTRIN.—It will be healthier to obey me. You'll have to do for me in the Montsorel mansion, what they sent you to do here.

SAINT-CHARLES.—Accepted. What is there in it for me?

VAUTRIN.—All you can get hold of!

SAINT-CHARLES.—From both sides?

VAUTRIN.—From both sides. The first thing you'll have to do, though, will be to deliver to one of my men all the documents concerning the Langeac family; you must have them concealed somewhere. When Monsieur de Frescas marries Mademoiselle de Christoval, you shall not be appointed his steward, but I will pay you 100,000 francs in cash. The people you are to work for are hard to please but, if you walk straight, you will not be betrayed.

SAINT-CHARLES.—It's a bargain.

VAUTRIN.—It will be ratified only when the documents in question are in my hands, until then, beware! (*He rings the bell, all the servants appear suddenly and at the same time.*) Show the door to this gentleman with all the honors due to his rank. (*He points out the Philosopher to Saint-Charles.*) Here is the man who will accompany you. (*To the Philosopher.*) Don't leave him a moment.

SAINT-CHARLES, *aside*.—If I get myself safe out of their clutches, I'll have this nest of robbers cleaned out in no time.

VAUTRIN.—Monsieur le Chevalier, your very humble servant!

SCENE IX

VAUTRIN. LAFOURAILLE.

LAFOURAILLE.—Monsieur Vautrin.

VAUTRIN.—Well, what is it?

LAFOURAILLE.—You let him off?

VAUTRIN.—If he did not think himself a free man, what could we learn through him? But my instructions are out; he'll be taught not to bring a rope among people that deserve hanging. By the way, when the Philosopher returns with the papers this man is going to hand over to him, they must be brought to me wherever I shall be.

LAFOURAILLE.—But when that's done, will you leave him alive?

VAUTRIN.—You are always too quick about these things, my darlings! Don't you know how trouble-

some the dead are to the living? Hush! I hear Raoul coming.

SCENE X

RAOUL. VAUTRIN.

(At first Raoul is alone on the stage and speaks his monologue in front. Vautrin comes in when Raoul is almost through but is not noticed until he speaks.)

RAOUL.—To have had a glimpse of heaven and to be thrown back roughly upon the earth, such is my fate! I am lost! Vautrin, this genius both kindly and diabolical, who knows everything, and seems able to do anything; this man so hard to others and so gentle to me; for whose conduct there is no explanation outside of fairyland, this almost motherly providence, is, after all, but a bad counterfeit of the true Providence. *(Here Vautrin appears in the background, dressed in a dark blue coat, a black waistcoat, plain gray trousers and the usual attire of a business man.)* Ah, I knew what love meant, but this is my first thirst for revenge! I would not like to die before getting even with those two Montsorels!

VAUTRIN, *aside*.—He is in trouble. *(Aloud.)* Raoul, lad, what is the matter?

RAOUL.—Nothing is the matter. Leave me in peace.

VAUTRIN.—You repulse me again? You are really abusing the privilege one has of ill-treating a friend. Now, tell me, what were you thinking of, just now?

RAOUL.—Of nothing.

VAUTRIN.—Now, now! Don't you know, sir, by this

time, that the man who has taught you how to use a fine British indifference to hide one's emotions, is not ignorant of the weak point of this cuirass of pride? Pretend, as much as you please, as far as the others are concerned, but toward me, it would be more than a mistake, for, between friends, such mistakes are crimes.

RAOUL.—So, not to gamble, not to come home tipsy, to abandon the Opera menagerie, to become a thoughtful, studious man, to aim at some serious standing in the community—you call all this pretending?

VAUTRIN.—You are still a poor diplomat; when you are able to deceive me, then—and then only—you may call yourself full-fledged. Raoul, you have been guilty of an error against which I warned you at the start: you ought to have taken women for what they are, irrational beings, made to serve us and not to be served. Instead of that, you are playing the part of a sentimental shepherd; my Lovelace is overthrown by a Clarissa. Ah, how long are young men to knock upon these idols before they discover how hollow they are?

RAOUL.—A sermon?

VAUTRIN.—What, you are taking me for a ridiculous, canting old foggy! I, who trained your hand to shoot true, who taught you all the fencing tricks, who made you the equal of the most agile of the rascals of the faubourg; I—who developed your mind as well as your body, and who wanted to place you far above the vulgar herd; I—who dreamed of anointing you the king of them all! I beg of you, drop all this play-acting and be frank with me.

RAOUL.—You want to know what I was thinking

about? To confess it would be to reproach my benefactor.

VAUTRIN.—Your benefactor? You insult me. Have I offered you my blood, my life—am I ready to kill, to murder any enemy of yours, to receive from you this exorbitant interest called gratitude? Do you take me for a usurer? There are people who saddle a kindness upon the heart of the one they are obliging as one attaches a ball to a convict's ankle. Such men I would no more hesitate to crush than I would to tread on a lot of caterpillars, and I'd never think I was committing murder. No, no, I begged you to accept me as your father; my heart must be to you what heaven is to the angels—a place where everything is happiness and absolute confidence. You can tell me your very inmost thoughts, the best and the worst. Speak, I understand everything, even cowardice.

RAOUL.—God and Satan must have combined their powers to cast a creature of such metal!

VAUTRIN.—Possibly.

RAOUL.—I'll tell you everything.

VAUTRIN.—Then, let us sit down, lad.

RAOUL.—You are the cause of my shame and my despair.

VAUTRIN.—I? When? How? Blood and thunder, who dared wound you? Who dared insult you? Name the people, the place— The wrath of Vautrin will pass over them!

RAOUL.—You can do nothing.

VAUTRIN.—Lad, there are two kinds of men who can do everything.

RAOUL.—And they are?

VAUTRIN.—The kings, who are, or ought to be,

above all laws, and—do not be angry—the great criminals who are below the law.

RAOUL.—And as you are not the king—

VAUTRIN.—My kingdom is lower down.

RAOUL.—What horrible joke are you trying to play on me, Vautrin?

VAUTRIN.—Did you not say just now that I was the handiwork of both God and Satan?

RAOUL.—Ah, sir, you are freezing the blood in my veins!

VAUTRIN.—Take your seat and recover your composure. You must be surprised at nothing, if you are ever to be a man above the common type.

RAOUL.—Am I in the hands of a demon or an angel? You teach me life without deflowering the noble instincts I feel within me; you enlighten without dazzling; you give me the experience of old age and do not drive away the graces of youth; but it is not with impunity that you have thus sharpened my mind, widened my horizon, awakened my perspicacity— You must tell me now where my fortune comes from. Is its source honorable? Why do you forbid me to relate the sad incidents of my childhood? Why do you force me to bear the name of the village where we met? Why am I not allowed to try and discover who my father and mother were? In a word, why am I compelled to stagger under this weight of falsehoods? An orphan may interest where an impostor is despised. I am surrounded with the luxury of a princely style of living and am kept in ignorance of the source of this wealth; you give me a splendid education and no real standing; you launch me into the world's turmoil and people sneer to my face that the Frescas race is

extinct. They ask after my family and you seal my lips. I am, at one and the same time, a great lord and an outcast; I am obliged to swallow insults that should drive me to tear to pieces dukes and marquesses; my soul is bursting with fury, I want to fight ten, twenty, duels, I want to die! Do you wish me then to be insulted at every moment? If not, keep no more secrets from me, Infernal Prometheus, achieve thy work or destroy it!

VAUTRIN.—Ah, who could remain unmoved before the generous outburst of this noble youth! How dashing his courage! How quick and fiery his feelings! Indeed, Raoul, you are the offspring of noble ancestors. Well, then, lad, I am going to give you what I call my reasons.

RAOUL.—At last!

VAUTRIN.—You ask for your guardian's accounts; here they are.

RAOUL.—But have I any right to them? Without you, should I be alive to-day?

VAUTRIN.—Be silent. You had nothing, I gave you wealth. You knew nothing, I gave you a brilliant education. Oh, but I am not quits with you yet. A father—all fathers bestow upon their children life; I owe you more, I owe you happiness. But is what you told me the whole motive of your sadness? Here, (*he points to a jeweled box on the table*), in this locked receptacle there is a portrait and there are letters which you are often reading with deep sighs, as if—

RAOUL.—Then, you have discovered—?

VAUTRIN.—I have. Are you smitten so **very** deeply, tell me?

RAOUL.—To the heart.

VAUTRIN.—Young fool! Don't you know that Love feeds on deceit and Friendship on trust? Still, be happy in your own way.

RAOUL.—But how can I? Ah, I will enlist as a private and wherever cannons roar I'll be found, and soon conquer a glorious name or die!

VAUTRIN.—That's nothing but child's talk.

RAOUL.—You have made yourself out as too old to understand such subjects and I might as well keep silent.

VAUTRIN.—Then I'll tell you the whole story. You are in love with Ines de Christoval, in her own right Princess of Arjos, the daughter of a Spanish duke banished by Ferdinand VII., an Andalusian girl, who loves you and for whom I have a liking myself, not as a woman but as a money chest with the loveliest eyes in the world; a money chest as graceful as a black frigate with snow-white sails, bringing us from America the impatiently-awaited galleons and pouring upon us all that's worth living; just like these figures of Fortune they are always painting over the lottery-shops. I approve your choice; of course it will make you do lots of foolish things, but I am here to mend matters.

RAOUL.—Do not sully her with your horrible sarcasm.

VAUTRIN.—All right; I'll put a damper to my wit and place crepe on my hat.

RAOUL.—Yes, you may as well do so; for, it will never be possible for the foster child of an Alghero fisherman to become Prince of Arjos—and, if I lose Ines, I shall die of a broken heart.

VAUTRIN.—Why be so gloomy when you have in

prospect twelve hundred thousand a year, the title of Prince, a Grandessa of Spain and lots of money saved?

RAOUL.—If you truly love me, why these cruel jokes, when you see me in such despair?

VAUTRIN.—But about what are you in despair?

RAOUL.—A few moments ago, the Duke and the Marquis of Montsorel insulted me in their own house, in her presence, and my hopes vanished forever. Henceforth admission to the Christoval mansion will be refused me. I do not yet know why the Duchess of Montsorel sent for me. For the last two days she has displayed an interest in me which I fail to understand.

VAUTRIN.—You had no business in your rival's house.

RAOUL.—Then you know everything!

VAUTRIN.—And a great deal besides. To conclude: you are bound to have Ines de Christoval? All right, she shall be your's.

RAOUL.—You are not making game of me?

VAUTRIN.—Raoul, to-day the gates of the Christoval mansion are closed against you; to-morrow you shall be the accepted suitor of the Princess of Arjos; and the Montsorels will be out in the cold, Montsorels though they be.

RAOUL.—My grief is driving you insane.

VAUTRIN.—What right have I ever given you to doubt my word? Who gave you an Arabian horse such as no dandy in the Bois ever owned? Who pays your gambling debts? Who watches over your pleasures? To begin with, who gave shoes to the wandering bare-foot lad?

RAOUL.—You, you, my friend, my father, my whole family!

VAUTRIN.—That's better, that's better! When you speak that way, you pay me back in full for all my sacrifices. But, alas! once rich, once a Grandee of Spain, once belonging for good to the exclusive set, you'll forget me. With a change of air will come a change of ideas. You'll despise me and you'll be right.

RAOUL.—Are you one of the genii out of the "Thousand and One Nights"? I sometimes ask myself if I am really alive. But, my friend, my protector, I must have a family!

VAUTRIN.—A family! Why, I am having one made out of whole cloth for you with more portraits of ancestors than the Louvre Museum could contain.

RAOUL.—You reawaken all my hopes.

VAUTRIN.—You are sure, then, that you want Ines?

RAOUL.—I want her by all means possible and impossible.

VAUTRIN.—You'll be frightened at nothing? Not even at black magic or hell itself?

RAOUL.—Let it be hell, if it only secures me paradise.

VAUTRIN.—Hell! It is the world of penitentiaries and convicts branded and handcuffed, led to their fate by wretched poverty and unable to ever get out of it! Paradise! it is life in a luxurious mansion, the society of beautiful women—it is honors and titles. On this earth, there are two spheres: I raise you to the loftier and lovelier; I remain in the lower and uglier. If only you do not forget me, we are quits.

RAOUL.—You give me a shudder after filling me with delight.

VAUTRIN, *patting him on the shoulder*.—You are still

but a boy yet. (*Aside.*) Have I not told him too much? (*He pulls the bell-rope.*)

RAOUL, *aside*.—At times my whole nature seems to revolt against his acts of generosity. When his hand touches my shoulder, I have a sensation as of a hot iron, and yet, he never did me anything but good. He only hides from me how he manages it all. The results are all for me.

VAUTRIN.—What are you saying to yourself?

RAOUL.—I was saying that I can receive nothing more from you unless I feel sure that my honor—

VAUTRIN.—Your honor! It will be taken care of, don't you worry. Have I not myself fostered the sentiment within you? Has it ever been compromised?

RAOUL.—Then you will explain to me—

VAUTRIN.—I will explain nothing more.

RAOUL.—Nothing?

VAUTRIN.—Did you not say just now, "by all means possible and impossible?" When Ines is yours what do you care how I managed it or who I am? You'll take Ines away with you, you'll travel about; the Christoval family will protect the Prince of Arjos. (*To Lafouraille, who has answered the bell.*) Put lots of champagne on ice. Your master is about to marry! To-day he is to say good-by to his bachelor life; his friends are invited, fetch his sweethearts if he has any left! There's going to be a royal good time for everybody in this house! Let everything be on a grand scale and in the best style!

RAOUL, *aside*.—His intrepidity frightens me, but then, he is always right!

VAUTRIN.—To the dining-room!

RAOUL.—To the dining-room.

VAUTRIN.—Don't put a gloomy look upon your happiness, lad! Enjoy your last spell of freedom! Come along— All the wines but one are Spanish-grown— Isn't this considerate of me!

(CURTAIN ON THIRD ACT.)

FOURTH ACT

(A drawing-room in the Christoval mansion.)

SCENE I

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL. INES.

INES.—If Monsieur de Frescas is of obscure birth, mamma, I shall give him up, but, on your side, do me the kindness of not insisting upon my marrying the Marquis of Montsorel.

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—If I oppose an insane match it certainly is not for the purpose of favoring the pretensions of an ambitious family.

INES.—An insane match! Who knows? You believe him an adventurer, I think him a gentleman, and we have no evidence either way.

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—Proofs will not be long forthcoming; the Montsorels are too deeply interested in proving him worthless.

INES.—And he loves me too deeply not to be in haste to prove himself worthy. Was not his conduct, yesterday morning, that of a man of the highest breeding?

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—My dear, foolish child, is not your happiness my own? Only let Raoul furnish the world satisfactory evidence of the reality of his claims, and I am ready in your cause to fight not only the Montsorels, but the Court of Spain, itself.

INES.—Ah, dear mother! then you love him, too?
THE DUCHESS OF CRISTOVAL.—Is he not your choice?

SCENE II

THE PRECEDING. A FOOTMAN. *Later* VAUTRIN.

(The footman hands to the Duchess a card in a sealed envelope.)

THE DUCHESS OF CRISTOVAL, *reading aloud*.—"General Crustamente, Secret Envoy of H. M. Don Agustin I., Emperor of Mexico." What does this mean?

INES.—From Mexico? Why, he is bringing news from my father!

THE DUCHESS OF CRISTOVAL, *to the footman*.—Introduce the gentleman.

(Vautrin walks in, dressed in the brilliant, gaudy uniform of a Mexican general of those days. He seems four inches taller in his blue coat, covered with gold embroidery; he wears white trousers with a pink-colored sash, and in his hand he carries a big hat with white feathers. His complexion is almost copper in hue, and his accent is much like that of the creoles from the French colonies in the West Indies.)

VAUTRIN.—Have I the honor to speak to the Duchess of Christoval?

THE DUCHESS OF CRISTOVAL.—Yes, sir.

VAUTRIN.—And the young lady?

THE DUCHESS OF CRISTOVAL.—Is my daughter, sir?

VAUTRIN.—Mademoiselle, then, is the Senora Ines, in her own right Princess of Arjos. At sight of her

the adoration of Monsieur de Christoval for his daughter is at once understood. Ladies, before I say a word more, I must request absolute discretion. My mission is difficult enough already; should any one suspect a meeting between us, we should be all deeply compromised.

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—I promise unreservedly to keep your name and your visit to us a secret.

INES.—As your visit concerns my father, sir, will you allow me to remain?

VAUTRIN.—The word of Spanish gentlewomen is all sufficient.

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—I will ask my servants to be silent.

VAUTRIN.—Please, madam, do no such thing; to ask for silence from such people is often to start gossip. I pledged myself to bring you news from Monsieur de Christoval, as soon as I should reach Paris, and this is my first visit.

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—Oh, please, General, tell us at once all you know about my husband—Where is he now?

VAUTRIN.—Mexico has become, at last, what it was bound to be some day or other—a realm freed from Spain. To-day, there are no more Spaniards there, every one is Mexican.

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—So soon?

VAUTRIN.—Yes, it does seem rapid work, when one pays no attention to the causes that led to the transformation. You see, Mexico was athirst for independence; it has begun by giving itself an Emperor of its own! That may seem surprising, though nothing is more natural. Principles can wait, men are impatient.

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—What happened to Monsieur de Christoval?

VAUTRIN.—Be relieved, Madame; he is not Emperor. On the contrary, his obstinate resistance almost succeeded in keeping Mexico under the rule of Ferdinand VII.

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—But my husband is not a soldier?

VAUTRIN.—Of course not, but he is a clever diplomat, and if he had succeeded in his plans, he would have returned to Spain in high favor and the King could have done no less than to appoint him Viceroy.

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—In what a strange century are we living!

VAUTRIN.—Revolutions follow each other, but do not resemble each other except that all spring from the French upheaval. But ought we not to stop talking politics, Madame? It is such a dangerous ground to tread.

INES.—General, did my father receive our letters?

VAUTRIN.—In the troubled days when crowns are lost, letters may go astray.

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—And what has become of Monsieur de Christoval?

VAUTRIN.—Old Amoagos, who wields an immense influence over there, rescued your husband in the nick of time, just as I was about to have him shot!

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL *and* INES.—Shot!

VAUTRIN.—Yes, that's how we got acquainted.

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—You, General?

INES.—My father, sir?

VAUTRIN.—Well, you see, ladies, it was this way: I had to choose between being hanged by him, as a

rebel, or coming out as one of the heroes of a freed nation, and here I am! By arriving suddenly on the spot, at the head of his miners, Amoagos settled the question. The safety of his friend, the Duke of Christoval, was one of the conditions of his assistance. Between us, Emperor Iturbide, my master, bears but an empty title; the real future of Mexico is in the hands of old Amoagos.

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—And who is this Amoagos who, you affirm, is to be the arbiter of the destinies of the new commonwealth?

VAUTRIN.—Is it possible that you never heard of him? I wonder what new tie will be necessary to make the new world known to the old! Here is a man with the richest of gold mines, with such well-sounding names as Don Inigo Juan Varaco Cardaval de los Amoagos, las Frescas y Peral—and you never heard of him! Of course he uses only one name as we all do over there; thus I am known as Crustamente, for short.—So, there lives the future president of the Mexican republic, and France does not even suspect his existence! Ladies, the old Amoagos welcomed your husband on his arrival over there as an old nobleman from Aragon was bound to welcome a Spanish Grandee banished for having been seduced from his king by the great fame of Napoleon.

INES.—Did you not mention Frescas as among his names?

VAUTRIN.—Yes, Frescas is the name he gave to his second mine. I shall have the honor now to bring to your knowledge all the obligations your father is under toward Don Cardaval. I have, in my portfolio, letters from the Duke for his wife and daughter. My valet

has this portfolio in charge; allow me to have him bring it here. (*The Duchess signs to Ines to pull the bell.*) (*Vautrin to himself.*) How kindly they take to my old Amoagos! (*Aloud.*) May I ask you, Madame, to grant me a few moments of private interview? (*Enter a footman.*) Tell my negro servant— But he understands only his awful lingo— You'll have to bring him here.

THE DUCHESS OF CRISTOVAL, *to her daughter.*—My dear child, you will have to leave us alone for a few minutes.

VAUTRIN, *to Lafouraille who enters the room made up as a negro and carrying a huge portfolio.*—Ji ji, joro, flouri.

LAFOURAILLE.—Joro.

INES, *to Vautrin.*—General, the confidence my father placed in you assured you an excellent welcome, but your promptness in relieving our anxieties deserves my warmest gratitude.

VAUTRIN.—Gratitude! Why, Senora, if there were a balance to be struck, I should be greatly in debt to your illustrious father for the pleasure he has granted me in beholding you.

LAFOURAILLE.—Io.

VAUTRIN.—Caracas, y mouli joro, fistas, ip souri.

LAFOURAILLE.—Souri, joro.

VAUTRIN, *distributing letters.*—Ladies, here are your letters. (*Aside to Lafouraille.*) Now, you go back and walk about leisurely between the hall and the court; Mouth closed, hands at rest, but the eyes restless—and a nose for every smell!

LAFOURAILLE.—Ya, mein herr.

VAUTRIN, *furious.*—Souri joro, fistas.

LAFOURAILLE.—Joro. (*In a low voice.*)—Here are the Langeac papers. (*Exit Lafouraille.*)

VAUTRIN, *to the ladies who are busy opening their letters.*—I am against the emancipation of the negroes; the day it happens we'll have to get some whites to take their place.

INES, *to her mother.*—Will you excuse me, mamma, if I retire to my room to read my father's letter? General— (*She bows to him.*)

VAUTRIN.—She is charming; may she be happy!

(*Exit Ines followed to the door by her mother.*)

SCENE III

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL. VAUTRIN.

VAUTRIN, *aside.*—If Mexico saw itself represented as I am representing it now, it would sentence me to an embassy for life. (*Aloud.*) Kindly pardon my absent-mindedness, Madame, I have so many things to think about.

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—Diplomats ought to be allowed these short moments of abstraction.

VAUTRIN.—Professional diplomats, yes; but I prefer to remain a blunt old soldier. My ambition is to succeed by telling the truth. Ah, now that we are alone we must talk about the delicate mission intrusted to me.

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—Have you any news my daughter ought not to be told?

VAUTRIN.—Perhaps; but I will go straight to the point. The Senora is young, handsome, and of noble

birth; she has doubtless four suitors to her hand to any other girl's one. Now her father wants to know, through me, whether or not she has distinguished any of her admirers by bestowing her affection upon him.

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—To your frank question I will answer frankly. I am not at liberty to give you the desired information.

VAUTRIN.—Ah! Take care, Madame; diplomats always give silence the worst interpretation.

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—Sir, you forget that we are talking of my daughter.

VAUTRIN.—I am to understand then that she loves no one. She is free, therefore, to obey her father's wishes.

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—What! Monsieur de Christoval could not have settled his daughter's future?

VAUTRIN.—You see, your anxiety betrays you. Mademoiselle Ines must have made her choice. Ah, now, I am almost as afraid to ask you my question as you were to answer mine. Should, however, this preferred one be a young foreigner—wealthy but of unknown family and who even keeps his native country a mystery, then—

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—This name of Frescas just mentioned by you is the one assumed by a gentleman who is a suitor to Ines's hand.

VAUTRIN.—Is he also called Raoul?

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—Yes, Raoul de Frescas.

VAUTRIN.—A bright, witty, distinguished-looking young man?

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—Yes, he is endowed with all those inborn qualities.

VAUTRIN.—'The young man is so romantically inclined that he has sworn to be loved for himself alone, in spite of his immense fortune. He is hunting for this will-o'-the-wisp, love in marriage! The young Amogós, Madame, for he it is—

THE DUCHESS OF CRISTOVAL.—But this name of Raoul is not—

VAUTRIN.—Spanish or Mexican; you are right, Madame. It was given him by his mother, a French refugee from Haiti. And is the rash fellow truly loved?

THE DUCHESS OF CRISTOVAL.—Yes, preferred above all others.

VAUTRIN.—Then read these letters, madame; you will find that they give you and me full powers to conclude this marriage.

THE DUCHESS OF CRISTOVAL.—Ah, sir, allow me to call back my daughter. (*Exit the Duchess.*)

SCENE IV

VAUTRIN, *alone*.—The majordomo has been secured; no letters will reach the ladies before passing through my hands. Raoul is too proud to come to this house, the *entrée* to which has been refused him; besides, he promised to wait for me. So I am master of the field, for a while, at least—long enough to transform Raoul into a real prince; after that, he will have no trouble gathering ancestors. Mexico and I will furnish the needed supply.

SCENE V

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL. INES. VAUTRIN.

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—My dear child, you must address your thanks to General Crustamente. (*She resumes the reading of the letter in her hand.*)

INES.—Thanks, sir! Why, my father tells me in this letter, that among the numerous diplomatic missions that bring you to this side of the ocean, you have that of marrying me to a Senor Amoagos, without taking any account of my inclinations.

VAUTRIN.—You need feel no apprehension, Mademoiselle. He is known here as Raoul de Frescas.

INES.—He, Raoul de Frescas! Then, why this obstinate silence?

VAUTRIN.—Is it the part of an old soldier to elucidate the mysteries of a young man's heart? Doubtless, Raoul wanted to gain you through love, not through a feeling of filial obedience.

INES.—Ah, General, I shall have to punish him for his modesty and his lack of faith! Why, yesterday, he chose to devour an insult rather than to declare his father's name!

VAUTRIN.—Remember, Mademoiselle, that he does not know even now whether his father's name is that of a traitor to his country or that of one of America's great patriots.

INES.—O mother! Do you hear this?

VAUTRIN, *aside*.—How fond she is of him! These poor girls, they only want to be fooled!

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—The letter now in my

hands says that you have been given full power to act in the matter.

VAUTRIN.—I have the official deeds and family documents in my possession.

A FOOTMAN, *entering*.—Is Madame la Duchesse at home to Monsieur de Frescas?

VAUTRIN, *aside*.—What! Raoul here!

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—You may introduce him.

VAUTRIN, *aside*.—It looks as if the patient were to kill his physician.

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—Henceforth, Ines, you may receive Monsieur de Frescas alone; your father has accepted his suit. (*Ines ceremoniously kisses her mother's hand.*)

SCENE VI

THE PRECEDING. RAOUL. *He bows to the two ladies from the door.*

VAUTRIN, *meeting Raoul half way up the stage*.—Don Raoul de Cardaval.

RAOUL.—Vautrin!

VAUTRIN.—No, General Crustamente.

RAOUL.—Crustamente!

VAUTRIN.—That's it. Mexican ambassador. Remember you father's name: Amoagos, a nobleman from Aragon, a friend of the Duke of Christoval. Your mother is dead, I have all the family papers in perfect order and authentic. Ines is yours.

RAOUL.—And you want me to agree to such infamous doings! Never!

VAUTRIN, *to the two ladies*.—He is bewildered by what I just told him; he never dreamed of so rapid a *dénouement*.

RAOUL, *to Vautrin*.—If truth is to kill me, better death than dishonor through such deceit!

VAUTRIN.—You said you wanted Ines by all means, fair or unfair, and you shrink before the most innocent of subterfuges!

RAOUL, *beside himself*.—Ladies—

VAUTRIN.—Joy is almost too much for him! (*Aside to Raoul*.) Speak, and you not only lose Ines but you deliver me to the hands of the police. Do as you please, my life is yours.

RAOUL.—Ah, Vautrin! Into what an abyss have you plunged me!

VAUTRIN.—I have made you a prince. And now do not forget that you have reached the summit of human bliss! (*Aside*.) He'll give in all right! (*Exit Vautrin*.)

SCENE VII

INES, *near the door to which she has led her mother*.

RAOUL, *on the other side*.

RAOUL, *aside*.—Honor urges me to speak; gratitude commands me to be silent! Well then I shall play the part of the happy man until Vautrin is safe! But, to-night, I will write to Ines and tell her boldly who I am. Vautrin, such a sacrifice makes us quits; our bonds are severed! I will go and seek somewhere the death of a soldier!

INES, *with her eyes intently upon him, as she walks*

toward him.—My father and yours are friends, Raoul; they give their consent to our marriage; we love each other as if they were opposing it—and here you stand in a dream, almost sad!

RAOUL.—You have still your reason, and I have lost mine! You think all obstacles have vanished, I feel that insuperable ones are yet before us.

INES.—O Raoul! Why throw such dark forebodings over our happiness?

RAOUL.—Our happiness! (*Aside.*) I am a poor one at dissembling! (*Aloud.*) In the name of our love, I beg of you to trust my loyalty!

INES.—Ah, my confidence in you is boundless! Has not the General explained everything, even your silence at the Montsorels'? So, I have pardoned you these little sorrows you were forced to inflict upon me.

RAOUL, *aside*.—Ah, Vautrin, I give way to your indomitable will! (*Aloud.*) Ines, you do not know the power of the words you just uttered; they make me strong enough to stand the ecstasy that you bring to me— Ah, yes, let us be happy, happy!

SCENE VIII

THE PRECEDING. THE MARQUIS OF MONTSOREL.

A FOOTMAN, *announcing*.—Monsieur le Marquis de Montsorel.

RAOUL, *aside*.—Ah, this name brings me back to the reality of things! (*To Ines.*) Whatever takes place, Ines, I beg of you to reserve your judgment of me until I have had a chance to explain everything;

believe me, at present, I am obeying an insuperable power.

INES.—Raoul, I understand you less and less, but I trust you implicitly.

THE MARQUIS, *aside*.—That fellow again! (*Aloud, while bowing to Ines.*) Mademoiselle, I thought to find your mother with you here, and I was far from supposing that my visit might be inopportune. I hope you will pardon my intrusion.

INES.—I wish you to stay, sir. There is no stranger in this room now, for Monsieur Raoul de Frescas has been accepted by my family.

THE MARQUIS.—I hope Monsieur Raoul de Frescas will allow me to congratulate him.

RAOUL.—I accept your congratulations in the same spirit in which they are offered me. (*He extends his hand to the Marquis who shakes it.*)

THE MARQUIS.—We understand each other perfectly.

INES, *aside to Raoul*.—Manage it so that he will go, but remain here yourself. (*To the Marquis.*) My mother needs me for a few minutes; I expect to bring her back with me.

SCENE IX

THE MARQUIS. RAOUL. *Later* VAUTRIN.

THE MARQUIS.—Do you agree to a duel to a finish and without seconds?

RAOUL.—Without seconds?

THE MARQUIS.—Yes; don't you know that there is one of us too many in this world?

RAOUL.—Your family is powerful; should I be the victor, this proposal of yours would make me an easy victim of your people's revengeful spirit. I hardly care to exchange the hospitality of the Christoval mansion for a prison cell. (*Vautrin appears at the back of the stage and listens.*) Let it be to the death, but in the presence of seconds.

THE MARQUIS.—Will not your seconds stop the fight at the first wound?

RAOUL.—Our mutual hatred is the guarantee that they will not.

VAUTRIN, *aside*.—What! Are we always to be tripped at the minute of success? To the death, the lad says—Why, is his life his own that he dare risk it so recklessly?

THE MARQUIS.—Then, sir, let it be to-morrow morning at eight o'clock. We'll meet on the Saint-Germain terrace, and from there, drive to the forest.

VAUTRIN, *stepping forward*.—It shall not be. (*To Raoul.*) A duel! Why the stakes are not even! This gentleman here is not the last of an ancient race! Never would your father, Don Inigo Juan Varago de los Amoagos de Cardaval las Frescas y Peral permit such a meeting!

THE MARQUIS.—I was ready to fight an unknown, but the noble house Monsieur descends from is a still greater inducement.

RAOUL.—Anyhow, it will allow us, sir, to treat each other with full courtesy, and, like people who have enough esteem for each other to hate and kill.

THE MARQUIS, *looking at Vautrin*.—May I know the name of your mentor?

VAUTRIN.—To whom shall I give my answer?

THE MARQUIS.—To the Marquis de Montsorel, sir.

VAUTRIN, *measuring him with his eye*.—I have the right to keep silent; but I will tell you my name. Only once, though, and you'll never repeat it. I will be one of the seconds of Monsieur de Frescas. (*Aside.*) And Buteux will be the other.

SCENE X

RAOUL. VAUTRIN. THE MARQUIS. THE DUCHESS OF
MONTSOREL. *Later* THE DUCHESS OF
CHRISTOVAL and INES.

THE FOOTMAN, *announcing*.—Madame la Duchesse de Montsorel.

VAUTRIN, *to Raoul*.—Mind, no childish act, now: keep your wits and your head; we are facing the enemy.

THE MARQUIS, *to his mother*.—Ah! Madame, have you come to be a witness to my defeat? Everything is settled. The Christoval family was trifling with us. This gentleman, here (*pointing to Vautrin*) has won the consents of both fathers.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL, *aside*.—Raoul has a family! (*The Duchess of Christoval enters the room with her daughter; the ladies salute each other.*) Madame, my son has just informed me of the unexpected incident which shatters all our hopes.

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—Then the interest you so kindly manifested in Monsieur de Frescas has vanished since yesterday?

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL, *examining Vautrin*.—

And is it to Monsieur that the thanks for the removal of your previous doubts are due? Who is he?

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—He represents the father of Monsieur de Frescas, Don Amoagos, as well as Monsieur de Christoval. He brought the news we were expecting and several letters from my husband.

VAUTRIN, *aside*.—Am I going to be stared at much longer by these people?

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—No doubt, Monsieur has known for many years the family of Monsieur de Frescas?

VAUTRIN.—The family has dwindled to very few—his father, an uncle— (*To Raoul.*) You have not even the sad consolation of remembering your mother. (*To the Duchess.*) She died in Mexico, shortly after her son's birth.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—Then, Monsieur de Frescas was born in Mexico?

VAUTRIN.—He was; in the heart of Mexico.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL, *aside to the Duchess of Christoval*.—My dear, we are all being deceived. (*Aloud to Raoul.*) Monsieur, you do not come from Mexico; your mother is not dead; as a child, you were a poor, forsaken waif— Is not this all true?

RAOUL.—My mother alive?

VAUTRIN.—Excuse me, Madame, but I am here to answer questions, and if there are any secrets you are very anxious to know, I make bold to say that you can obtain them from me quicker than from Monsieur. (*Aside to Raoul.*) Not a word.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—It is he—I know it! And this man is using him as the stake in some dreadful enterprise. (*She steps to the Marquis.*) My son—

THE MARQUIS.—See how you upset them, Madame. We evidently have the same opinion of this man. (*He moves his head slightly toward Vautrin.*) But only a woman can say the words that will expose this horrible conspiracy.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—Horrible indeed! But it is better that you should go.

THE MARQUIS.—Ladies, in spite of all that now stands against me, I hope you will not begrudge me a last hope. (*To Vautrin.*) Between the cup and the lip,—there often—is place enough—

VAUTRIN.—For death. (*The Marquis and Raoul bow ceremoniously to each other. Exit the Marquis.*)

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL, *to the Duchess of Christoval*.—Dear Duchess, will you kindly send Ines out of the room; an explanation would not be possible in her presence.

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL, *making a sign to her daughter to withdraw*.—I shall be with you in a few minutes, dear.

RAOUL, *to Ines as he kisses her hand*.—It is perhaps good-by forever!

(*Exit Ines.*)

SCENE XI

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL. THE DUCHESS OF
MONTSOREL. RAOUL. VAUTRIN.

VAUTRIN, *aside to the Duchess of Christoval*.—Do you not suspect the nature of the interest that brings Madame here?

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—I am beginning to do so, and I feel deeply shocked.

VAUTRIN.—Oh, it did not take me a minute to guess the existence of this love.

RAOUL, *to Vautrin*.—I suffocate in this atmosphere of deceit.

VAUTRIN.—Just one word more.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—I know how strange my present conduct must seem to you, but I will not attempt as yet to justify it. There are certain sacred duties before which all social proprieties have to bow down. So, I boldly ask you now: What do you know about this gentleman from Mexico? What is the extent of the powers he brings?

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL, *obeying a sign from Vautrin*.—I am not allowed to answer these questions.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—I will answer them for you, then. This man is either the dupe or the accomplice of people who find it to their interest to deceive us. In spite of the letters he brought you and the deeds in his possession, I insist that everything in these documents giving Raoul a name and a parentage is a forgery.

RAOUL.—Madame, allow me to say that I do not understand by what right you should throw yourself across my life.

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—It was wise on your part, Madame, to dismiss my daughter and your son from the room.

VAUTRIN.—By what right, did you say, Raoul? (*Addressing the Duchess of Montsorel*.) You could not answer that question, Madame; but what you cannot confess we are free to surmise—I understand too well

the feelings that induce you to act in this wise and the grief this marriage is causing you, not to pardon you the suspicions you have cast upon my character and your doubts concerning the authenticity of the deeds presented by me, as in duty bound, to Madame de Christoval. (*Aside.*) Now, let me paralyze her. (*He takes her aside.*) Before being a Mexican I was a Spaniard, and I know the cause of your hatred against you son Albert. As to the interest that brings you here, I shall talk it over with your worthy father-confessor.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTMOREL.—Then you know—

VAUTRIN.—Everything. (*Aside.*) She has a secret of her own. (*Aloud.*) The documents are in the next room; perhaps you would like to examine them?

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—Well, what do you say, my dear?

THE DUCHESS OF MONTMOREL.—I will go with you to Ines. But, I entreat you, scrutinize these deeds minutely. It is a mother, a mother in despair, who begs you to do so.

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—A mother in despair!

THE DUCHESS OF MONTMOREL, *to herself.*—How can it be that this man holds both my secret and my son's.

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—Will you come now, Madame? (*The Duchess of Montmorel bows her assent and the two leave the room.*)

SCENE XII

RAOUL. VAUTRIN. *Later* LAFOURAILLE.

VAUTRIN.—For a moment I thought our star was waning, but it's again brighter than ever.

RAOUL.—But what humiliation is mine? I had nothing in the world but my honor, and I have delivered it into your hands. I realize now how infernal is your power. From this hour on, however, I am free from your yoke. You are not in danger any longer, good-by!

LAFOURAILLE, *who enters while Raoul is talking*.—Are we among ourselves? That's lucky! The Philosopher has just arrived to tell me that the police have raided our house.

VAUTRIN.—Another would give up the fight—but I! Tell me, anybody captured?

LAFOURAILLE.—Indeed not! We have manners, sir!

VAUTRIN.—You say the Philosopher is down stairs; in what garb?

LAFOURAILLE.—Dressed as a footman.

VAUTRIN.—Then he'll climb up behind my carriage when I leave this house. (*In a lower voice to Lafouraille.*) I'll give you instructions to have Prince d'Arjos, (*he winks toward Raoul*) who thinks he is going to fight a duel to-morrow, locked up in a safe place.

RAOUL, *stepping closer*.—I see—you are in danger; I will not forsake you, but I must know—

VAUTRIN.—You will know nothing. Don't bother about your safety; I will answer for it in spite of yourself.

RAOUL.—Oh, I know the future in store for me.

VAUTRIN.—So do I.

LAFOURAILLE.—It's getting warmer.

VAUTRIN.—It's burning.

LAFOURAILLE.—No time for sentiment. They are after us and on horseback, too.

VAUTRIN.—But we are their match. (*Aside to Lafouraille.*) Since the government has done us the honor of accepting our hospitality for its police, it would be discourteous to dislodge them. You may all scatter, but at midnight, sharp, general meeting at Mother Giroflée's. You'll have to be sober, for I don't want to meet my Waterloo, and the Prussians are on us. Now, away!

(CURTAIN ON FOURTH ACT.)

FIFTH ACT

(*One of the drawing-rooms of the Montsorel mansion, on the ground floor.*)

SCENE I

JOSEPH, *alone*.—His cursed white mark is on the little gate to the garden to-night. This sort of thing can't go on forever; the devil only knows what he is up to. Still, I prefer to meet him here rather than in the rooms on the floor above; we have the garden at hand, and, in case of alarm, he may skip that way.

SCENE II

JOSEPH. LAFOURAILLE. BUTEUX. *Later* VAUTRIN.

JOSEPH, *hearing in the garden a noise that sounds like prrrrr*.—Here it is again! Our national anthem! It makes me shudder every time I hear it. (*Enter Lafouraille.*) Who are you? (*Sign from Lafouraille.*) A new one?

LAFOURAILLE.—An old one!

JOSEPH.—Is he there?

LAFOURAILLE.—Is he ever late? He will be here directly. (*Buteux appears.*)

JOSEPH.—What, there'll be three of you?

LAFOURAILLE, *pointing to him*.—There'll be four of us.

JOSEPH.—And what are you coming here for at this time of night? Are you going to carry off everything?

LAFOURAILLE.—He takes us for robbers!

BUTEUX.—In hard times, one may do such things but one never speaks about 'em!

LAFOURAILLE.—Oh, we are doing like everybody else; trying to get rich quick!

JOSEPH.—But Monsieur le Duc is expected every minute—

LAFOURAILLE.—No, he is not; he won't be back before two o'clock in the morning, and we have all the time we need. So don't be a fool and mix up your dead funk with the dish we are going to serve.

BUTEUX.—And piping hot, too.

VAUTRIN, *he wears a brown coat, a black waistcoat and blue trousers, his hair combed à la Napoleon. As he steps in, he blows out the candle which had lighted the room. He pulls from his pocket a dark lantern which lets out only a flicker of light.*—Too much light here! Do you think you have returned to quiet, bourgeois life? That this fool, over there, should have forgotten his rudiments might be excusable, but you two! (*To Buteux, pointing to Joseph.*) Take him aside and stuff cotton in his ears. (*To Lafouraille.*) What have you done with the young one?

LAFOURAILLE.—Under lock and key.

VAUTRIN.—Where?

LAFOURAILLE.—In Giroflée's other dovecote, near the Invalides.

VAUTRIN.—Take care that he does not escape like that slippery eel of a Saint-Charles, who has now ransacked our establishment— I don't want to threaten, but if *he* also escapes—

LAFOURAILLE.—I'll bet my head that the boy'll stay safe! The Philosopher has fixed him with bracelets on his ankles and wrists; he is not to let him out of his sight until I relieve him. Of course, the other fellow did take to his heels—but you know poor Giroflée is weak on the liquor question and Blondet soaked her full of brandy.

VAUTRIN.—And what does Raoul say?

LAFOURAILLE.—Oh, he is simply raving about his being dishonored and all that kind of rot. But the Philosopher doesn't get rattled that easy.

VAUTRIN.—Can you conceive anything more foolish than the demand of this lad that he be allowed to fight to the death? These young fellows are dreadfully timid, and yet they have the courage not to show the white feather and the silliness to face death to prove it. I hope he was not allowed to write?

LAFOURAILLE, *aside*.—Caught! (*Aloud.*) We must tell you the truth. Before we got the prince under restraint he had slipped a note to little Nini, and the girl carried it to the Christoval mansion.

VAUTRIN.—To Ines?

LAFOURAILLE.—To Ines.

VAUTRIN.—Love-sick effusions, I suppose!

LAFOURAILLE.—Sheer nonsense!

VAUTRIN, *to Joseph*.—Eh! Here, the honest man!

BUTEUX, *bringing Joseph to Vautrin*.—You'll have to reason with the gentleman; he needs it.

JOSEPH.—Haven't I got the right to ask what risk I am running and what it's going to be worth to me?

VAUTRIN.—Time is short, talk is long, let us grab the first and drop the second. Just now two lives are in peril: that of a man whom I want to save and that

of a guardsman whom I consider in the way. The latter we are going to suppress.

JOSEPH.—Do you mean the life of Monsieur le Marquis? I won't touch that job, sir.

LAFOURAILLE.—Your consent is not yours to give.

BUTEUX.—It belongs to us. My dear fellow, don't you know that when the wine is drawn it has to be—

JOSEPH.—If it's bad, one doesn't have to drink it.

VAUTRIN.—So, you refuse to touch glasses with me? Who thinks twice, schemes, and who schemes, betrays.

JOSEPH.—Your scheming drives me crazy.

VAUTRIN.—Shut up! You bother me. Your master plans to fight a mortal combat to-morrow. One of the adversaries in the duel would be killed. All you have to do, to quiet your conscience, is to imagine that the Marquis fought that duel and was the unlucky man.

BUTEUX.—That's the right way to put it!

LAFOURAILLE.—Monsieur Vautrin is simply playing the part of Fate!

JOSEPH.—A nice part!

BUTEUX.—Good business and no taxes.

VAUTRIN, *pointing to Lafouraille and Buteux*.—You are going to hide them.

JOSEPH.—Where?

VAUTRIN.—I tell you to hide them; that's enough. When everybody but us is asleep in the house, you'll fetch them from their place of concealment and show them the way to the Marquis' room. (*To Lafouraille and Buteux.*) Try to discover it without his help. The windows of the room open on the courtyard. (*Speaking in a lower voice.*) Throw him out; just the act to which a desperate man would have recourse.

(*To Joseph.*) You see, it will be thought a suicide and nobody will be suspected.

(*Exeunt the three men.*)

SCENE III

VAUTRIN, *alone*.—All is saved. Only the servants in our house were suspected by the police; I'll have another crew in a few days. Blondet fell flat in his attempted treachery, and as bad accounts make good friends, I'll inform the Duke that he is the murderer of the Vicomte de Langeac. Finally, I shall learn the secrets of the Montsorels and the reason for the Duchess' strange conduct lately. What a fine move it would be if that information were to give a motive for the Marquis' suicide!

SCENE IV

VAUTRIN. JOSEPH.

JOSEPH.—I hid your men in the conservatory. You are not going to stay here, I suppose.

VAUTRIN.—No, I propose to read awhile in the Duke's study.

JOSEPH.—And if he should return, you are not afraid—

VAUTRIN.—If I were afraid of anything, should I be the master of all of you fellows.

JOSEPH.—But where will you go?

VAUTRIN.—You are too curious.

SCENE V

JOSEPH, *alone*.—He is fixed, so are his two men; I have them in my hands and as I don't care to be mixed up in this affair—

SCENE VI

JOSEPH. A FOOTMAN. *Later* SAINT-CHARLES.

THE FOOTMAN.—Monsieur Joseph, some one to see you.

JOSEPH.—At this time of night?

SAINT-CHARLES, *stepping behind the footman*.—I am the man.

JOSEPH, *to the footman*.—That's all right; you may go. (*Exit footman.*)

SAINT-CHARLES.—Monsieur le Duc cannot return home before the King retires. But the Duchess is expected directly, and, as I must speak to her in private, I shall await her here.

JOSEPH.—Here?

SAINT-CHARLES.—Yes, here.

JOSEPH, *aside*.—Good Lord; and if Jacques—

SAINT-CHARLES.—Am I in your way?

JOSEPH.—Not at all, not at all.

SAINT-CHARLES.—If you are expecting somebody, why don't you tell me so?

JOSEPH.—I am only expecting Madame.

SAINT-CHARLES.—Supposing it were Jacques Collin?

JOSEPH.—Don't mention that man's name; it gives me the shivers.

SAINT-CHARLES.—Collin is mixed up in a certain business that is likely to have brought him to this house. Have you not seen him? Between you people such things can't be avoided, I know. I have not the time to beat the bush, I have not the time to buy you up. Choose between us, and do so at once.

JOSEPH.—What do you want of me?

SAINT-CHARLES.—I want to be informed of the very least of the happenings in this house.

JOSEPH.—Well, then, the latest news is that of the Marquis' duel; he is to fight Monsieur de Frescas, to-morrow.

SAINT-CHARLES.—Anything else?

JOSEPH.—I hear Madame la Duchesse returning.

(Exit Joseph.)

SCENE VII

SAINT-CHARLES, *alone*.—O, the cowardly fellow! But this duel is an excellent pretext for obtaining an audience from the Duchess. The Duke failed to rate me aright; he thought I was a mere instrument to be dropped and picked up again at will. When he told me to keep the whole matter from his wife, he never thought he was giving me arms against himself. To exploit the mistakes of others—that's the capital of strong men. I have devoured many such capitals already, but my appetite is still good.

SCENE VIII

SAINT-CHARLES. THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.

MADemoisELLE DE VAUDREY.

(As the ladies walk in, Saint-Charles steps out of the way and is not noticed while the newcomers stand talking at the front of the stage.)

MADemoisELLE DE VAUDREY.—You seem quite down-cast, dear friend.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL, *dropping into an arm-chair*.—I am dead! You were right! No more hope!

SAINT-CHARLES, *stepping forward and bowing*.—Madame la Duchesse.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—Oh, I forgot that you were coming, sir; it will be impossible for me to grant you the interview you have solicited. To-morrow, perhaps later.

MADemoisELLE DE VAUDREY.—My niece, sir, is not able to listen to you.

SAINT-CHARLES.—To-morrow will be too late, ladies! The life of your son, the Marquis, who is to fight a duel at daybreak with Monsieur de Frescas, is at stake.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—Oh, this duel is horrible!

MADemoisELLE DE VAUDREY, *in a low voice to the Duchess*.—You forget already that Raoul is a total stranger to you!

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL, *to Saint-Charles*.—My son will know how to do his duty, sir.

SAINT-CHARLES.—If it were only a matter of an ordi-

nary duel, should I take the unusual liberty of informing a mother of it? But, in this case, your son is to be killed without having a chance to fight for his life. His adversary has in his pay a gang of murderers who use him as a mantle to cover their infamies.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—And what proof have you of this extraordinary statement?

SAINT-CHARLES.—A pretended chamberlain of this Monsieur de Frescas offered me an enormous sum to assist him in a huge conspiracy against the Christoval family. To get out of his clutches, I had to feign to accept his proposal; but, just as I was walking over to police headquarters, two passers-by rushed so violently against me that they threw me down. The fall made me unconscious, and, before I recovered I had been drugged and carried away in a cab. When I awoke I was a prisoner in a disreputable den. But, in this new peril, my coolness returned to me; I managed to slip out of my prison, and at once began to track these bold rascals.

MADemoiselle DE VAUDREY.—Were we not told by Joseph that you were here in Monsieur de Montsorel's interest?

SAINT-CHARLES.—So I am, Madam.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—But who are you, sir?

SAINT-CHARLES.—A confidential adviser whom Monsieur le Duc trusts only half, and who is paid to collect information on mysterious happenings.

MADemoiselle DE VAUDREY.—Oh, Louise!

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—And what made you bold enough to dare address yourself to me, sir?

SAINT-CHARLES.—The danger you are in, Madame. It is true, I am paid to act as your enemy; but if you

consent to be as wise as I am and grant me your protection, I shall prefer it to the hollow promises of Monsieur le Duc. And final victory will be yours. Time is pressing, however; the Duke will be home in a few moments and if he found us conferring together, success would be extremely doubtful.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL, *to Mademoiselle de Vaudrey*.—Ah, what a new hope! (*To Saint-Charles*.) And what were you doing in Monsieur de Frescas' house?

SAINT-CHARLES.—What am I now doing in your own, Madame?

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—So, you keep silent.

SAINT-CHARLES.—Madame la Duchesse refuses to give me an answer; on the other hand, Monsieur le Duc has my pledged word and he is all-powerful.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—And I, sir, have unlimited wealth at my command; but do not expect to deceive me. (*She rises*.) Monsieur de Montsorel shall not succeed in duping me, this time; I see a new proof of his cleverness in this request of yours for a confidential talk; so I am going to complete the information you are after. (*With a half smile*.) Monsieur de Frescas is not a scoundrel, his servants are not murderers; he belongs to a family both noble and rich and he is about to marry the Princess of Arjos.

SAINT-CHARLES.—You are right, Madame, an Envoy from the Emperor of Mexico, has just brought over to the Duchess letters from Monsieur de Christoval and other documents of an unusually apparent genuineness. You sent for the Secretary of the Spanish Embassy to come and examine them, and he acknowl-

edged the correctness of text, signatures, seals, endorsements, etc. Not a flaw anywhere.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—Yes, sir, these papers are unimpeachable.

SAINT-CHARLES.—Then you had a great desire, Madame, that they should turn out forgeries?

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL, *to Mademoiselle de Vaudrey*.—Has ever such torture torn the heart of a mother?

SAINT-CHARLES, *aside*.—Which side must I adopt, the wife's or the husband's?

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—Sir, I am ready to pay a reward, the amount of which you may fix yourself, if you are able to prove to me that Monsieur Raoul de Frescas is—

SAINT-CHARLES.—A scoundrel?

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—No, but a child—

SAINT-CHARLES.—Your child?

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL, *forgetting everything*.—Yes, yes, my child! Be my savior, and I will be your protectress forever. (*To Mademoiselle de Vaudrey.*) Oh, what have I said!! (*To Saint-Charles.*) Where is Raoul?

SAINT-CHARLES.—Vanished! And his chamberlain, who had these deeds manufactured by one of his men, Rue Oblin, is one of our most cunning criminals. It was, doubtless, he who acted the part of the Mexican Envoy. (*The Duchess starts back.*) Oh, have no fear, he is not a man to spill blood, but he is just as dangerous as those who pour it recklessly. And this monster is the young man's guardian!

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—Save his life and your fortune is made!

SAINT CHARLES.—Madame, I am yours to command.
(*Aside.*) She'll tell me everything and then I'll make my choice.

SCENE IX

THE PRECEDING. THE DUKE. A FOOTMAN.

THE DUKE.—And so, I find you triumphant, Madame; everybody is talking of Monsieur de Frescas, his fortune and his marriage; but he has a family besides— (*In a low voice.*) He has a mother! (*He notices Saint - Charles.*) You here, Monsieur le Chevalier, and conversing with Madame?

SAINT-CHARLES, *aside to the Duke*.—I am sure of Monsieur le Duc's approval. (*Aloud.*) You were on duty at the castle. Was I not right in informing Madame la Duchesse, in your absence, of the danger to which your son, the Marquis, is exposed—a danger of murder?

THE DUKE.—Of murder!

SAINT-CHARLES.—Yes, but if Monsieur le Duc deigns to follow my advice—

THE DUKE.—Step with me into my study, sir, and we shall take at once the necessary measures.

SAINT-CHARLES, *making a sign of understanding to the Duchess behind the Duke's back*.—I have many strange things to tell you, Monsieur le Duc. (*To himself.*) I'll stay on the Duke's side!

SCENE X

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL. MADemoisELLE
DE VAUDREY. *Later* VAUTRIN.

MADemoisELLE DE VAUDREY.—If Raoul is truly your son, in what infamous company you are finding him!

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—A single angel would suffice to purify hell!

VAUTRIN, *he has noiselessly opened one of the window-doors that lead to the garden. Through the crack he has heard all that took place between Saint-Charles and the Duchess. Aside.*—I know everything. Two brothers cannot, must not fight to the death. But here is my Duchess. (*He walks a few steps forward.*) Ladies—

MADemoisELLE DE VAUDREY.—A man! Help! Help!

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—It is the same man!

VAUTRIN.—Silence! Why must women always shriek? (*To Mademoiselle de Vaudrey.*) Run to the Marquis' apartment; two scoundrels are there bent upon murdering him! Run quick, quick, don't let him be slaughtered! And have the two rascals seized with as little commotion as possible. (*To the Duchess.*) And you, Madame, stay here.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—Go, dear aunt, and have no fear on my account.

VAUTRIN, *aside.*—Won't my fellows be surprised, though! What will they think of me? It's a pretty severe test. (*The noise of a scuffle is heard in the distance.*)

SCENE XI

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL. VAUTRIN.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—The whole house is in an uproar; my absence is sure to cause comment!

VAUTRIN.—Let us hope they'll save the bastard heir.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—But they know who you are and even now Monsieur de Montsorel is with—

VAUTRIN.—The Chevalier de Saint-Charles. I am not afraid; you'll defend me.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—I!

VAUTRIN.—Yes, you. Otherwise you shall never set eyes again on your son, Fernand de Montsorel.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—Then Raoul is truly, really—my son?

VAUTRIN.—Alas! He is. I hold in my hands convincing proofs of your innocence and—I hold your son.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—You do? Then you shall not leave my side until—

SCENE XII

THE PRECEDING. MADemoisELLE DE VAUDREY *and*
Numerous SERVANTS. SAINT-CHARLES.

MADemoisELLE DE VAUDREY.—Here he is! Here he is! Save her!

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL, *to Mademoiselle de Vaudrey*.—You wreck everything!

SAINT-CHARLES, *low to the servants*.—Here is the chief and leader of the gang! Get hold of him, whatever he says.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL, *to her servants*.—I order you to leave me alone with this man.

VAUTRIN, *to Saint-Charles*.—Well, Chevalier?

SAINT-CHARLES, *to Vautrin*.—I must say, I fail to understand you, Baron.

VAUTRIN, *in a low voice to the Duchess*.—You see in this man the murderer of Vicomte de Langeac, whom you loved so dearly.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—He!

VAUTRIN.—Have him closely watched. He slips through one's hand like money.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—Joseph!

VAUTRIN, *in a low voice to Joseph as the man steps to his mistress*.—What happened upstairs?

JOSEPH.—Monsieur le Marquis was examining his weapons when he was attacked from behind; he could defend himself and received but two trifling wounds. Monsieur le Duc is with him.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL, *to her aunt*.—I beg of you, return to Albert's room. (*To Joseph, pointing to Saint-Charles.*) I will hold you responsible for this man.

VAUTRIN, *to Joseph*.—You shall answer for him to me, too.

SAINT-CHARLES, *to Vautrin*.—I understand; you forestalled me.

VAUTRIN.—No grudge, I hope?

SAINT-CHARLES, *to Joseph*.—Take me to the Duke.

(*Exeunt Saint-Charles and Joseph.*)

SCENE XIII

VAUTRIN. THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.

VAUTRIN, *to himself*.—Raoul has a mother, a father, a family— What a disaster for me! Whom shall I now have to love, to whom shall I devote myself? Ten years of paternity—that can't be grown in a day!

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL, *coming closer to Vautrin*.—Well, sir?

VAUTRIN.—Well, Madame, I will not return you your son— I have not the courage to stand both his loss and his contempt. I would never discover another Raoul! And my whole life is wrapped up in him.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—But how could he love you? You, a criminal, whom we may deliver at any time into the hands of—

VAUTRIN.—Of the police, I suppose! Well, I thought you had a kinder heart! But do you not understand that if you do that I will drag you, your son and the Duke into an abyss that will engulf us all?

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—Ah, what did you make of my poor child?

VAUTRIN.—I made of him a man of honor.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—And he loves you?

VAUTRIN.—Up to this moment, yes.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—And did the wretch who just stepped out tell the truth when he declared who you were and whence you came?

VAUTRIN.—He did, Madame.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—And you took care of my child?

VAUTRIN.—Your child? *Our* child! Have you not realized yet that he is as pure as an angel born?

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—Ah, then, whatever you did, whoever you are—be blessed! Yes, blessed a hundredfold, and may the whole world pardon you! Lord God! (*She bends her knees before a chair in the attitude of prayer.*) Lord God, if a mother's voice reaches thy throne, forgive, oh, forgive, this man all he may ever have done. (*She looks at Vautrin.*) Oh, my tears will cleanse his guilty hands! For he shall repent! He belongs to me now, I will change his very nature! But, no, it is all a mistake, you are not a criminal—even if you were, all mothers will absolve you!

VAUTRIN.—I see—I will have to give her back her son.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—What! Were you still harboring the horrible thought of not returning this son to his mother? I have waited for him twenty-two years.

VAUTRIN.—And I—for ten years—have I not been his father? Why, Raoul is my very soul! What do I care for suffering and shame if I only know him to be happy and proud! I shall just look at him and my life will be worth living.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—I am lost! He loves him as a mother would!

VAUTRIN.—My only bond with the world and with life was through this brilliant ring of purest gold!

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—Without one stain?

VAUTRIN.—Without one stain— Ah, we people know what virtue means— We are hard to please, I tell you! No—to me, all the infamy, to him, all the

honors! And think of it: I found him on the King's highway, between Toulon and Marseilles, a little boy twelve years old, in rags, without a crust!

THE DUCHESS OF MONTMOREL.—Barefooted, perhaps?

VAUTRIN.—Yes; but so pretty with his little curly head.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTMOREL.—You saw him like that?

VAUTRIN.—Poor angel, he was crying bitterly!

THE DUCHESS OF MONTMOREL.—And you fed him.

VAUTRIN.—I did. Sometimes I had to rob to feed him.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTMOREL.—I would have robbed also, I would!

VAUTRIN.—I did better.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTMOREL.—Oh, how much he must have suffered!

VAUTRIN.—He did not! I concealed from him the means that made his life so easy, so happy. I did not want his mind soiled by even a suspicion of the truth. Your parchments will make a nobleman of him, Madame, but I made him noble at heart.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTMOREL.—But, was he not my son?

VAUTRIN.—Indeed he was! Full of lofty ambitions, of charming manners, of lovely instincts. I had only to show him the way.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTMOREL, *pressing the hand of Vautrin*.—Oh, how great you must have been to thus accomplish a mother's task!

VAUTRIN.—Oh, I did it better than many a mother! You often love your children so unwisely. Even now you are going to spoil him! He used to be so recklessly courageous; wanted to join Napoleon's army,

and the Emperor would have liked him. But I preferred to show him men and the world in their true light. That's why he will deny me now!

THE DUCHESS OF MONTMOREL.—My son, ungrateful!

VAUTRIN.—Not yours, mine!

THE DUCHESS OF MONTMOREL.—And now give him back to me at once.

VAUTRIN.—The two men, upstairs, and myself, are gravely compromised. First of all, Monsieur le Duc must secure us secrecy and freedom.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTMOREL.—Then these two men and you came to—

VAUTRIN.—In a few hours, either the legitimate son or the bastard was to be a dead man. They might even have killed each other.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTMOREL.—Oh, you act the part of a dreadful Providence—

VAUTRIN.—What would you have done in my place?

SCENE XIV

THE PRECEDING. THE DUKE. LAFORAILLE. BUTEUX.

SAINT-CHARLES. ALL THE SERVANTS.

THE DUKE, *pointing to Vautrin*.—Take hold of this man! (*Pointing to Saint-Charles*.) And obey this man only.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTMOREL.—But you owe to Monsieur (*pointing to Vautrin*) the life of your Albert. He gave the alarm.

THE DUKE.—He?

BUTEUX, *to Vautrin*.—So you betrayed us! Then why did you bring us here?

SAINT-CHARLES, *to the Duke*.—You hear him, Monsieur le Duc?

LAFOURAILLE, *to Buteux*.—Shut up. Who are we, to judge him?

BUTEUX.—But if he has thrown us over?

VAUTRIN, *to the Duke*.—Monsieur le Duc, these two men are mine, I claim them.

SAINT-CHARLES.—Behold Monsieur de Frescas' household!

VAUTRIN, *to Saint-Charles*.—Silence, you steward of the Langeacs. (*He points to Lafouraille.*) Here is your old chum Boulard. (*Lafouraille makes a mock bow.*) Monsieur le Duc, order all these people to leave the room.

THE DUKE.—What! In my house, you dare command!

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—Ah, sir, he is master here!

THE DUKE.—What! This scoundrel?

VAUTRIN.—If Monsieur le Duc is so fond of an audience, let us talk of the son of Dona Mercedes—

THE DUKE.—Be silent!

VAUTRIN.—Whom you managed to pass for—

THE DUKE.—Again I say, be silent!

VAUTRIN.—Then you admit, Monsieur le Duc, that there are too many people here?

THE DUKE.—Let everybody withdraw!

VAUTRIN, *to the Duke*.—Have all the exits of your mansion closely guarded, and let none but these two men leave it. (*He pulls a poniard from his pocket and cuts the ropes binding the hands and feet of Buteux and*

Lafouraille.) Escape through the small garden gate; here is the key. Go to Mother Giroflée's and send Raoul here to me at once.

LAFOURAILLE.—You are still our true Emperor!

VAUTRIN.—I'll send you money and passports.

BUTEUX.—At last I'll have enough for myself and my Adèle!

(Exeunt Lafouraille and Buteux.)

VAUTRIN, *to Saint-Charles.*—You stay in this room.

THE DUKE.—How do you happen to know so much?

VAUTRIN, *placing papers in the Duke's hands.*—I discovered these in your study.

THE DUKE.—My correspondence and the letters of Madame to the Vicomte de Langeac!

VAUTRIN.—Shot dead at Mortagne, in October, 1792, through the kind offices of Charles Blondet, alias Chevalier de Saint-Charles.

SAINT-CHARLES.—But, Monsieur le Duc—

VAUTRIN.—He gave me himself the documents I now offer in evidence and among which you will find the death certificate of the Vicomte, proving that he and Madame la Duchesse never saw each other again after the tenth of August, for the unfortunate man was taken straight from the prison of the Abbaye in Paris to the spot where he was to be foully betrayed and put to death. Boulard was with him all that time.

THE DUKE.—Then Fernand?

VAUTRIN.—The child whom you caused to be transported to Sardinia is truly your son!

THE DUKE.—And Madame?

VAUTRIN.—Is innocent of any wrongdoing.

THE DUKE.—Ah,— (*He drops into an arm-chair.*)
What have I done!

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—What a horrible array of facts! The Vicomte is dead, and his murderer stands before us!

VAUTRIN.—Monsieur le Duc, I have been a father to Fernand, and my last move was made to prevent the two brothers from murdering each other.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—I know what this man is suffering at the mere thought of giving up Fernand forever. But, remember, remember, sir, you promised to return me my child!

THE DUKE.—Then Raoul de Frescas?

VAUTRIN.—Fernand de Montsorel will be here in a moment. (*Aside to Saint-Charles.*) Well, what do you say to this?

SAINT-CHARLES.—You are a hero. Just let me be your valet.

VAUTRIN.—You are ambitious. And you'll follow me—

SAINT-CHARLES.—The world over.

VAUTRIN.—I'll soon find out.

SAINT-CHARLES.—Ah, what an artist you are securing in me, and what a loss to the government!

VAUTRIN.—All right, then; go, and wait for me at the Passport-office.

(*Exit Saint-Charles.*)

SCENE XV

THE PRECEDING. THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL. INES.
MADEMOISELLE DE VAUDREY.

MADEMOISELLE DE VAUDREY.—Here they are!

THE DUCHESS OF CHRISTOVAL.—To-night, Madame, my daughter received from Monsieur Raoul a letter in which this noble young man declares that he prefers to give up all hopes of obtaining her rather than to deceive us. And he gives the history of his whole life. I understand that he is to fight a duel with the Marquis in a few hours, Ines being the involuntary cause of this encounter. As the motive is now removed, we have come here to prevent this dread event.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—There will be no duel, Madame.

INES.—He will live then!

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—And you shall be Marquise de Montsorel, my child.

SCENE XVI

THE PRECEDING. RAOUL, *escorted by* LAFOURAILLE.
The latter leaves at once.

RAOUL, *to Vautrin*.—How dare you lock me up to prevent me from fighting?

THE DUKE.—From fighting your brother!

RAOUL.—My brother?

THE DUKE.—Your brother.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—You are truly my son! Ladies, (*she seizes the hand of Raoul*) here is Fernand de Montsorel, my son, the—

THE DUKE, *interrupting her*.—The son that was kidnaped from us in his infancy; our first-born— Albert—is now only the Comte de Montsorel.

RAOUL.—For the last three days, it has seemed as if I were going through a dream! You, my mother! You, my father, sir!

THE DUKE.—Yes, it is so.

RAOUL.—And the very people who were asking after my family—

VAUTRIN.—Make the family itself.

RAOUL, *to Vautrin*.—And have—had you anything to do with it?

VAUTRIN, *to the Duchess of Montsorel*.—What was I telling you? (*To Raoul*.) Kindly remember, Monsieur le Marquis, that I absolve you, in advance, of the sin of ingratitude. (*To the Duchess*.) The son will forget me, but the mother?

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL.—Never.

THE DUKE, *addressing Vautrin*.—But what were the fatalities that plunged you into the abyss?

VAUTRIN.—Are fatalities explainable?

THE DUCHESS OF MONTSOREL, *to her husband*.—My dear, is it not in your power to have him pardoned?

THE DUKE.—The sentence under which he is now cannot be revoked.

VAUTRIN.—Those words reconcile me to you, Monsieur le Duc; they are statesmanlike. Only try and make the authorities understand that exile is the only sensible penalty for men like me.

RAOUL.—Monsieur—

VAUTRIN.—You are mistaken, I am not even “monsieur.”

INES.—I think I understand that you are an exile and that my friend owes you a great deal, a great deal more than he will ever be able to repay. On the other side of the Atlantic, I possess large estates that need to be managed by a man of uncommon energy. Will you take charge of them and again become—

VAUTRIN.—Become a rich man, under a new name? Child, have you not learned in the last few hours that there are in this world pitiless situations? Yes, I may acquire another fortune but who will give me— (*To the Duke of Montsorel.*) The King might pardon me, after all, but who will take my hand?

RAOUL.—I will! (*He steps forward and takes Vautrin's hand in both his own.*)

VAUTRIN.—Ah! I was waiting for this before going. Raoul, you have a mother now; good-by!

SCENE XVII

THE PRECEDING. A POLICE CAPTAIN. NUMEROUS OFFICERS AND SERVANTS. *All the windows and doors are thrown open simultaneously and policemen rush in.*

A POLICE CAPTAIN, *to the Duke.*—In the name of the King and of the law I arrest Jacques Collin, an escaped— (*Everybody in the room rushes between Vautrin and the police force to give him a chance to escape.*)

THE DUKE.—Captain, I will take the responsibility—

VAUTRIN.—No, Monsieur le Duc; in your house the

King's power must not be resisted. The affair is between these gentlemen and myself. (*To the Captain.*) I will follow you. (*To the Duchess.*) Joseph sent for them. He is one of us; dismiss him.

RAOUL.—Are we to be separated forever?

VAUTRIN.—Within a month, you will be married. In a year, the day of the christening, as you enter the church, look closely at the beggars by the gate. I'll be there to make sure of your happiness. Good-by! (*To the police.*) And now, forward, march!

(FINAL CURTAIN.)

QUINOLA'S RESOURCES

A COMEDY IN A PROLOGUE AND FIVE ACTS

*Presented for the first time, on Saturday, March 19,
1842, at the Royal Théâtre of the
Odéon, in Paris.*

CHARACTERS IN THE PROLOGUE

PHILIP II., King of Spain.
CARDINAL CIENFUEGOS, The Grand-Inquisitor.
THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS.
THE DUKE OF OLMEDO.
THE DUKE OF LERMA.
ALFONSO FONTANARES.
LAVRADI, *alias* QUINOLA.
A HALBERDIER.
AN ALCALDE OF THE PALACE.
A FAMILIAR OF THE INQUISITION.
THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.
THE MARCHIONESS OF MONDEJAR.

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

DON FREGOSO, Viceroy of Catalonia.
THE GRAND-INQUISITOR.
COUNT SARPI, Secretary to the Viceroyalty of Catalonia.
DON RAMON, a learned man.
AVALOROS, a banker.
MATEO MAGIS, a Lombard.
LOTUNDIAZ, a rich bourgeois of Barcelona.
ALFONSO FONTANARES.
LAVRADI, *alias* QUINOLA, Fontanares' valet.
MONIPODIO, a retired bandit.
COPPOLUS, a dealer in metals.
CARPANO, a locksmith.
ESTEBAN, a workman.
GIRONE, another workman.
THE HOST OF THE "SOL D'ORO."
A CONSTABLE. AN ALCALDE.
FAUSTINA BRANCADORI.
MARIA LOTUNDIAZ, daughter of Lotundiaz.
DONA LOPEZ, duenna to Maria Lotundiaz.
PAQUITA, maid to Faustina.

Time, 1588-89

QUINOLA'S RESOURCES

PROLOGUE

(*The scenery represents the gallery in the Spanish king's palace, in Valladolid, that leads to the royal chapel. To the left, the entrance to the chapel; to the right, door leading to the royal apartments. The main entrance at the back of the stage. On each side of this door, two halberdiers. As the curtain rises, are found on the stage the Captain of the Guards and three noblemen. An Alcalde of the palace is standing at the end of the gallery. A few courtiers are seen walking up and down in the drawing-room that precedes the gallery.*)

SCENE I

THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS. QUINOLA, *wrapped up in a large mantle.* A HALBERDIER.

THE HALBERDIER, *he stops Quinola at the main door.*—Nobody enters that has not the right. Who are you?

QUINOLA, *pushing the halberd aside.*—An Ambassador.

THE HALBERDIER.—Wherefrom?

QUINOLA, *stepping further into the room.*—From Miseryland.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS.—Fetch me the major-domo of the palace to render this ambassador the

honors due him. (*To the halberdier.*) Three days in the lock-up.

QUINOLA, *to the Captain.*—Is that the way you respect international law? Listen, my lord; you are very high, and I am very low, but two words of mine will place us on the same level.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS.—You are a rather funny rascal.

QUINOLA, *taking him aside.*—Are you not a cousin of the Marchioness of Mondejar?

THE CAPTAIN.—What of it?

QUINOLA.—Although in great favor, just at present, she is on the brink of an abyss wherein she will fall *minus*—her head.

THE CAPTAIN.—These people are all telling tall stories! Why, my man, it is only the tenth of the month and you are already the twenty-second fellow who uses this method to get a few ducats out of the Marchioness. Leave this place double quick, or—

QUINOLA.—My Lord, never mind if you have had to listen to the fibs of twenty-two poor devils; to-day you are conversing with your guardian angel. As you see (*he opens his mantle, showing his rags underneath*) I have almost the costume of the part.

THE CAPTAIN.—Give me a sure proof that you have really a mission, or—

QUINOLA, *offering the Captain a letter.*—Here it is. Give this letter yourself to the Marchioness, so that the secret remains between us; if she does not faint on the spot, I give you leave to send me to the gibbet, for which, in common with the majority of Spaniards, I profess a decided aversion.

THE CAPTAIN.—And suppose another woman had

bought your life of you in exchange for that of a hated rival?

QUINOLA.—Would I be here in rags! Why, my life is worth Caesar's! Now, look, my Lord. (*He opens the letter and inhales deeply the scent from the sheet; then folds back the missive and returns it to the Captain.*) You see, no trick, no danger. Are you satisfied?

THE CAPTAIN, *aside*.—I have time enough yet before the King's arrival. I'll risk it. (*To Quinola.*) I'll go. Wait.

SCENE II

QUINOLA, *alone at the front of the stage, looking at the departing Captain*.—You just go ahead! Oh, my dear master, if you have not had your bones broken on the rack in the jail of the Holy Office, you will soon be out of your cell, thanks to your poor, devoted dog of a Quinola! Poor—who said poor? When my master is a free man again, he will turn our hopes into gold! When one has managed for six months in Valladolid without a maravedi and yet kept out of the hands of the alguazils, one must possess a few talents, which, employed to better purpose, might lead a man up to—Never mind where! If we knew to what goal we were hurrying, we might stop short in a dead funk. In a few minutes, I shall be speaking to the King! I, Quinola! Oh, Lord in heaven, so merciful to the unfortunates, grant me the eloquence, of—of—of a beautiful woman, of the Marchioness of Mondejar—

SCENE III

QUINOLA. THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS.

THE CAPTAIN, *to Quinola*.—Here are fifty ducats the Marchioness sends you to get you an outfit that will allow you to appear in the palace.

QUINOLA, *pouring the gold pieces from one hand into the other*.—Ah, this ray of sun was long coming! I'll be back in a trice, Your Lordship, as brilliantly attired as the Jack of Hearts, whose name I have borrowed for the time being. Yes, your servant, Quinola, Quinola soon to be the lord of vast domains, in which he will have the powers of a magistrate. (*Aside.*) Lucky enough, in the meantime, if he escapes the local police! (*Exit Quinola.*)

SCENE IV

THE COURTIER. THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS.

THE CAPTAIN, *alone, front of the stage*.—What secret may this wretch have surprised? My cousin almost swooned away. All her friends are in danger, she said. The King is surely mixed up in this affair. (*To one of the courtiers, the Duke of Lerma.*) Is there anything new in Valladolid?

THE DUKE OF LERMA, *in a low voice*.—They say that the Duke of Olmedo was murderously beset at three o'clock in the morning, a few steps from the garden of the Mondejar mansion.

THE CAPTAIN.—It would be just like him to have

himself waylaid on such a spot, to ruin my cousin in the King's mind. Like all great statesmen, His Majesty holds for proven everything that is plausible.

THE DUKE OF LERMA.—People whisper that the enmity of the Duke and the Marchioness is but a pretense and that the assassin will not be hunted down.

THE CAPTAIN.—Duke, such talk must not be repeated without actual proof behind it; otherwise my sword will call for the tale-bearer's blood.

THE DUKE OF LERMA.—Well, you know, you asked me for the news— *The Duke withdraws further into the gallery.*)

SCENE V

THE PRECEDING. THE MARCHIONESS OF MONDEJAR.

THE CAPTAIN.—Ah, here is my cousin! (*To the Marchioness.*) Dear Marchioness, how agitated you still are! If you have any regard for our safety, restrain yourself. You are observed!

THE MARCHIONESS.—Has this man returned?

THE CAPTAIN.—How can a wretch of that sort cause you such anxiety?

THE MARCHIONESS.—He holds my life in his hands, and not only mine but that of some one else, who, in spite of the closest precautions, has excited the jealousy—

THE CAPTAIN.—Of the King! It is true, then, that he ordered the Duke of Olmedo to be murdered last night? They whisper it about already.

THE MARCHIONESS.—Alas! I do not know what to

think— Here I am alone, without chance of succor— soon deserted.

THE CAPTAIN.—No, cousin, not deserted. You may count upon me. I shall keep, day and night, on the look-out among your enemies.

SCENE VI

THE PRECEDING. QUINOLA.

QUINOLA, *to himself*.—I have only thirty ducats left, but I look as if I had spent sixty— And don't I smell lovely! Oh, the Marchioness can now speak to me without—

THE MARCHIONESS, *pointing out Quinola to her cousin*.—Is this the fellow?

THE CAPTAIN.—It is.

THE MARCHIONESS.—Cousin, will you kindly see to it that we are not interrupted and that nobody gets close enough to listen. (*To Quinola.*) My friend, who are you?

QUINOLA, *aside*.—Her friend! As long as you hold a woman's secret, you are her friend. (*Aloud.*) Madame, I am a man above all considerations and all circumstances.

THE MARCHIONESS.—That may bring one high up.

QUINOLA.—Is this a threat or a piece of advice?

THE MARCHIONESS.—My man, you are impertinent.

QUINOLA.—Oh! Do not take my intelligence for impertinence. If you want to know more about me before coming to the matter in question, here is my whole history. My real name is Lavradi and Lavradi

ought to be locked up for the next ten years in the African prison. But Quinola is the conscience of Lavradi, a conscience as pure white as your beautiful hands. Quinola keeps no acquaintance with Lavradi. The soul knows not the body. Now, you, Madame, might easily cause Quinola—the soul—to join Lavradi—the body; for this morning, Quinola happened to be close to the small gate of your garden, with those friends of the rosy dawn who waylaid the Duke of Olmedo—

THE MARCHIONESS.—What happened to him?

QUINOLA.—Lavradi might answer this ingenuous question by asking for his pardon, but Quinola, who is a gentleman—

THE MARCHIONESS.—You are speaking a great deal too much of yourself—

QUINOLA.—And not enough of him— You are right. Well, the Duke took us for plain, every-day cut-throats, when, in truth, we simply were demanding at the point of our swords a small, much-needed loan. The famous Majoral, our leader, pressed hard by the Duke had to disable him by a secret thrust of his own—

THE MARCHIONESS.—Lord in heaven!

QUINOLA.—Happiness is worth a little thing like that.

THE MARCHIONESS, *aside*.—This man knows my secret.

QUINOLA.—When we discovered that the Duke did not have a maravedi on his person—most absurd on his part—we left him, or rather the others decamped, leaving me as the least compromised one in the party, to take him to a spot near his own palace. While putting his pockets straight, I picked up a note you had written him, and, being informed of your position at court, I understood that—

THE MARCHIONESS.—That your fortune was made?

QUINOLA.—No; that my life was in danger.

THE MARCHIONESS.—Well?

QUINOLA.—Have you not guessed that your letter is in the hands of a trusted friend of mine, who, in case the least harm comes to me, will send it to the King? Is this clear enough?

THE MARCHIONESS.—Well, what do you want of me?

QUINOLA.—To whom are you speaking? To Quinola or to Lavradi?

THE MARCHIONESS.—Lavradi will be pardoned. What does Quinola wish? To enter my service?

QUINOLA.—Foundlings are all presumed to be of gentle blood. Therefore, Quinola will return the letter to you without claiming one maravedi, without asking you for anything beneath you; he dares hope, however, that you will respect the life of the poor devil who carries under his beggar's wallet the heart of Cid Campeador!

THE MARCHIONESS.—You scamp, how expensive you're going to be!

QUINOLA.—A few minutes ago, you said, "My friend."

THE MARCHIONESS.—Were you not my enemy then?

QUINOLA.—Those words give me full confidence in you, Madame; and I am going to tell you what I want. Please don't make fun of a poor fellow who—

THE MARCHIONESS.—Out with it!

QUINOLA.—I want—I wish to speak to the King—in a few minutes, when he will pass through this gallery on his way to chapel— And I beg you to show yourself favorable to my request!

THE MARCHIONESS.—But what will this request be?

QUINOLA.—The simplest in the world. I shall beg for an audience for my master.

THE MARCHIONESS.—Explain yourself; the time is short.

QUINOLA.—Madame, I am the servant of a scholar; and if poverty is the mark of genius, we must have genius to sell.

THE MARCHIONESS.—To the question, please.

QUINOLA.—Señor Don Alfonso Fontanares came here from Barcelona to offer the King, his master, the scepter of the seas. In Barcelona, they thought him insane, here they said he was a sorcerer. When people were told what his project was they made fun of him in the public offices. One day a man would offer to protect him, so as to insure his ruin; the next day, another man would make light of the value of his discovery so as to get the secret out of him. Another, again, would offer to take a money interest in the affair, simply to despoil him of his rights. The way things went we soon found ourselves stranded. Nobody dares deny the truth of mechanics and of geometry, but axioms and theorems are poor feeders and the tiniest rabbit-stew is healthier for the empty stomach. It's one of the serious defects of science. Last winter, my master and I had to heat ourselves with our schemes and to chew the cud of our illusions. Well, Madame, to make the story short, he is now in prison, accused of being too close a friend to his highness, the devil. This time the Holy Office seems to have struck it right, for his highness did lodge in our purse month in, month out, for a year or so. Now, Madame, I beseech you, inspire the King with the curiosity of seeing a man who brings to him a domain

as wide in extent as that which Columbus bestowed upon Spain.

THE MARCHIONESS.—Oh, since Columbus gave the New World to Spain, we are offered another one every week!

QUINOLA.—Ah, Madame, each man of genius has his own world! But it's rare enough to see a man ready to make his country's fortune as well as his own! Such an exception deserves protection!

THE MARCHIONESS.—What does he offer?

QUINOLA.—Once more, Madame, please, do not make fun of me— He offers to make vessels go without sails, without oars, against wind and tide, and all by means of a huge kettleful of boiling water.

THE MARCHIONESS.—What nonsense do you dare utter in my presence? Are you dreaming?

QUINOLA.—Just what they all sing into our ears! Yes, the common herd is so constituted that the man of genius who is fifty years ahead of any one else is thought insane, or worse, his whole life long. I, I am the only one who believes in him and that's because I love him: to understand is to equal.

THE MARCHIONESS.—And you want me to repeat such silly stuff to the King?

QUINOLA.—Madame, you are the only person in all Spain to whom the King will not say: Be silent!

THE MARCHIONESS.—You do not know the King, as I do. (*Aside.*) I must have my letter back. (*Aloud.*) There is one circumstance in your favor, though. They have just informed His Majesty of the loss of the Armada! So, stay here and you shall speak to him as he passes this way. (*Exit the Marchioness.*)

SCENE VII

THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS. THE COURTIER.

QUINOLA.

QUINOLA, *front of the stage, speaking to himself*.—So, genius and the talent to use it to some purpose are not sufficient; luck is needed besides; such luck as brings into my hands a letter endangering the fate of the royal favorite, or a disaster such as the destruction of the greatest of fleets ever assembled. Those things must happen for one to secure a hearing from the sovereign. Ah, luck is a deep rascal! Now then, in this duel between Fontanares and his time, here is the moment for his poor second to distinguish himself! (*Bells begin to ring; the command of "Present arms!" is heard in the halls.*) Is this an omen of success? (*To the Captain of the Guards.*) How does one address the King?

THE CAPTAIN.—You step forward, bend one knee, and say: "Sire!" And may God help your tongue! (*The head of the royal cortége appears.*)

QUINOLA.—I'll have no trouble bending a knee; they are both weak enough now; for it is not a man I am to meet—it is a world!

A PAGE.—The King!

ANOTHER PAGE.—The Queen!

SCENE VIII

THE PRECIDING. THE QUEEN. THE KING. THE
 MARCHIONESS OF MONDEJAR. THE GRAND-
 INQUISITOR. THE WHOLE COURT.

PHILIP II.—Gentlemen, let us pray to the Almighty Lord God, whose pleasure it has been to strike Spain a terrible blow. The Armada is lost, but, (*turning toward the Chief Admiral*) we bear you no ill-will, Admiral; it was not in your power to conquer the elements.

QUINOLA, *one knee on the floor*.—Sire!

PHILIP II.—Who are you?

QUINOLA.—The humblest and most devoted of your subjects, the servant of a man who is now moaning in the prison of the Holy Office, accused of black magic, because he claims he can give Your Majesty the means of ever avoiding such disasters—

PHILIP II.—If you are but a servant, you may rise; it behooves only the great to thus kneel before the King.

QUINOLA.—Then my master's place is on his knees before Your Majesty.

PHILIP II.—Make your explanation short; the King has not as many moments in his life as he has subjects.

QUINOLA.—He may give one hour to a whole empire. My master, Señor Alfonso Fontanares is in the prison of the Holy Office—

PHILIP II, *to the Grand-Inquisitor*.—Father, (*The Grand-Inquisitor here comes nearer.*) what do you know of a certain Alfonso Fontanares?

THE GRAND-INQUISITOR.—He is one of the followers

of Galileo; he professes a condemned doctrine and claims to be able to accomplish marvels, refusing at the same time to explain his methods. He is believed to be, by birth, more of a Moor than of a Spaniard.

QUINOLA, *aside*.—This bloodless face is going to spoil everything. (*To the King*.) Sire, my master is not a sorcerer, but he is deeply in love, first with Your Majesty's glory and then with a young girl, the only child and heiress of Señor Lotundiaz, the richest citizen of Barcelona. As he gathered more knowledge than ducats while studying science in Italy, he soon found out that the young lady could not be his unless he conquered both fame and fortune. And now hear, Sire, how great men may be slandered. In his despair he went on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Pilar, to pray for Her protection; his beloved's name is also Maria. As he left the church, overcome by the fatigue of his long journey on foot, he went to sleep under a tree. Then and there the Holy Mother appeared to him, in a dream, and ordered him to invent, with her assistance, a ship that would go without sails or oars and against wind and tide. Thus encouraged from heaven, my master studied and studied indefatigably until his invention was complete. But, when he came here to offer it to Your Majesty, clouds gathered between him and the Royal Sun, and now his struggle to overcome them and to obey Our Lady of Pilar for Your Majesty's greatest glory, has brought him to an ignominious cell. All he has left is this, his poor servant, who is here to-day, in his name, to lay at Your Majesty's feet the information that a means does exist to secure universal domination for the Crown of Spain.

PHILIP II.—I will see your master at the close of the chapel service.

THE GRAND-INQUISITOR.—May not the King run some danger?

PHILIP II.—It is my duty to question that man.

THE GRAND-INQUISITOR.—It is my duty to see that the privileges of the Holy Office are respected.

PHILIP II.—I know their extent. Obey and be silent. I owe you a hostage but— (*He looks around.*) Where is the Duke of Olmedo?

QUINOLA, *aside*.—Things are getting hot!

THE MARCHIONESS, *aside*.—We are lost!

THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS.—Sire, the Duke has not yet—arrived.

PHILIP II.—What has made him bold enough to neglect the duties of his office? (*Aside.*) Is some one deceiving me? (*To the Captain of the Guards.*) If he come, tell him that the King has placed him in charge of a Holy Office prisoner. (*To the Grand-Inquisitor.*) Give the necessary orders.

THE GRAND-INQUISITOR.—Sire, I will go myself.

THE QUEEN.—And should the Duke fail to come?

THE KING.—Then he must be dead. (*To the Captain of the Guards.*) In that case you shall take his place for the execution of this order. (*He enters the chapel.*)

THE MARCHIONESS, *remaining behind for an instant, she manages to speak to Quinola without being overheard.*—Run to the Duke as fast as you can, and tell him he must come here and behave as if he were not on the point of death. This slander must be refuted.

QUINOLA.—Count on me, but do not fail to protect us. (*He is left alone.*) Sangodemi! Didn't the King seem charmed by my story about Our Lady of Pilar!

I ought to pledge myself to bring to Her altar—what? Oh, I'll decide after we have succeeded. (*Exit Quinola.*)

(CURTAIN ON TABLEAU.)

SECOND TABLEAU

(*The stage represents a cell in the prison of the Inquisition.*)

SCENE IX

FONTANARES, *alone*.—I understand now why Columbus wanted chains to be placed by his side in his coffin. What a lesson for investigators! A great discovery is a part of Truth! But Truth ruins so many abuses and errors, that the people who make their living out of these rise in their wrath and rush to kill Truth; and, to begin with, they attack Truth's champions. Ah, the innovators must possess unconquerable patience, and, God be praised, I have that! But its source is in my love— Yes, to obtain Maria, I dream of fame, and again and again I see— (*He seems absorbed in a vision.*) I see a bit of straw flying above an open kettle! Everybody has noticed that, since there have been kettles and straw. But, I think I discover in it a force; to measure it I close the boiling kettle tight. It explodes but does not kill me. Archimedes and I, we are one in this: he said that with a lever he could raise the world, and this lever I hold now in my hands. The more fool I was to ever

speaking of it! It brought me nothing but misfortunes! Should I die now, O man of genius of the future, take a lesson from my example: act, but be silent! The light we bring out, they use to fire our funeral pile. Galileo, my teacher, is now in prison for having said that the earth turns, and I am here for giving it a new moving power! I understand now why I am a rebel in the avaricious minds of those who want to steal my secret. Did I not love Maria, I could leave this place to-night, abandoning to my enemies the profits of my invention and satisfying myself with the glory— O hell and damnation! (*He laughs aloud at his own excitement, then adds more quietly.*) This rage is childish; I can afford to be calm since I am powerful. If only I had news from the only being who believes in me! Is even he free, who begged in the streets that I should not starve?—Ah, faith is the boon of the poor; they need it so badly!

SCENE X

THE GRAND-INQUISITOR. A FAMILIAR OF THE HOLY OFFICE. FONTANARES.

THE GRAND-INQUISITOR.—My son, I heard you just now speaking of faith— Perhaps you are, at last, indulging in wise meditations. Come, spare the Holy Office the grief of resorting to severe measures.

FONTANARES.—Father, what do you wish me to say?

THE GRAND-INQUISITOR.—Before giving you your freedom, the Holy Office must be satisfied that you are using only natural and proper methods in your scientific labors.

FONTANARES.—But, father, if the Evil One were in league with me, would he leave me in this place?

THE GRAND-INQUISITOR.—Your words are impious. Has not the Devil a Master? Have we not proved it by the burning of heretics?

FONTANARES.—Did you ever see a vessel on the sea? (*The Grand-Inquisitor nods affirmatively.*) What made it go?

THE GRAND-INQUISITOR.—The wind filled its sails.

FONTANARES.—And was it the Devil who taught the first navigator how to use the wind?

THE GRAND-INQUISITOR.—Do you know what became of him?

FONTANARES.—Perhaps he rose to be some great mariner now forgotten by mankind— But my means is as natural as his; in nature I have discovered a latent force which man may make his own. The wind is God's; never can man control it completely. My force is within the vessel, and wind cannot triumph over it.

THE GRAND-INQUISITOR, *aside*.—This is a most dangerous man! (*Aloud.*) And you refuse to tell us of what this force of yours consists?

FONTANARES.—I will tell my tale to the King, in the presence of the whole court; then nobody shall have a chance to despoil me of my fortune, of my fame.

THE GRAND-INQUISITOR.—You call yourself an inventor, and you think only of your fortune! You are more a man of ambition than of genius!

FONTANARES.—Father, I am so deeply irritated against the envious persecutions of the common herd, the cupidity of the great and the mean conduct of the

so-called learned crowd, that if I did not love my Maria so deeply, I would give back to chance what chance gave me!

THE GRAND-INQUISITOR.—Chance!

FONTANARES.—I stand corrected, father. I would return to God the thought I received from Him.

THE GRAND-INQUISITOR.—God did not bless you with it in order that you should conceal it. We have the right to make you speak. (*To his Familiar.*) Have the rack prepared.

FONTANARES.—I was expecting this.

SCENE XI

THE GRAND-INQUISITOR. FONTANARES. THE DUKE OF
OLMEDO. QUINOLA.

QUINOLA.—The rack? Why that's hardly healthy.

FONTANARES.—Quinola here! And in what a costume!

QUINOLA.—That of success. In a moment, you will be a free man.

FONTANARES.—A free man! What! Pass in a minute from hell to heaven!

THE DUKE OF OLMEDO.—The fate of martyrs.

THE GRAND-INQUISITOR.—How do you dare utter such words here, sir?

THE DUKE OF OLMEDO.—I am commissioned by the King to withdraw this man from your hands, and I answer for him.

THE GRAND-INQUISITOR.—What a grievous mistake!

QUINOLA.—Ah, I see, you wanted to set him stewing

in one of your caldrons of boiling oil. Thanks awfully! But *his* boilers will carry us around the world as quick as that— (*He passes his finger around the brim of his large felt hat.*)

FONTANARES.—Now embrace me, my dear Quinola, and tell me how—

THE DUKE OF OLMEDO.—Not a word here!

QUINOLA.—I understand— (*He points to the retreating Grand-Inquisitor.*) Walls here are much too intelligent! Come along, now. And you, Monsieur le Duc, be of good cheer. You are somewhat pale; but I'll have no trouble in bringing back color to your cheeks.

(CURTAIN ON TABLEAU.)

THIRD TABLEAU

(*Again the stage represents the palace gallery.*)

SCENE XII

THE DUKE OF OLMEDO. THE DUKE OF LERMA.

FONTANARES. QUINOLA.

THE DUKE OF OLMEDO.—We arrive in good time!

THE DUKE OF LERMA.—You are not wounded, then?

THE DUKE OF OLMEDO.—Who could have invented such a story? Oh, I understand—the favorite has sworn to ruin me! Would I be here if I were

wounded? (*Low to Quinola.*) Keep close to support me.

QUINOLA, *to Fontanares.*—Here is a man worthy to be loved.

FONTANARES.—Who would not envy him? It is not everybody who has a chance to give a signal proof of his devotion.

QUINOLA.—Oh, please, sir, stop all this love nonsense in the presence of the King, for the King, you know—

A PAGE.—The King!

FONTANARES.—Then I'll think of Maria.

QUINOLA, *seeing the Duke of Olmedo about to faint.*—What's the matter? Here— (*He makes him inhale some salts.*)

SCENE XIII

THE PRECEDING. THE KING. THE QUEEN. THE MARCHIONESS OF MONDEJAR. THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS. THE GRAND-INQUISITOR. THE PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF CASTILE. THE WHOLE COURT.

PHILIP II, *to the Captain of the Guards.*—Has our man come.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS.—The Duke of Olmedo, whom I met at the bottom of the palace stairs, hastened to fulfill the orders of the King.

THE DUKE OF OLMEDO, *one knee on the floor.*—Will the King forgive a delay for which I do not forgive myself?

PHILIP II, *raising him by his wounded arm.*—They were saying you were dying from a wound (*Looking at the Marchioness.*) received last night?

THE DUKE OF OLMEDO.—You see me here, sire.

THE MARCHIONESS, *to herself*.—He has rouged his cheeks!

PHILIP II, *to the Duke*.—Where is your prisoner?

THE DUKE OF OLMEDO, *pointing to Fontanares*.—Here he is, Your Majesty.

FONTANARES, *one knee on the floor before the King*.—To the greatest glory of God and to add to the splendor of the reign of the King, my master, I am ready to accomplish wonders.

PHILIP II.—Rise and speak. In what consists this miraculous force which is to give to Spain the empire of the world?

FONTANARES.—An invincible force, Your Majesty. The force that comes from steam. When transformed into steam, water demands a much larger space and, to secure it, would lift up mountains. My invention encloses this force: the machine built to contain it is provided with outside wheels, and the paddles on these wheels, as they whip the surface of the sea, render the ship that carries them as swift as the wind and capable of fighting the storms. Voyages thus will become rapid and safe, for the speed of the ship has no other limit than the size and working of the wheels. Human life is lengthened by all the time gained. Sire, Christopher Columbus gave you a world three thousand leagues away from here: I place it almost at the gates of Cadiz. Then, indeed, will the empire of the sea be yours.

THE QUEEN.—Are you not amazed, sire?

PHILIP II.—Amazement is a form of involuntary praise that it does not behoove a King to manifest. (*To Fontanares.*) What do you ask of me?

FONTANARES.—Just what Columbus asked of your ancestor—a ship, and my King as the witness of my triumph.

PHILIP II.—As witnesses, if you succeed, you shall have the King, Spain, the whole world. They say you are in love with a girl of Barcelona. I propose shortly to visit my possessions on the other side of the Pyrenees; you shall be given a ship in Barcelona harbor; on my return I will inspect it.

FONTANARES.—Sire, by granting me a ship, you are doing me an act of justice; by granting it to me in Barcelona, you do me a favor that transforms me from a faithful subject into a slave.

PHILIP II.—Remember now, to lose a royal ship is to place your head under forfeiture. It is the law.

FONTANARES.—I know it and I accept the risk.

PHILIP II.—Well then, bold young man, if you succeed in making a ship move without sails or oars against wind and tide, I will create you—what is your name?

FONTANARES.—Alfonso Fontanares, Your Majesty.

PHILIP II.—I will create you Don Alfonso Fontanares, Duke of—Neptunado, Grandee of Spain—

THE DUKE OF LERMA.—Sire, the rules governing the conferring of the title of Grandee—

PHILIP II.—Be silent, Duke of Lerma! The duty of a King is to raise the man of genius above all, thus honoring in him the ray of light God placed within him.

THE GRAND-INQUISITOR.—Sire—

PHILIP II.—What do you want?

THE GRAND-INQUISITOR.—We were keeping this man in our hands, not because he had a compact with the

Evil One, not because he was an impious scoffer, not because he was suspected of coming from heretical stock, but because we saw in him a menace to the security of monarchies. By allowing the mind to scatter its thoughts the printing press gave wings to Luther's writings. And this man will attempt to make one nation of all the nations on earth and before the thought of such a possibility the Holy Office has trembled for the royal throne!

PHILIP II.—All progress comes from heaven.

THE GRAND-INQUISITOR.—Yes, but heaven does not approve all it allows to happen.

PHILIP II.—Our duty consists in bettering such things as appear bad, and in making the throne the center of a circle around which moves everything. Do you not see, that our main object is to realize this universal domination planned by our illustrious father? (*To Fontanares.*) Therefore, you shall be Grandee of Spain of the first class; I will place around your neck the collar of the Golden Fleece and make you, besides, Grand Master of all the Naval Constructions of Spain and the Indies. (*To the President of the Council of Castile.*) President, if you wish to keep in my good graces you will send to-day, without fail, to our harbor of Barcelona, an order to deliver to this man a war vessel of his own choice—and see to it that no obstacles are raised against the success of his enterprise.

QUINOLA.—Sire—

PHILIP II.—What is it?

QUINOLA.—While in this most gracious mood, sire, will you not grant a pardon to an unfortunate wretch named Lavradi, sentenced by a deaf alcalde?

PHILIP II.—Is that a reason why the King should be blind?

QUINOLA.—Be merciful, sire; it amounts to the same thing.

FONTANARES.—I beg for mercy, sire, in favor of the only man who helped me in my great struggle.

PHILIP II, *to the President of the Council of Castile*.—I have spoken to this man; he touched my hand; let him receive letters of full pardon.

THE QUEEN, *to the King*.—Don Philip, if this man (*pointing to Fontanares*) is really one of the great inventors sent from time to time by God this will be a beautiful day's work for you.

PHILIP II.—It is hard to distinguish between genius and insanity; but if he *is* insane, my promises are worth his.

QUINOLA, *aside to the Marchioness*.—Here is your letter; but, between us, don't write any more.

THE MARCHIONESS, *to herself*.—We are saved!

(*The King and the whole court leave the room.*)

SCENE XIV

FONTANARES. QUINOLA.

FONTANARES.—Am I dreaming? A dukedom! A Spanish Grandee ship! The Golden Fleece!

QUINOLA.—And the Grand-Mastership of Naval Constructions! Think of the patronage it will give us! I declare the Court is a queer place; I know I would succeed in it. All that's needed is audacity, and of that I have enough and to sell! And of cunning, too!

Well, didn't the King swallow without an effort my story of Our Lady of Pilar? And a tall one it was— (*He laughs, then turns to his master.*) What may he be thinking of in that dreamy attitude?

FONTANARES.—Let us start.

QUINOLA.—Start, for where?

FONTANARES.—For Barcelona.

QUINOLA.—No, sir, for the wine-shop first. If the atmosphere of the court is said to give courtiers a big appetite, it gives me a big thirst— But after this short rest, you'll see your Quinola at work. For we must not fool ourselves. Between the King's word and final success, we are going to meet as many mean, envious, idiotic, cavilling, quibbling, ugly-tempered, and generally harmful and dangerous beings as we encountered between our arrival here and this interview with the King! Crawling, rapacious and voracious vermin will swarm around us like a plague, and, fight them, we must, from first to last!

FONTANARES.—And to obtain Maria, we have to triumph over them all!

QUINOLA.—Yes, for Maria's sake—and for our own!

(CURTAIN ON PROLOGUE.)

FIRST ACT

(The action takes place in Barcelona. The stage represents a public square. To the left of the spectator are several houses, among them that of Lotundiaz which stands at the corner of a street. To the right stands the palace of Signora Faustina Brancadori; in front of it a balcony. The entrance to the palace is near the corner; so is the entrance to the house of Lotundiaz. When the curtain rises it is still night, but dawn is gradually breaking.)

SCENE I

MONIPODIO, seated under the balcony of the Brancadori palace and wrapped up in a large mantle.

QUINOLA, slipping by with a thief's caution, grazes Monipodio as he passes.

MONIPODIO.—Who are you who tread on my shoes?

QUINOLA, as ragged as he was in the first scene in the prologue.—A gentleman who hasn't any.

MONIPODIO.—It sounds like Lavradi's voice!

QUINOLA.—Monipodio! Why, I thought you had been hanged?

MONIPODIO.—I thought you were being beaten to death in Africa!

QUINOLA.—Alas! Beatings! One can get that anywhere!

MONIPODIO.—And you dare walk about in this place?

QUINOLA.—Aren't you doing it yourself? As for me, I have got my written and sealed pardon in my cap.

While awaiting the barony and the family estate to which I am entitled, my name is Quinola.

MONIPODIO.—From whom did you steal this written and sealed pardon?

QUINOLA.—From our Lord the King.

MONIPODIO.—You have seen the King? And you smell of poverty?

QUINOLA.—Yes, but the poverty of the poet in his garret. And you, what are you doing?

MONIPODIO.—Nothing.

QUINOLA.—That's soon done, and if it gives you a fair living besides, I would not mind sharing the job.

MONIPODIO.—For a long time I was an ill-understood man! Tracked by my political enemies—

QUINOLA.—You mean the police, the alguazils, etc?

MONIPODIO.—I had to take a decision.

QUINOLA.—And I guess what it was—from hunted you turned hunter.

MONIPODIO, *indignantly*.—Indeed not; I am always my own self. Only there is a kind of an understanding between me and the Viceroy. When one of my men goes too far, I simply order him to quit, and, if he doesn't, of course the police, etc.—you understand! But no betrayal—oh, no!

QUINOLA.—It's mere foresight!

MONIPODIO.—So, you are just from the court— And what are you going to take here?

QUINOLA.—Listen! (*Aside.*) Just the man I want— An eye in Barcelona! (*Aloud.*) If I understand you right, we are to be staunch friends?

MONIPODIO.—The man who holds my secret is always my friend.

QUINOLA.—Then, what are you standing here for,

like a jealous lover on the watch? Let us go and dry a goat-skin and moisten our tongues in a wine-shop. The day is dawning—

MONIPODIO, *pointing to the Brancadori palace*.—Do you see this palace all lit up in sign of festivity? Don Fregoso, my Viceroy, is supping and gambling at Signora Faustina Brancadori's!

QUINOLA.—Brancadori— The name of one of the great Venetian families! She must be a widow of a patrician?

MONIPODIO.—Whether she is or no, she is twenty-two years old, as intoxicating as old Madeira and rules over our Governor. Between you and me, she already has relieved him of all the booty he gathered during the Italian wars, under Charles the Fifth. What comes through the flute—

QUINOLA.—Vanishes into wind again! The age of our Viceroy?

MONIPODIO.—He admits to sixty.

QUINOLA.—Why do people talk about the foolishness of first love? I don't know anything worse than one's last love! It's as bad as a halter around one's neck. I am happy to think that I have reached the state of absolute indifference! I am cut out for a statesman.

MONIPODIO.—The old General is young enough to pay me to spy upon his lady-love; and the Brancadori pays me to be free. You see what a merry life I lead, without hurting any one.

QUINOLA.—And you take care to gather information from all quarters so as to be able at the right time to choke any objectionable— (*Monipodio nods affirmatively.*) Is Lotundiaz still alive?

MONIPODIO.—He is, and this palace as well as the

house over yonder are his; he is becoming more and more a landlord.

QUINOLA.—I hoped to find the young heiress in possession of her own. My master is lost!

MONIPODIO.—You talk of a master!

QUINOLA.—Oh, he is my future gold mine.

MONIPODIO.—Could I not enter his service?

QUINOLA.—Oh, I am counting upon your help. Listen, Monipodio. We have come to this city to change the face of the world: my master has promised the King to set a-moving, without the help of wind or oars, even against storm and tide, one of the finest ships in the Royal Navy.

MONIPODIO, *inspecting his friend on all sides*.—Why, they must have sadly changed you!

QUINOLA.—Monipodio, remember that only the common rabble ought to show any surprise. Intelligent people are above that. Now, the King has given us a ship; that's all right, but not a ducat did he throw in. So we just arrived here escorted by these two faithful companions of talent: Hunger and Thirst. A poor man who happens to hit upon a good idea, always reminds me of a piece of bread thrown into a fish-pond—every cursed fish is sure to rush and nibble at it. If we ever reach fame and fortune it will be through nakedness and starvation!

MONIPODIO.—I have no doubt of it.

QUINOLA.—One morning, in Valladolid, my master, exhausted by the struggle, had almost decided to share his secret with an ignoramus of a savant whom I had to drive out of the room with arguments made out of green wood.

MONIPODIO.—Then how shall we be able to make an honest fortune out of this affair?

QUINOLA.—First of all, we must protect my master from himself. You see, he is deeply in love, and love is responsible for mad deeds as well as great ones. Besides, he does not know the value of money—

MONIPODIO.—Oh, I see, you chose your master all right—

QUINOLA.—He is more in need of devotion and shrewdness than of favor and money; in fact, I am afraid that in his hands the latter would be rather harmful. So far as we are concerned, he'll give us, or allow us to take, enough to make of us honest people for the rest of our natural lives.

MONIPODIO.—Ah, that's my dream!

QUINOLA.—Then let us employ for the success of this gigantic enterprise those sundry talents of ours put, until now, to such mistaken use. We should be unlucky, indeed, if the devil turned against us on that account!

MONIPODIO.—It would be worth a pilgrimage to Saint James of Compostello. Well, I have the smuggler's blind confidence: here is my hand on it!

QUINOLA.—You are still in touch with our counterfeiting friends and our clever locksmiths?

MONIPODIO.—I have to be— In the interest of the State.

QUINOLA.—Of course, of course— Well, my master will begin right away to build his machine; what I want is to have every part duplicated as fast as completed—

MONIPODIO.—Quinola?

QUINOLA, *Paquita shows herself on the balcony.*—Well? MONIPODIO.—*You* are the great man!

QUINOLA.—I know I am. Invent and thou shalt die starved and hunted down like a criminal. Copy and thou shalt live as happy as a fool. Besides, suppose Fontanares should die or his model be destroyed— Is it not my duty to save such a great invention for the benefit of humanity?

MONIPODIO.—All the more so, since, according to an ancient author, *we* are humanity!

SCENE II

THE PRECEDING. PAQUITA.

QUINOLA, *aside.*—After an honest dupe I know no one so easy to deceive as a swindler who fools himself.

PAQUITA, *to herself.*—Two friends embracing in the street. They can't be spies.

QUINOLA, *to Monipodio.*—You already have the Viceroy on your side and the Brancadori in your power; these are two first-class trumps in the game. Add to it a miracle—find decent clothes for us and manage some means by which my master can meet his Maria Lotundiaz; otherwise I answer for nothing. For the last two days he has done little else than talk to me of his sweetheart, and I am deathly afraid of seeing him turn crazy on the subject—

MONIPODIO.—The child is watched over like a man sentenced to be hanged, and for the following reason: Lotundiaz married twice. His first wife was poor but

bore him a son. The fortune he enjoys now came to him with his second wife, the mother of Maria. She also died, but, in her will she left all her wealth to her daughter to be handed to her when of age. The growing miserliness of the old fellow is due to his desire to gather a fortune for his son, whom he idolizes. Sarpi, the Viceroy's secretary, is on the lists as a suitor to the rich heiress and has promised his future father-in-law to have him ennobled the day after the wedding. Sarpi pretends a deep interest in the son's career—

QUINOLA.—So, that's already one enemy—

MONIPODIO.—It ought to make us all the more prudent— Listen, I'll give you a few lines to Mateo Magis, the richest Lombard in town; I have him under my thumb. In his pawn-shop, you'll find everything, from shoes to diamonds; go, and when you return, I'll manage to get your master an interview with the señorita.

(Exeunt both.)

SCENE III

PAQUITA. FAUSTINA, *on the balcony.*

PAQUITA.—Madame is right; those two men were watching the house; now that the sun has risen, they are gone.

FAUSTINA.—This old Viceroy begins to be unbearable; he keeps on suspecting me even when he is in my house and talking to me!

(Exit Paquita.)

SCENE IV

FAUSTINA. DON FREGOSO, *joining her on the balcony.*

DON FREGOSO.—Madame, I am much afraid that you will catch cold in the morning air.

FAUSTINA.—Come closer, My Lord, and let me tell you something. You say you have full faith in me and yet you persist in placing Monipodio as a spy under my very windows— These suspicious ways would be unworthy even of a young man and are most vexing to an honest woman. There are two kinds of jealousies—The first doubts everybody; the second doubts one's self only. You should hold to the second.

DON FREGOSO.—Oh, Madame, do not spoil the climax of this lovely entertainment by starting a quarrel without a motive.

FAUSTINA.—Then answer me, yes or no: Was Monipodio under my window most of the night? Pledge me your honor as a gentleman.

DON FREGOSO.—Well, he may have been somewhere in the neighborhood, to prevent our gambling friends from being attacked on their way home.

FAUSTINA.—An old diplomat's reply! But I'll know the truth and if you have answered me falsely, I'll never see you again in my life! (*She angrily leaves the balcony.*)

SCENE V

DON FREGOSO, *alone.*—Ah, why is it that I cannot live without seeing and hearing this woman! Everything

in her delights me, even her anger, and I love to make her mad, just for the sake of her scolding!

SCENE VI

PAQUITA, *at the door of the Brancadori palace.*

MONIPODIO, *disguised as a mendicant friar.*

PAQUITA, *to herself.*—Madame told me to find out on whose account Monipodio was watching our street to-night— But—I don't see anybody around.

MONIPODIO, *stretching his hand.*—Alms-giving, my daughter, will make you rich in heaven.

PAQUITA.—I have nothing to give.

MONIPODIO.—Then promise me something.

PAQUITA.—This seems quite a gay brother!

MONIPODIO, *aside.*—She does not know me. I may risk the trick. (*He knocks at the door of Lotundiaz's house.*)

PAQUITA.—Oh, if you count upon our landlord's generosity, you would be richer with my promise. (*To the Brancadori who appears for a minute on the balcony.*) Madame, the men are gone.

(*Exeunt lady and maid.*)

SCENE VII

MONIPODIO. DONA LOPEZ, *outside the door of the Lotundiaz house.*

DONA LOPEZ, *to Monipodio* —What do you want?

MONIPODIO.—The brothers of my order have received news from your dear Lopez—

DONA LOPEZ.—Is it possible that he be alive?

MONIPODIO.—When escorting la Señorita Maria to mass, this morning at the church of the Dominican convent, go to the further end of the square and you'll meet a man just escaped from Africa, who will talk to you of Lopez.

DONA LOPEZ.—Mercy of heaven! And can I buy him back from the pirates?

MONIPODIO.—Find out first what has become of him! He may have turned mussulman by this time!

DONA LOPEZ.—Oh, never! My dear, dear Lopez! I'll go back and hurry the señorita. (*She re-enters the house.*)

SCENE VIII

MONIPODIO. QUINOLA. FONTANARES.

FONTANARES.—Under her windows at last, Quinola!

QUINOLA.—Yes, yes— (*Looking around, to himself.*) But where is my Monipodio? Has the duenna fooled him after all? (*He examines the Friar.*) I say, father—

MONIPODIO, *in a low voice*.—Everything is all right.

QUINOLA.—Sangodemi! What a perfect beggar-monk! Worthy of Titian's brush. (*To Fontanares.*) She will be here in a minute. (*To Monipodio.*) How do you find him?

MONIPODIO.—Fine.

QUINOLA.—A future Grandee of Spain, every inch of him.

MONIPODIO.—He deserves more than that

QUINOLA, *to his master*.—And now, sir, be cautious. No such outbursts of love as might arouse the duenna's suspicions.

SCENE IX

THE PRECEDING. DONA LOPEZ. MARIA.

MONIPODIO, *pointing out Quinola to the duenna*.—Here is the Christian just escaped from captivity.

QUINOLA, *to the duenna*.—Ah, Madame, I recognize you from Señor Lorenzo's description of your charms. (*He leads her away and out of sight.*)

SCENE X

MONIPODIO. MARIA. FONTANARES.

MARIA.—Is it truly you?

FONTANARES.—Yes, it is I, Maria. I have succeeded at last, and happiness is to be ours!

MARIA.—Ah, if you only knew how much I have prayed for your success!

FONTANARES.—I have a thousand things to tell you, but there is one I ought to repeat a million times to make up for my long absence.

MARIA.—If you speak this way, I'll believe that you do not know the true nature of my attachment. It cares less for sweet words than for news of all that interests you.

FONTANARES.—What interests me more than any-

thing else, Maria, is to be assured, now that I am about launching into a venture that means everything to me, that you still have the courage to resist your father's will, even if he is bent upon marrying you to another.

MARIA.—Do you think me changed, then?

FONTANARES.—Alas, for us men, to love is to tremble! You are so rich! I am so poor! As long as they thought me lost, they left you in peace; but, now that I am here again, the whole world will be between us. You are my star, dazzling and far away! If you were not to be mine at the end of my struggle, ah, in spite of my great triumph, I should die of grief!

MARIA.—Ah, you don't know me! In solitude, almost a prisoner during your absence, I have felt the innocent attachment that has united us since childhood growing stronger and loftier—as did your destiny. Alfonso, when these eyes that see you again with such delight shall have been closed forever; when this heart that beats only for God, my father and you, shall be withered in the grave, I believe there will still remain on earth a soul that shall never cease loving you! Do you doubt my constancy any longer?

FONTANARES.—Ah, after listening to such words, who would not stand the tortures of martyrdom?

SCENE XI

The PRECEDING. LOTUNDIAZ.

LOTUNDIAZ, *to himself*.—This fool of a duenna has left the door open—

MONIPODIO, *aside*.—The poor children are lost!

(*Approaching Lotundiaz.*) Alms-giving, my brother, will make you rich in heaven—

LOTUNDIAZ, *roughly*.—Better go to work and get rich in this world. (*He looks around.*) I see neither my daughter nor her duenna on the square. (*Stage by-play between Monipodio and Lotundiaz, the former interposing his person between the father and the lovers.*)

MONIPODIO.—Spaniards are always generous!

LOTUNDIAZ.—Leave me alone! I am not a Spaniard, I am a Catalan and not easily fooled! (*Suddenly seeing Fontanares and his daughter talking together.*) What's this? My daughter and a young señor! (*He rushes to them.*) It's useless paying duennas to have the eyes and ears of a mother; they always cheat you! (*To Maria.*) What, you, Maria, heiress to ten thousand ducats a year, you dare to speak to— What! Have I lost my senses! Is it really that cursed, penniless, machinist again? (*Quinola appears at the corner of the street; Monopodio makes signs to him explaining the mishap*)

MARIA.—Father, Alfonso Fontanares is not poor any longer. He has seen the King.

LOTUNDIAZ.—I pity the King.

FONTANARES.—Señor Lotundiaz, I have now the right to aspire to your daughter's hand.

LOTUNDIAZ.—Really!

FONTANARES.—Will you accept as your son-in-law the Duke of Neptunado, a Grandee of Spain and the favorite of the King? (*Lotundiaz pretends to look around for the Duke of Neptunado.*)

MARIA.—He means himself, father.

LOTUNDIAZ.—He! Whom I have seen as big as this (*placing his hand two feet from the ground*) in the cloth-shop of his father! Does he take me for an idiot?

SCENE XIII

THE PRECEDING. QUINOLA. DONA LOPEZ.

QUINOLA.—Who said idiot?

FONTANARES.—As a wedding present I shall obtain for you letters of nobility, and both my wife and I will allow you to use her fortune to purchase an estate to be entailed on your son during his life.

MARIA.—What do you say to that, father?

QUINOLA.—What do you say to that, sir?

LOTUNDIAZ.—Why, if here isn't that brigand of a Lavradi?

QUINOLA.—My master had my innocence recognized by the King.

LOTUNDIAZ, *sarcastically*.—To ennoble me is easy work compared to that!

QUINOLA.—So you believe that royal letters-patent can make a great lord out of a bourgeois? Let me test you. Imagine that I am the Marquis of Lavradi. (*Addressing him as a courtier would his fellow grandee.*) My dear fellow, just let me have a hundred ducats!

LOTUNDIAZ.—A hundred blows, you scamp! Why, a hundred ducats is the rental of an estate worth two thousand gold doubloons!

QUINOLA.—Do you see now? Here is a man who wants to be an aristocrat! I'll try another tack—Count Lotundiaz, will you advance two thousand gold doubloons to my master to allow him to fulfill his promises to the King?

LOTUNDIAZ, *to Fontanares*.—What are these promises?

FONTANARES.—The King of Spain, informed of my

love for your daughter, is coming to Barcelona, in a few months, to examine a ship moving about the harbor, without sails or oars, by means of a machine of my own invention. Then we shall be married in His Majesty's presence.

LOTUNDIAZ, *aside*.—They are making sport of me! (*Aloud*.) If you can get ships to move about in that way, I'm sure I have no objection, and will go down to the seashore to see the fun. But I have no use as a son-in-law for a man with such grand aims. Girls educated in our families have no need of prodigies as husbands; they are better off with men who busy themselves with their home affairs and don't bother about what takes place in the moon. The only prodigy wanted here is an every-day husband and father.

FONTANAKES.—Señor, your daughter was hardly twelve years old when she first smiled upon me, as Beatrix did upon Dante. Being a child then, she saw in me only a brother; later, when the difference between our fortunes separated us, she watched me as I struggled to bridge the gulf with deeds of fame. For her I went to Italy and studied under Galileo. She was the first to grasp my idea, to applaud my conception! She has espoused my very thoughts before she has espoused me. Thus has she become the whole world to me. Do you understand now why I idolize her?

LOTUNDIAZ.—And it's just on that account that I will never give her to you! In ten years she would be forsaken for some dream of another invention!

MARIA.—Can one ever forsake a love that has led to such marvels?

LOTUNDIAZ.—Yes, when it stops producing them.

MARIA.—But if he really becomes a Duke, and a Grandee of Spain, and a wealthy man?

LOTUNDIAZ.—If—if—if— All those *i/s* are good for is to drive one to the poor-house; that's the usual fate of these pretended world-discoverers!

FONTANARES.—Still, here are the King's letters in which His Majesty places at my disposal a vessel of my own choice.

QUINOLA.—Why don't you open your eyes to such evidence, Señor? Besides, my master is a handsome man, if he is an inventor. You may object to genius and think it a home-disturber; but the handsome young man still remains, and what more does the average girl want for happiness.

LOTUNDIAZ.—Happiness is not in these extremes. A good-looking swain and a man of genius, all in one— Why the combination would exhaust the gold mines of Peru! No, no; my daughter will be Countess Sarpi!

SCENE XIII

THE PRECEDING. SARPI. (*On the balcony.*)

SARPI, *to himself*.—I heard my name. What do I see? The heiress and her father on the square at this hour! (*He withdraws.*)

LOTUNDIAZ.—Sarpi did not go to the inland port of Valladolid to fetch a ship; he was content with advancing my son one step.

FONTANARES.—In the interest of your son's future, Señor Lotundiaz, do not rashly dispose of your daughter's hand without her consent. She loves me and I love

her. In a few months I shall be one of the most important men in Spain and able to revenge myself—

MARIA.—Oh, not against my father!

FONTANARES.—Then, convince him, Maria, of all I am doing to deserve you!

SARPI, *re-appearing at the street doorway of the Brancadori palace. He speaks aside.*—A rival!

QUINOLA, *to Lotundiaz.*—Señor, if you do not give way, you'll lose your soul.

LOTUNDIAZ.—How do you know?

QUINOLA.—Worse than that, you'll be robbed of your money; I'll swear to it.

LOTUNDIAZ.—Well, then, to avoid being robbed and damned, I'll keep my daughter for a man who may lack genius but not common sense.

FONTANARES.—At least, consent to wait a few months—

SARPI.—And why should he wait?

QUINOLA, *to Monipodio.*—Who is the fellow?

MONIPODIO.—Sarpi.

QUINOLA.—He has the beak of a bird of prey.

MONIPODIO.—Hard game to shoot; he is the real governor of Catalonia.

LOTUNDIAZ.—My respects to you, Señor Secretary. (*To Fontanares.*) And my good-by to you, my dear fellow. Your return decides me to hasten the marriage. (*To Maria.*) Get back indoors, young lady. (*To Dona Lopez.*) And you, old witch, you'll have to settle with me, by and by.

SARPI, *to Lotundiaz.*—Has this hidalgo any pretensions?

FONTANARES, *to Sarpi.*—He has rights, sir!

(*Exeunt Maria, Dona Lopez and Lotundiaz.*)

SCENE XIV

MONIPODIO. SARPI. FONTANARES. QUINOLA.

SARPI.—Rights, did you say? Don't you know then that the nephew of Fra Paolo Sarpi, related to the patrician family of Brancadori, created a Count of the Kingdom of Naples, Secretary to the Viceroyalty of Catalonia, is a suitor to the hand of Señorita Maria Lotundiaz? Any one who claims rights in the premises, is insulting both the lady and myself.

FONTANARES.—And do you know that I, to whom the King, our master, has promised the title of Duke of Neptunado, of Grandee, and the collar of the Golden Fleece have loved Señorita Maria Lotundiaz for the last five years, and that your pretensions, which are in direct opposition to the pledges she and I have given to each other, will be considered, if you do not relinquish them at once, as an insult to her and to me?

SARPI.—I had no idea, My Lord, that I had such a grand personage as my rival. Well, future Duke of Neptunado, future Grandee, future Knight of the Golden Fleece, it appears that we are in love with the same woman. If you have the lady's pledge, I have the father's consent; you are expecting honors; I am enjoying honors now.

FONTANARES.—Well, then, let us halt right here. Do not utter one word more, do not allow yourself one insulting look, if you do not want me to think you a coward. Remember, that, had I a thousand causes for quarreling, I can fight no one before having made good my promises to the King. I now stand, all alone, in battle array against the whole world. When

I shall have triumphed, you will find me again—by the King's side.

SARPI.—Trust me, I shall not lose track of you!

SCENE XV

THE PRECEDING. DON FREGOSO. FAUSTINA.
PAQUITA.

FAUSTINA, *talking on the balcony to Don Fregoso*.—What is taking place down there, My Lord, between this young man and your secretary? Let us go and see.

QUINOLA, *aside to Monipodio*.—I tell you, my master has a unique talent for attracting thunderbolts!

MONIPODIO.—He carries his head so high!

SARPI, *to Don Fregoso, now on the square*.—My Lord, there has just arrived in Catalonia, a man who is to be, some day, the recipient of the greatest honors from the King, our master, and whom Your Excellency will surely welcome according to his merits.

DON FREGOSO, *to Fontanares*.—To what noble stock do you belong?

FONTANARES, *aside*.—To how many such smiles have I had to submit! (*Aloud*.) Excellency, the King did not ask me this question. Allow me to present you His Majesty's letter and those of his ministers. (*He hands to Don Fregoso a package of documents*.)

FAUSTINA, *to Paquita*.—This man has the bearing of a prince.

PAQUITA.—Of a prince about to make many conquests.

FAUSTINA, *addressing Monipodio*.—Do you know who the man is?

MONIPODIO.—A man who plans to upset the whole world.

FAUSTINA.—Is this the famous inventor so many people have been talking to me about?

MONIPODIO.—The very person; and here is his servant. (*Pointing to Quinola*.)

DON FREGOSO.—Here, Sarpi, you may file these ministerial dispatches. I shall keep the King's letter. (*To Fontanares*.) Well, my dear man, the King's orders are most positive. But you are attempting to realize impossibilities—I should advise you to obtain, in this matter, the counsels of Don Ramon, one of the most learned men in Catalonia, who has dabbled considerably in similar studies. His works have quite a reputation—

FONTANARES.—In such matters, Your Excellency, the best books are not worth the actual results.

DON FREGOSO.—What presumption! (*To Sarpi*.) You will place at the disposal of this gentleman the ship he may select in the harbor.

SARPI, *aside to the Viceroy*.—Are you sure that it is really the King's good pleasure?

DON FREGOSO.—We shall find out. In Spain one has to recite a *Pater noster* before each step one takes.

SARPI.—You know we had other letters from Valladolid concerning the matter.

FAUSTINA, *to the Viceroy*.—What is all this about?

DON FREGOSO.—Oh, nothing but a wild fancy, a chimera!

FAUSTINA.—Just the kind of things I like to hear about!

DON FREGOSO.—The chimera of a clever machinist to which the King has given some consideration, on account of the disaster to the armada. Should this person succeed, however, it may bring the Court to Barcelona, for awhile.

FAUSTINA.—In that case we shall be under great obligations to him.

DON FREGOSO, *aside to Faustina*.—It is seldom that you speak so graciously to me. (*Aloud.*) He has pledged his head that he will make ships move against the wind, as fast as the wind, and without sails or oars.

FAUSTINA.—He has pledged his head! Why, he is only a boy!

SARPI.—And Señor Alfonso Fontanares counts upon the realization of this dream to secure the hand of Señorita Maria Lotundiaz.

FAUSTINA.—Ah— He is in love?

QUINOLA, *in a low voice to Faustina*.—No, Madame, he worships!

FAUSTINA.—Lotundiaz's daughter?

DON FREGOSO.—How suddenly you have become interested in him!

FAUSTINA.—If only for the sake of having the court sojourn a while here, I wish the gentleman success.

DON FREGOSO.—Madame, will you consent to join us at a collation at the seaside villa of Don Avaloros. A pleasure craft is awaiting your orders.

FAUSTINA.—A thousand thanks, My Lord, but I must refuse. This all-night entertainment has tired me and such a trip would be more than I could stand. I am not, like you, under obligation to show myself indefatigable; youth is fond of sleep, and, excuse me, if I retire to seek rest.

DON FREGOSO.—You never say anything to me that is not full of sarcasm.

FAUSTINA.—Tremble rather, lest I should take you seriously!

(*Exeunt Faustina, the Viceroy and Paquita.*)

SCENE XVI

AVALOROS. QUINOLA. MONIPODIO. FONTANARES.
SARPI.

SARPI, *to Avaloros*.—The seaside excursion has fallen through.

AVALOROS.—Never mind; I won a hundred doubloons last night. (*Sarpi and Avaloros talk apart for a moment.*)

FONTANARES, *to Monipodio*.—Who is this newcomer?

MONIPODIO.—Avaloros, the richest banker in Barcelona; they say that he has the Mediterranean Sea in his pocket.

QUINOLA.—I already have a warm spot in my heart for him.

MONIPODIO.—He rules over us all!

AVALOROS, *approaching Fontanares*.—Young man, I am a banker and if your invention has any value, you will soon find that after the protection of God and of the King, nothing is more essential than a millionaire's assistance.

SARPI, *aside to Avaloros*.—Make him no promises. Between us we shall have him soon under our thumb.

AVALOROS, *to Fontanares*.—Come and see me, my

dear fellow. (*While he says these words Monipodio filches his purse, unseen by any one.*)

(*Exeunt Sarpi and Araloros.*)

SCENE XVII

MONIPODIO. FONTANARES. QUINOLA.

QUINOLA, *to Fontanares*.—The first thing you do is to get yourself into all kinds of trouble.

MONIPODIO.—Don Fregoso is already jealous of you—

QUINOLA.—Sarpi will do his utmost to ruin you—

MONIPODIO.—You pose as a giant before the pigmies who are in power! Can't you wait until the day of success before displaying your pride? Better show yourself insignificant, humble, subservient!

QUINOLA.—You want glory, sir? It has to be stolen—

FONTANARES.—Must I demean myself then?

MONIPODIO.—Of course you must, if you want to rise!

FONTANARES.—Tactics worthy of a Sarpi! I will struggle to victory, head up and in the open! Besides, what obstacle do you now see between me and success? Am I not going to the harbor to chose a superb galley?

QUINOLA.—Oh, please, sir, not a galley! I have a kind of superstition against galleys!

FONTANARES.—I ask you again, where are the obstacles?

QUINOLA.—You never saw any, even in our worst moment— Your mind is always in the clouds! But now, listen, sir: we are here without a ducat, living on credit at a wretched tavern, and if I had not met

this faithful friend we should not have a decent coat on our backs.

FONTANARES.—What is all that if she only loves me! (*Just then Maria waves a handkerchief out of the window.*) Look, look, my star is shining!

QUINOLA.—Oh, pshaw! I see no star, just a 'kerchief! Try to collect enough sense to listen to me. What you need, instead of this kind of saintly maiden, is a woman in the style of the Marchioness of Mondejar—One of those frail creatures as hard and supple as a steel blade, who find in love all the inspirations that we find in poverty— Oh, if only the Brancadori—

FONTANARES.—If you want me to throw up the whole matter, here and now, you have only to continue in that strain— Understand, once for all, that love is my whole strength, that it is the heavenly ray that illumines my path!

QUINOLA.—All right, all right, just quiet down, sir.

MONIPODIO, *aside*.—I am anxious about that man— The mechanics of love seem dearer to him than the love of mechanics.

SCENE XVIII

THE PRECEDING. PAQUITA.

PAQUITA, *to Fontanares*.—My mistress, sir, sends you word that you must be cautious; for you have already made relentless enemies.

MONIPODIO.—It will be my business to protect the señor. He may walk the streets of Barcelona fearlessly. When any one plots to kill him, I'll be the first to know.

FONTANARES.—What! Such dangers! So soon!

PAQUITA.—Have you no message for my mistress?

QUINOLA.—My dear girl, a man can't be thinking of two schemes at the same time— Tell your heavenly mistress that my master kisses her feet. For me, my sweet one, I am a bachelor about to settle down. (*He kisses her.*)

PAQUITA, *slapping his face*.—You conceited fellow!

QUINOLA.—You delightful creature!

(*Exit Paquita.*)

SCENE XIX

THE PRECEDING, *minus* PAQUITA.

MONIPODIO.—Now, I'll show the way to the "Sol d'Oro." I know the tavern-keeper; he'll give you credit.

QUINOLA.—The fight is starting earlier than I thought it would.

FONTANARES.—But where shall we find the money we need?

QUINOLA.—If we can't borrow it, we'll have to buy it. How much must you have?

FONTANARES.—Two thousand doubloons.

QUINOLA.—The more I estimate in my mind the treasure I had in view, the less I think it will reach that figure.

MONIPODIO, *making the gesture of picking up something*.—I declare, if it isn't a purse!

QUINOLA.—I see; nothing escapes you! Now, you, sir, (*speaking to Fontanares*) need iron, copper, steel,

wood, all things that are plentiful in the stores—
(*He thinks deeply for a short while.*) An inspiration!
These things we have no money to buy, the firm of
Quinola and Company will sell us! If it fails after
you have been successful, what does it matter?

FONTANARES.—Ah, without you, what would become
of me?

MONIPODIO.—You'd be the prey of Avaloros, I'll
wager—

FONTANARES.—To work, then! The inventor shall
save the lover!

(CURTAIN ON FIRST ACT.)

ACT SECOND

(A drawing-room in the palace of Faustina Brancadori.)

SCENE I

AVALOROS. SARPI. PAQUITA.

AVALOROS, *to Paquita*.—Is our queen really ill?

PAQUITA.—She has a fit of the blues.

AVALOROS.—Sad thoughts are almost as bad as a disease.

PAQUITA.—Oh, then, *you* are pretty sure of being always in capital health!

SARPI.—Paquita, please, go to my fair cousin and tell her that Señor Avaloros and I are awaiting her good pleasure.

AVALOROS.—And here are two ducats to tell her that—

PAQUITA, *taking the money laughing*.—To tell her what a generous man you are. I think I can induce Madame to dress and receive you, gentlemen.

SCENE II

AVALOROS. SARPI.

SARPI.—Poor Viceroy! He is the young man and I am the old fellow!

AVALOROS.—While your little cousin makes a fool of

him, you display the shrewd activity of a true statesman and, for your King, pave the way to the conquest of French Navarre. Had I a daughter she should be yours as a wife. Old Lotundiaz is no dotard.

SARPI.—Ah, if only I could be the founder of a great house! Write my name in the annals of my country! Be a Cardinal Granvelle or a Duke of Alva!

AVALOROS.—Yes, it would be splendid! I am also thinking of acquiring a high sounding name and title. Didn't the Emperor create the Fuggers, Princes of Babenhausen? The title cost them a million ducats. I intend to be made a nobleman for much less money.

SARPI.—And how will you do it?

AVALOROS.—This Fontanares holds in his hands the future of our commerce.

SARPI.—What! You, a cold, hard, matter-of-fact man of business—you believe in such vagaries?

AVALOROS.—Since the invention of powder and of printing and the discovery of the New World, I have grown credulous. If some one were to tell me now, that he had found a means of obtaining news from Paris in ten minutes' time, or that there is fire in water, or that there are more Indies yet to be discovered, or that he had contrived a machine for navigating the air, I would not say, offhand, that I did not believe any of these extraordinary statements. On the contrary, I would give—

SARPI.—Your money?

AVALOROS.—No, my attention to every one of these—vagaries.

SARPI.—I see, you want to be to Fontanares what Amerigo Vespucci has been to Columbus?

AVALOROS.—Have I not in my cash-box enough money to buy a dozen men of genius?

SARPI.—How will you go about it?

AVALOROS.—Money will do it as it does everything else. Who has money to lose may gain all the time he needs; and, with time, there is nothing impossible. It is easy enough to make a good venture look most unpromising, and, while the original promoters are growing desperate, to gobble up the whole scheme. Money is life. With money, not only one's needs, but desires, and whims, are satisfied; and, in a man of genius, there is always a big child full of fancies; when the man is weary with ill-success, the child appears, and I will see that the child is soon in my debt; then the man of genius will be driven to the bankrupt's jail.

SARPI.—How far have you gone in the matter?

AVALOROS.—He is suspicious of my offers; that is, not he, exactly, but his servant. So I am going to treat with the servant.

SARPI.—You ought to know, then, that I have a hold on the whole matter. I received a peremptory order to send all the vessels at Barcelona to the coast of France. The enemies Fontanares left behind him in Valladolid took good care to have this order dated earlier than the letter of the King, giving him a ship.

AVALOROS.—What share do you want in the business?

SARPI.—The office of Grand Master of the Naval Constructions.

AVALOROS.—But what shall I have left?

SARPI.—The glory!

AVALOROS.—O you shrewd schemer!

SARPI.—O you greedy money-bag!

AVALOROS.—Never mind for the present. Let us hunt our game together; time enough to quarrel about division when the profits are in sight! Your hand on it! (*Aside.*) I am the stronger man: through the Brancadori I hold the Viceroy.

SARPI, *aside*.—We have fattened him long enough. It soon will be time to kill him! I have at hand the necessary means.

AVALOROS, *aloud*.—We must get this Quinola on our side. I sent for him to have the matter settled in the presence of Signora Brancadori.

SCENE III

THE PRECEDING. QUINOLA.

QUINOLA, *to himself*.—Here I am— Between two thieves! But these are powdered over with virtues and caparisoned with court manner! The other kind, they hang!

SARPI.—So, here you are, rascal. Until your master invents a new way of propelling galleys you ought to be pulling an oar on one of them.

QUINOLA.—Our King, wise appreciator of merit that he is, has found he would lose too much by the bargain.

SARPI.—You'll be closely watched.

QUINOLA.—No doubt. I'll do some watching myself.

AVALOROS, *to Sarpi*.—You are frightening the man. He is an honest fellow. (*To Quinola.*) Have you any idea of what a fortune is?

QUINOLA.—None whatever. I always have seen it at too long range.

AVALOROS.—Well then, something like two thousand doubloons?

QUINOLA.—What did you say? Two thousand doubloons! I am dazzled! Does so much money exist? Why, it would be enough to allow one to have one's own house, one's own servant girl, one's own wife, one's own revenues! Why, one would be actually protected by the police instead of hunted by it! What do you want me to do?

AVALOROS.—I want you to help me in closing with your master a contract advantageous to all concerned.

QUINOLA.—I understand, a contract that will bind him tight! Conscience of mine, be silent! I'll have to forget all about you for a few days, and, after that, you may have your own way for the rest of my life.

AVALOROS, *to Sarpi*.—He is ours!

SARPI.—I am not so sure! He would not be so flip-pant if it were so.

QUINOLA.—I suppose the two thousand doubloons are to be paid to me only after the contract is actually signed?

SARPI, *quickly*.—You may have them before that.

QUINOLA.—All right. (*Stretching out his hand.*) I am ready.

AVALOROS.—In exchange for notes of hand signed by your master and—ante-dated.

QUINOLA.—You mean past due— His Highness the Sultan does not more courteously send the bowstring to his victims.

SARPI.—Has your master a ship?

QUINOLA.—Valladolid is far, Señor Secretary, but we hold there a pen that may yet sign your dismissal.

SARPI.—I'll crush you first.

QUINOLA.—I'll make myself so flat that you can't do it.

AVALOROS.—Well, rascal, what do you want then?

QUINOLA.—Ah, I call that a golden speech!

SCENE IV

THE PRECEDING. FAUSTINA. PAQUITA.

PAQUITA.—Gentlemen, here is Madame.

SCENE V

THE PRECEDING, *minus* PAQUITA.

QUINOLA, *walking rapidly to Faustina and speaking in a low voice*.—Madame, my master speaks of killing himself if he is not given the ship Count Sarpi has been refusing him for a whole month. And Banker Avaloros offers him a purse for his life— Do you understand? (*Aside.*) A woman saved us in Valladolid, women will save us here. (*Aloud.*) My master is very sad, Madame.

AVALOROS.—The scamp has plenty of audacity!

QUINOLA.—And without money to back him? Isn't that surprising?

SARPI.—Enter my service.

QUINOLA.—I am hard to please when it comes to choosing a master.

FAUSTINA, *aside*.—So, he is sad! (*Aloud.*) What! You Sarpi, you, Avaloros, to whom I have been so

kind—all you can do for a poor man of genius is to persecute him! (*Mimic protests from Avaloros and Sarpi.*) Fi! fi! I know you. (*To Quinola.*) Explain to me in detail what they have plotted against your master.

SARPI.—My dear cousin, it is not difficult to guess what has been ailing you since the arrival of this Fontanares.

AVALOROS.—Madame, you already owe me two thousand doubloons and you doubtless will have occasion to call again upon me for funds.

FAUSTINA.—I? Did I ever ask you for money?

AVALOROS.—You never did, but you seemed to accept with delight what it was my pleasure to offer you.

FAUSTINA.—Your monopoly of the wheat trade is a monstrous abuse.

AVALOROS.—Madame, I owe you two thousand doubloons

FAUSTINA.—Then step over to this table and write me a receipt in full for the two thousand doubloons you said I owed you and an order for two thousand more which I shall not owe you. (*To Sarpi.*) After securing through me the position you now occupy, you would be a poor politician if you did not keep these matters secret.

SARPI.—I am under too great obligations to you ever to turn ingrate.

FAUSTINA, *aside*.—He means just the opposite. He'll send me the Viceroy in a rage.

(*Exit Sarpi.*)

SCENE VI

THE PRECEDING, *minus* SARPI.

AVALOROS, *coming from the table with two sheets of paper in his hand*.—Here is what you asked for, Madame.

FAUSTINA.—All right.

AVALOROS.—Not enemies, any longer?

FAUSTINA.—Your wheat monopoly is perfectly legal.

AVALOROS, *bowing*.—Ah, Madame!

QUINOLA, *aside*.—Now, I call that business.

AVALOROS.—You are, Madame, a most noble lady, and I am—

QUINOLA, *aside*.—An insatiable bloodsucker.

FAUSTINA, *offering the order for money to Quinola*.—Take this, Quinola, for the expenses of your master's machine.

AVALOROS.—Don't let him have it, Madame, he might keep it for himself. Besides, go slow in this matter—

QUINOLA, *aside*.—They make me jump from the torrid zone to icy Greenland! What a gamble life is!

FAUSTINA, *to Avaloros*.—You are right. (*Aside.*) I prefer to be the arbiter of Fontanares' fate. (*To Avaloros.*) But if you want to keep your monopoly, not a word of this.

AVALOROS.—Capital is always discreet. (*Aside.*) These creatures are shrewd enough as long as they are not in love. This one must be disposed of in short order; she is growing too expensive! (*Exit Avaloros.*)

SCENE VII

FAUSTINA. QUINOLA.

FAUSTINA.—Did you say that he was sad?

QUINOLA.—Alas, everything seems to be against him! (*During the dialogue that follows there is a by-play between Faustina who still holds the banker's order in her hand, and Quinola, who is trying to get possession of it.*)

FAUSTINA.—But he knows how to struggle!

QUINOLA.—That struggle has now lasted two years; sometimes we have sunk to the very bottom, and, I tell you, the bottom is confoundedly hard.

FAUSTINA.—Yes, but what strength, what genius he has displayed!

QUINOLA.—You see in this, Madame, the power of love.

FAUSTINA.—And who is he in love with now?

QUINOLA.—He always has been constant to Señorita Maria Lotundiaz.

FAUSTINA.—That doll?

QUINOLA.—A mere doll!

FAUSTINA.—Men of talent are all alike.

QUINOLA.—Bronze colossi with feet of clay.

FAUSTINA.—They endow the creature they love with all sorts of merits of their own creation, and they love her the more on that account.

QUINOLA, *aside*.—Exactly the way women do! (*Aloud.*) For my part, Madame, I wish this doll were at the bottom— I mean behind the bars of a convent.

FAUSTINA.—You look like a pretty decent fellow.

QUINOLA.—I am fond of my master.

FAUSTINA, *with some diffidence*.—Do you think—he—has noticed me?

QUINOLA.—Not yet.

FAUSTINA.—Speak of me to him.

QUINOLA.—When I have done so, he has threatened me with his stick. You see, Madame, this girl—

FAUSTINA.—This girl must be lost to him forever.

QUINOLA.—Suppose it kills him?

FAUSTINA.—He is as fond of her as that?

QUINOLA.—I am sure it's not my fault! On our way from Valladolid to this place, I kept telling him that a man like him must adore all women but never be devoted to any one in particular!

FAUSTINA, *with a half smile*.—You are a wicked adviser! Now you go over to the house of Lotundiaz and tell him to come over here with his daughter. (*Aside.*) Into a convent she shall go!

QUINOLA, *aside*.—Here is our worst enemy! She loves us too much not to do us terrible harm! (*As Quinola leaves the room he meets Don Fregoso entering.*)

SCENE VIII

FAUSTINA. DON FREGOSO.

DON FREGOSO.—So, while waiting for the master, you busy yourself corrupting the servant!

FAUSTINA.—Ought a woman to lose the practice of her seductive power?

DON FREGOSO.—Madame, you are really too free-handed with your favors. I thought that a Venetian patrician might, at least, spare the feelings of an old soldier.

FAUSTINA.—I declare, My Lord, you are getting more

out of your white locks than a young man out of his shining hair, and they help your more than— (*She laughs.*) Oh, drop this frown!

DON FREGOSO.—How can I look otherwise, when I see you whom I wish, some day, to call my wife, compromise yourself so recklessly! Is it nothing to be invited to bear such an illustrious name?

FAUSTINA.—Is it too illustrious for a daughter of the Brancadoris?

DON FREGOSO.—And you prefer to descend to the level of a Fontanares!

FAUSTINA.—But suppose he raises himself up to me? What a proof of his love! Besides, don't you know that love is no logician?

DON FREGOSO.—Then, you acknowledge everything?

FAUSTINA.—You are too much my friend for me not to tell you all my secrets.

DON FREGOSO.—Ah! Madame, Madame! A love like mine, must be sure evidence of insanity—I give up to you more than my own self! Alas, if only I had a world to offer you! Do you know that your picture gallery—to speak of nothing else, has cost me a fortune?

FAUSTINA.—Paquita!

DON FREGOSO.—And that I would give you everything on earth, even to my honor!

SCENE IX

THE PRECEDING. PAQUITA.

FAUSTINA, *to Paquita*.—Tell my majordomo to have all the pictures in the gallery sent back to Don Fregoso's palace.

DON FREGOSO.—Paquita, do not give this order!

FAUSTINA.—They tell that the other day Queen Catherine de' Medici sent word to Madame Diana of Poitiers, to deliver to her messenger all the jewels King Henry II. had given her; the lady Diana had them all melted into one ingot and thus returned to the Queen. Paquita, send for a jeweler.

DON FREGOSO, *to Paquita*.—Do nothing of the sort, and leave the room.

(Exit Paquita.)

SCENE X

THE PRECEDING, *minus* PAQUITA.

FAUSTINA.—Since I am not yet the Marchioness of Fregoso, how do you dare order my servants about!

DON FREGOSO.—I am the one to be ordered about, of course! Is my fortune worth a word from you? Pardon me an expression of impatience!

FAUSTINA.—One ought to be a gentleman even in the moments of greatest impatience! You speak to me as you would to a courtesan! So you wish to be adored! Why, the humblest of Venetian women would tell you that it comes high!

DON FREGOSO.—I deserved this outburst of cruel anger!

FAUSTINA.—You say you love! Why, to love is to be devoted without even the hope of further reward; to love is to live under the rays of a sun one is afraid even to approach! Do not dare to dress your selfish desires

in the splendid garments of true love! A married woman, Laura de Nova, said to Petrarch, the immortal poet "Thou shalt be mine without hope and remain through life without love." And Italy crowned with laurels the sublime lover when it honored the poet, and centuries to come will worship at the shrine of Laura and Petrarch!

DON FREGOSO.—I never was particularly fond of poets, but this one I hate! To the end of the world, women who want to keep a lover and give him no return, will throw this story in the faces of their adorers.

FAUSTINA.—They say you were a general; you are nothing but a common soldier!

DON FREGOSO.—Well, then, in what way can I imitate this cursed Petrarch?

FAUSTINA.—If you truly love me, you will spare a man of genius (*Don Fregoso starts back*) the martyrdom these pigmies have in store for him. Be generous; help him on. It will cause you some suffering, I know it will, but if you act in this wise I shall begin to believe in the reality of your love, and, besides, this action will make you more famous than even your storming of Mantua!

DON FREGOSO.—When you are speaking, nothing seems impossible, but you have no idea of my rage once you are gone!

FAUSTINA.—So, you find no pleasure obeying me?

DON FREGOSO.—Tell me, you protect him, you admire him, but you do not love him?

FAUSTINA.—They will not deliver to him the ship granted by the King; you will order it placed at his disposal at once, without reserve?

DON FREGOSO.—Yes, I will, and send him to you to render thanks!

FAUSTINA.—Ah, that's the way I love you!

(Exit Don Fregoso.)

SCENE XI

FAUSTINA, *alone*.—When I think that there are women who wish they were men!

SCENE XII

FAUSTINA. PAQUITA. LOTUNDIAZ. MARIA.

PAQUITA.—Madame, here are Señor Lotundiaz and his daughter. *(Exit Paquita.)*

SCENE XIII

THE PRECEDING, *minus* PAQUITA.

LOTUNDIAZ.—Ah, Madame! You have made a king's palace out of this mansion!

FAUSTINA, *to Maria*.—Come and sit down close to me, child. *(To Lotundiaz.)* Take a seat, sir.

LOTUNDIAZ.—A thousand thanks, Madame; but, with your permission, I should be much pleased to visit the famous picture gallery which is the talk of the whole province.

(Faustina nods assent and Lotundiaz leaves the room.)

SCENE XIV

FAUSTINA. MARIA.

FAUSTINA.—My dear child, I am very fond of you and happen to know the position you are in. Your father wants you to marry my cousin, Sarpi, while your heart belongs to Fontanares.

MARIA.—It does belong to him, Madame! And it has for five long years!

FAUSTINA.—At sixteen, does one know how to love?

MARIA.—What has age to do with it, since I *do* love him?

FAUSTINA.—Love, my little angel, for us women, means absolute devotion.

MARIA.—I am absolutely devoted to him, Madame.

FAUSTINA.—If it be so, would you give yourself up for his sake, to save him?

MARIA.—It would be like death, but my life is his.

FAUSTINA, *aside as she rises*.—How strong is the weakness of innocence! (*Aloud.*) You never have been away from your father's house; you know nothing of the world and of its necessities, which are terrible! Often a man is ruined because he meets a woman who loves him too dearly, or a woman who loves him not enough! Perhaps Fontanares is in that very position! His enemies are powerful; the glory, which he prizes more than life itself, is at their mercy—you, alone, may disarm them!

MARIA.—I! And what can I do?

FAUSTINA.—Marry Sarpi and you will assure the triumph of Fontanares. But it is not a woman's part to counsel such a sacrifice. You ought to act at first

with much shrewdness. For instance, you might retire, for a while, to a convent—

MARIA.—A convent! Not see him any more! If you only knew, Madam— Every morning, he passes in front of my window and that moment fills my whole day!

FAUSTINA, *aside*.—How she stabs me unwittingly! Oh, she shall be Countess Sarpi!

(*Fontanares enters.*)

SCENE XV

THE PRECEDING. FONTANARES.

FONTANARES, *to Faustina*.—Ah, Madame! (*He kisses her hand.*)

MARIA, *whom he has not seen, aside*.—Oh, what a pang!

FONTANARES.—Shall I ever live long enough to prove to you the depth of my gratitude! If ever I reach any fame, if ever happiness smiles upon me, I shall owe it to your intervention!

FAUSTINA.—Oh, what I have done so far is nothing; from now on, I am going to make the roads smooth for you! I feel so much sympathy for the troubles that assail men of talent that you may count upon me implicitly. I would almost consent to be your stepping-stone to the crown you deserve.

MARIA, *pulling at Fontanares' cloak*.—I am here also, (*he turns around*) and you never suspected it!

FONTANARES.—Maria! I have not spoken to you for ten days! (*To Faustina.*) Ah, Madame, you are truly an angel!

MARIA.—She is a demon! Why, she was just advising me to enter a convent!

FONTANARES.—She was?

MARIA.—She was!

FAUSTINA.—But, children that you are, don't you see that it must come to that.

FONTANARES.—I see that I am thrown from one pit-fall into another, and that every new favor conceals a trap! (*To Maria.*) Who brought you here?

MARIA.—My father.

FONTANARES.—Your father! Has he lost his senses? You, Maria, in this house!

FAUSTINA.—Sir!

FONTANARES.—And they want to lock you up in a convent, to break your spirit; to torture your soul!

SCENE XVI

THE PRECEDING. LOTUNDIAZ.

FONTANARES.—How dare you bring this angel of purity in the house of a woman for whom Don Fregoso spends all his fortune, and who accepts his extravagant gifts without marrying him?

FAUSTINA.—Sir!!

FONTANARES.—I know your history well, Madame. You came here, the widow of a penniless younger son of the house of Brancadori, for whose sake you had squandered your own fortune. You have changed your ways since—

FAUSTINA.—And what right have you to pass judgment upon me, sir?

LOTUNDIAZ.—I command you to be silent. Madame is a lady of noble birth who has almost doubled the value of the palace she deigns to inhabit.

FONTANARES.—She! A noble lady! Why, she is—

FAUSTINA.—Not a word more!

LOTUNDIAZ.—My daughter, look now at your man of genius, extreme in everything, even in trifles, and nearer insanity than common sense. Mister Machinist, Madame is the cousin and the patroness of Count Sarpi.

FONTANARES.—I repeat to you, take your daughter away from the house of the Marchioness of Mondejar of Catalonia!

(Exeunt Lotundiaz and Maria.)

SCENE XVII

FAUSTINA. FONTANARES.

FONTANARES.—I see it all now, Madame! Your generosity was but a scheme to help along the pretensions of Sarpi? That makes us quits— Good-by!

SCENE XVIII

FAUSTINA. PAQUITA.

FAUSTINA.—Paquita, how splendidly handsome he is in his anger!

PAQUITA.—But, Madame, what is to become of you if you love him so madly?

FAUSTINA.—Child, I have just discovered that I never loved before! It seems to me as if I had been transformed, in an instant, by a flash of lightning!

In a minute I have loved for all the time I have lost! Still, I may be close to a terrible abyss. Send one of the servants to Magis, the Lombard, and tell him to come here at once.

SCENE XIX

FAUSTINA, *alone*.—I love him too much to confide my revenge to Monipodio's stiletto! And he showed his contempt for me so cruelly that I must make him realize that in getting me as his wife he is receiving the greatest honor of his life! Either he shall humble himself in the dust at my feet, or I will crush us both in the struggle.

SCENE XX

FAUSTINA. DON FREGOSO.

DON FREGOSO.—I thought I would surely find Fontanares here, overflowing with gratitude. For we have let him have his ship.

FAUSTINA.—You have given it to him? Then you do not hate him after all? I imagined you would find the sacrifice above your strength. It was a test of mine to discover whether there was in you more love than submission.

DON FREGOSO.—Why, Madame!

FAUSTINA.—And now, can you take it away from him?

DON FREGOSO.—Whether I obey or disobey it seems as if I can never please you! I do not see how the ship can be taken away from him now; he already has begun work, and the vessel is full of his men.

FAUSTINA.—Do you not understand that I hate him and that I wish his—

DON FREGOSO.—His death?

FAUSTINA.—No; his shameful failure!

DON FREGOSO.—So I shall be able at last to have my revenge for this month of torture!

FAUSTINA.—Do not dare touch the object of my hatred! I will attend to him in my own way! To begin with, Don Fregoso, you will be kind enough to remove to your palace my whole picture gallery. (*Don Fregoso starts back, amazed.*) I want this done at once.

DON FREGOSO.—You decline then to be Marchioness of—

FAUSTINA.—If you do not remove the canvasses this very day, I will have them burned on the public square or sold at auction for the benefit of the hospital!

DON FREGOSO.—And what is your reason for this mad outburst?

FAUSTINA.—I am thirsting for honor, and you have compromised my good name, Don Fregoso!

DON FREGOSO.—If you accept my hand, everything will be set right.

FAUSTINA.—I beg you to leave me to myself!

DON FREGOSO.—Ah, the more power I place in your hands the worse you abuse it! (*Exit Don Fregoso.*)

SCENE XXI

FAUSTINA, *alone*.—So I am nothing but the Viceroy's mistress! The word almost escaped his lips! Ah, I am going to hatch, with the aid of Avaloros and Sarpi, a revenge worthy of old Venice!

SCENE XXII

FAUSTINA. MATEO MAGIS.

MAGIS.—Does Madame require my humble services?

FAUSTINA.—Who are you?

MAGIS.—Mateo Magis, a poor Lombard, from Milan, and your servant.

FAUSTINA.—Do you loan money?

MAGIS.—Sometimes—sometimes. But only on excellent security: diamonds, gold ingots and the like. Ah, business is hard, hard, Lady. It is difficult work to raise a crop out of one's few maravedis. A single bad deal swallows the profits of ten fairly good ones, for we often risk a thousand doubloons in the hands of a spendthrift for the sake of making a paltry three hundred doubloons interest. That's what makes borrowing so expensive. People are so unfair in their opinion of us!

FAUSTINA.—Are you a Jew?

MAGIS.—How do you mean it, Lady?

FAUSTINA.—A Jew in religion?

MAGIS.—No, Lady, I am a Lombard and a good Catholic.

FAUSTINA.—Oh, I am sorry for that!

MAGIS.—Madame would have preferred!—

FAUSTINA.—I should have preferred to have you within the reach of the Holy Inquisition.

MAGIS.—And why?

FAUSTINA.—To feel sure of your discretion.

MAGIS.—I have many a secret locked up in my safe, Lady.

FAUSTINA.—If I only had your fortune in my possession—

MAGIS.—Then you would own my very soul, Madame.

FAUSTINA, *aside*.—Only the hope of gain will attach him to me. (*Aloud.*) You loan—

MAGIS.—At a fair interest, yes, Madame.

FAUSTINA.—You misunderstood me. I mean—you loan the use of your name to Señor Avaloros, do you not?

MAGIS.—I have the honor of the acquaintance of Señor Avaloros; we do business together. But his name is too strong and his credit along the Mediterranean coast too well-established for him to ever need the assistance of poor Magis—

FAUSTINA.—I see, my Lombard friend, you can be discreet. Now I want to use your name in an affair of the utmost importance—

MAGIS.—A matter of smuggling?

FAUSTINA.—Never mind what it is about, just yet. What guarantee can you give me of your absolute devotion?

MAGIS.—None better than the profit there may be in it for me.

FAUSTINA, *aside*.—What a jackal! (*Aloud*.) Well, then, come into this other room with me, and I'll place in your possession a secret on which a life depends. I will give you a great man to devour.

MAGIS.—My small business is fed by great passions. (*Aside*.) Fine woman, fine profit.

(CURTAIN ON SECOND ACT.)

THIRD ACT

(The stage represents the inside of a stable, emptied of horses and wagons. On an upper platform, piles of hay; along the walls, wheels, tubes, pivots, sundry pieces of incomplete machinery; on the floor, a long brass smoke-stack, and a huge iron boiler. To the left, a sculptured pillar, with a Madonna on the top. To the right, a table laden with papers, parchments, books, mathematical instruments, drawings, etc. Against the wall, over the table, a blackboard. On the table, next to a lamp, dry bread and a few onions with a pitcher of water. To the right, the large stable door; to the left, a smaller door opening upon a field. A bed of straw at the feet of the Madonna. When the curtain rises, it is night-time and Fontanares is discovered writing at the table, dressed in a long black gown. Near him, Quinola is standing verifying pieces of machinery.)

SCENE I

FONTANARES. QUINOLA.

QUINOLA.—But I, also, sir, have been in love! Only, the moment I began to understand woman, I said good-by to the sweet deceiver! Food and drink of the best, that's what I prefer to her a hundred times; for they never cheat and they fatten one besides. *(He looks at his master.)* He does not even hear me! Here are three more pieces ready for the forge. *(He opens the smaller door.)* Eh! Monipodio!

SCENE II

THE PRECEDING. MONIPODIO.

QUINOLA.—The last three pieces have come back. Here are the patterns, take them to our men and have two duplicates forged, to be on hand in case of accident. (*Monipodio makes a sign toward the open field; two men appear at once on the threshold.*)

MONIPODIO, *handing them the parts one by one.*—Here you are, and off with you, boys. Mind, no noise; this is more risky than any burglary. (*The men vanish in the dark.*) It's getting pretty hard work, I tell you!

QUINOLA.—Nobody suspects anything yet?

MONIPODIO.—Not a soul; neither our men nor any outsider. Each part, when completed, is wrapped up like a jewel, and stored in the cellar. But I need thirty ducats.

QUINOLA.—O Lord!

MONIPODIO.—Thirty fellows the size of my boys eat and drink like sixty.

QUINOLA.—The firm of Quinola and Company is bankrupt and they are after me—

MONIPODIO.—Protests?

QUINOLA.—Nothing so insignificant! No, orders of arrest, if you please! But I picked up at the old-clothes store a few disguises that will keep Quinola out of the claws of the sharpest alguazils until I am ready to settle my debts.

MONIPODIO.—Settle your debts! Don't be a fool!

QUINOLA.—Oh, I have kept something to draw upon. I want you to resume your mendicant friar's cowl and call upon our virtuous duenna, Dona Lopez.

MONIPODIO.—I say, Lopez has been so often about to return from Algiers that his wife has well-nigh lost faith in my news.

QUINOLA.—This time I only want this letter delivered to Señorita Maria Lotundiaz. (*He hands Monipodio a letter.*) It is a masterpiece of eloquence, dictated by that inspirer of all masterpieces: Famine! We now have been for a week on a diet of bread and water.

MONIPODIO.—And we, over there—do you think we are living off the fat of the land? If our men thought they were not mixed up in a dangerous business, they would have quit long ago.

QUINOLA.—If only Love consents to honor the draft I am drawing upon him in this letter, we'll get out of it all right, yet—

(*Exit Monipodio.*)

SCENE III

QUINOLA. FONTANARES.

QUINOLA, *rubbing his bread with an onion*.—They say this is the kind of food that was given to the builders of the Egyptian Pyramids; then they must have had the same kind of seasoning that makes it palatable for us: Faith, and lots of it! (*He takes a drink of water from the jug.*) Are you not hungry, sir? Take care—your mental machinery may go to pieces before the other is completed.

FONTANARES.—I have one more difficulty to solve.

QUINOLA, *whose coat cracks under the armpit as he*

raises the jug.—And I feel one more lack of continuity in my only coat! If this thing continues much longer, my clothes will reach a mathematical minus.

FONTANARES.—You good fellow! Always cheerful in the darkest hours!

QUINOLA.—Cheerful? Of course, sir. Why, Fortune is as fond of merry fellows as merry fellows are fond of Fortune!

SCENE IV

THE PRECEDING. MATEO MAGIS.

QUINOLA.—Ah, here comes our Lombard. He looks at our pieces of machinery as if they were already his by valid purchase.

MAGIS.—My dear Señor Fontanares, I am your very humble servant.

QUINOLA.—He is just like marble: polished, dry and cold.

FONTANARES, *cutting a piece of bread.*—Good-morning, Señor Magis.

MAGIS.—You are a man of sublime intellect, and, for my part, I wish you nothing but good.

FONTANARES.—That's why, I suppose, you do me nothing but harm?

MAGIS.—This is an unkind speech, sir, and unfair besides. You do not know that there are two men within me.

FONTANARES.—I never met the other one.

MAGIS.—Outside of business I am full of heart.

QUINOLA.—Yes, but you are never outside of business.

MAGIS.—Now I admire you greatly, yes I admire both of you in your hard struggle.

FONTANARES.—Admiration is the sentiment men tire of quickest. Besides, you do not loan money on admiration.

MAGIS.—There are profitable sentiments and there are ruinous sentiments. In your case, faith is the dominant feeling and it will ruin you. Six months ago, we entered into an agreement: you asked me to supply you with three thousand ducats for your experiments—

QUINOLA.—And we bound ourselves to return you five thousand ducats.

FONTANARES.—Well?

MAGIS.—The time expired two months ago.

FONTANARES.—Yes, and you summoned us in court the very next day after the bill fell due.

MAGIS.—I didn't mean to be hard; I took my precautions; that's all.

FONTANARES.—What next?

MAGIS.—To-day you are my judgment debtor.

FONTANARES.—Eight months already elapsed! They went like a dream! And only last night did I solve the problem of the cold water supply to my boiler! Magis, be my friend, my protector, grant me a few more days!

MAGIS.—All the delay you need.

QUINOLA.—What? Is this possible? Why, we are going to make the acquaintance of your other self, after all! (*To Fontanares.*) That's the only Magis I'd care to know! (*To Magis.*) Well, then, Magis No. 2, a few doubloons, please.

FONTANARES.—At last, a breathing spell!

MAGIS.—It's all very simple. To-day I am not only a money-lender but a co-owner as well, and I want to get all I can out of my property.

QUINOLA.—Ah, the wretched cur!

FONTANARES.—You don't mean it?

MAGIS.—You see, capital has no faith—

QUINOLA.—Neither hope nor charity. Capital is not a good Christian.

MAGIS.—To the man who comes to collect from me a bill of exchange, I cannot say: "Wait a while, I have a man of genius who is discovering a gold mine in a garret or a stable!" No, sir, business is not done that way. Six months from now the ducats you owe me will have doubled. I have a family, sir, and it must be cared for.

FONTANARES, *to Quinola*.—*That has a wife!*

QUINOLA.—Ay! And its progeny will soon have eaten up Catalonia!

MAGIS.—I am under heavy expenses.

FONTANARES.—You see the way I live.

MAGIS.—Ah, señor, if I were rich, I would loan you— (*Quinola stretches out his hand*) enough to better your fare.

FONTANARES.—Grant me two weeks longer!

MAGIS, *aside*.—They positively break my heart; if it were my own business I almost think I should consent; but I have my commission to earn and my daughter's dowry to complete. (*Aloud*.) Now, I really like you very much—

QUINOLA, *aside*.—Only think that one would have to go to the gibbet for choking such a creature!

FONTANARES.—You are as hard as iron; I will be as steel.

MAGIS.—What do you mean, sir?

FONTANARES.—I mean that you shall assist me to the end in spite of yourself.

MAGIS.—Don't you believe it. I must have my money back and, everything else failing, I'll have all this iron junk sold under the hammer.

FONTANARES.—Is this your last word? You'll force me to oppose cunning to cunning. I was acting openly and above board— You compel me to leave the straight road— All right then! They'll accuse me, of course, and calumny will attach itself to my every act! Well, I'll drink the dregs with the rest! Now, listen: your first contract was a crazy one; you'll have to give me a further delay or you will see me destroy every part of my machine and keep here (*he strikes his head*) the secret of my invention!

MAGIS.—Ah, Señor! You could never do such a thing! It would be a swindle of which a great man like you is incapable!

FONTANARES.—Ah, I see, you are banking on my probity to assure the success of your monstrous robbery!

MAGIS.—I'll tell you what I will do. I refuse to be longer mixed up in this enterprise. I'll transfer all my rights in the premises to Don Ramon, a most worthy gentleman with whom you will have no trouble in coming to an agreement.

FONTANARES.—Don Ramon?

MAGIS.—Yes, the famous savant whom the whole city of Barcelona opposes to you!

FONTANARES.—After all what do I care? My last difficulty is solved; glory and wealth will soon flow toward me like water.

QUINOLA.—Alas! Every time he says that, we always have some wheel or other to make over!

FONTANARES.—A matter of a hundred ducats, at the most!

MAGIS.—Everything there is here would not bring that much under the hammer!

QUINOLA.—Food for the crows, will you leave us in peace!

MAGIS.—Make friends with Don Ramon; he may be willing to take a mortgage on your brain as security for his claim. (*Goes to the door, then returns toward Quinola.*) As for you, gallows' bird, if you ever fall into my hands, your fate is sealed. (*To Fontanares.*) Good-by, great man!

SCENE V

FONTANARES. QUINOLA.

FONTANARES.—His words gave me the cold shivers!

QUINOLA.—I felt just that way! Strange, isn't it, that good ideas always get caught in such spider's webs?

FONTANARES.—Never mind! A hundred ducats more, and ours is a life of love and luxury. (*He takes a sip of water from the jug.*)

QUINOLA.—I still have faith in you, sir, but confess that green-clad Hope has led us into a pretty deep muddle?

FONTANARES, *reproachfully*.—Quinola!

QUINOLA.—Oh, I am not complaining! I am used to trouble and want! But where are we to find a hundred ducats? You owe to our workmen, to Carpano,

the master locksmith; to Coppolus, the dealer who sold us our metals, and, worst of all, to mine host of the Sol d'Oro, who has given us credit for over nine months, more out of fear of Monipodio than in hopes of ever seeing the color of our money. He is about tired out by this time.

FONTANARES.—But my machine is almost complete—

QUINOLA.—It needs one hundred ducats more, just the same.

FONTANARES.—But how is it that you, ever so cheerful and courageous, should sing this morning the *De Profundis* of our hopes?

QUINOLA.—It is because to continue by your side I must seem to have vanished.

FONTANARES.—The reason?

QUINOLA.—Constables are the reason. For your sake and mine, I have contracted five hundred doubloons worth of commercial debts that bring me under the ban of the bankruptcy court. My arrest is in the air.

FONTANARES.—Ah! Out of how many misfortunes is glory made!

QUINOLA.—Don't get despondent on my account! Didn't you tell me that your father's father went with Cortez to Mexico, some fifty years ago and never was heard from afterwards?

FONTANARES.—I did.

QUINOLA.—You have a grandfather! He'll lead you yet to final victory!

FONTANARES.—Your reckless scheming will ruin me for good and all!

QUINOLA.—Do you want me to go to jail and your machine to the winds?

FONTANARES.—No, a thousand times no!

QUINOLA.—Then, allow me to bring your grandfather back from the Indies. He won't be the only one of his kind.

SCENE VI

THE PRECEDING. MONIPODIO.

QUINOLA.—Well?

MONIPODIO.—Your princess has her letter.

FONTANARES.—Who is that man called Don Ramon?

MONIPODIO.—An ass!

QUINOLA.—Of an envious nature?

MONIPODIO.—Envious as a whole tribe of hissed actors! He thinks himself a most marvelous man.

QUINOLA.—Have people any faith in him?

MONIPODIO.—They all believe he is a genius, for is he not all the time scribbling? He says the snow is white because it comes direct from heaven; he insists, against Galileo, that the earth does not move.

QUINOLA, *to Fontanares*.—You see, sir, I must rid you of this man. (*To Monipodio*.) Come along with me; I'll have to use you as my valet for a while.

SCENE VII

FONTANARES, *alone*.—Where is the brain that can stand the strain of hunting for money while, at the same time, it labors to discover secrets jealously hidden by nature? And, besides, it has to watch over

men's tricks, triumph over them and combine science with business shrewdness. But now a new danger arises: I must ward off the pretensions of a Don Ramon, who would steal my glory from me, perhaps under pretext of some petty addition to my invention. And, if he does not succeed, some other of his ilk may be luckier, for this kind swarm around me— Alas, it seems as if lassitude were to get the best of me—

SCENE VIII

FONTANARES. ESTEBAN. GIRONE. *Also Two Workmen who grumble but do not speak.*

ESTEBAN.—Will you kindly tell me where a certain Fontanares hides himself?

FONTANARES.—He is not hiding; here he stands before you. He has been meditating in solitude. (*Aside.*) Where is Quinola? He always manages to send them away satisfied. (*Aloud.*) What do you want?

ESTEBAN.—We want our money! For over three weeks we have been working for you without receiving a maravedi, and a laborer lives from hand to mouth.

FONTANARES.—Alas, my dear friends, I don't even live that way.

ESTEBAN.—You are a single man; you just pull the belt a little tighter and that's the end of it. But we have wives and children at home—and everything we can spare is in the pawn-shop—

FONTANARES.—Have confidence in me just a little while longer.

ESTEBAN.—Will confidence pay the baker?

FONTANARES.—I am a man of honor.

GIRONE.—So are we men of honor!

ESTEBAN.—Make a bundle of all these honors and carry them to the Lombard; how much is he going to loan on the lot?

GIRONE.—I am not a man of genius! Nobody trusts me!

ESTEBAN.—I am only a poor workman, but when my wife wants a kettle I pay for it on the nail.

FONTANARES, *growing angry*.—Who has incited you to hunt me down in this way?

GIRONE.—Hunt you down! Do you take us for dogs?

ESTEBAN.—The magistrates of Barcelona have rendered judgment in favor of Masters Coppolus and Carpano, granting them a lien upon your inventions. Where is *our* security, if you please?

GIRONE.—I don't leave this place without my money.

FONTANARES.—You may stay as much as you please; there is no money here. I'll leave you in full possession; good-by. (*He picks up his hat and cloak and walks to the door.*)

ESTEBAN.—You won't go before you have settled with us! (*The four men rush between Fontanares and the door.*)

GIRONE, *picking up a piece of machinery*.—Here is something I forged myself; I'll take it home.

FONTANARES, *drawing his sword*.—Stop, you scoundrel!

THE FOUR MEN.—You won't frighten us away!

FONTANARES, *rushing upon them*.—Oh! (*Suddenly he*

stops and throws his sword away.) I understand now—Avaloros and Sarpi have sent these men to egg me on to some act of violence, so they will have a chance of sending me to prison for years! (*He kneels on the floor in front of the Madonna.*) O My Lady of Mercy, will talent and crime forever be treated alike? What have I done to suffer such ignominy? Must I pay so dear for a doubtful triumph? (*To the men.*) Every Spaniard's home is his castle. Leave this place at once.

ESTEBAN.—This is no home of yours; we are here in a disused stable of the Sol d'Oro inn. The host told us so.

GIRONE.—And you have not paid your rent either—You pay nobody and nothing!

FONTANARES.—Then make yourself at home. You are right. I owe and therefore I have no redress against any kind of outrage—

SCENE IX

THE PRECEDING. COPPOLUS. CARPANO.

COPPOLUS.—I have come to notify you, sir, that yesterday the magistrates of Barcelona allowed me an absolute lien upon your invention and everything pertaining to it. I'll take good care that nothing is removed without my consent. The lien includes the claim of my fellow tradesman Carpano, your locksmith.

FONTANARES.—What imp of darkness is blinding you? Don't you realize that without my brains, this machine is but a worthless heap of iron, steel, brass and wood? While, with me behind it, it represents a fortune!

COPPOLUS.—Oh, we won't let you go! (*The two tradesmen come closer to Fontanares as if to take him into custody.*)

FONTANARES.—Where is the friend who embraces you with as much vigor as a creditor? Well, may the devil take back the thoughts he put into me!

ALL, *lifting their hands*.—He said: "The devil."

FONTANARES, *aside*.—I will have to watch over my tongue or it will land me in the prison of the Holy Office! No, there is no glory that will pay me back for such tortures!

COPPOLUS, *to Carpano*.—Shall we have him sold out at public auction?

FONTANARES.—There is just one more piece needed to complete the machine. Here is the pattern—(*Coppolus and Carpano are consulting together in a low voice.*) It will be a matter of one hundred ducats!

SCENE X

THE PRECEDING. QUINOLA, *made up and disguised as a very old man*. MONIPODIO, *made up as the valet of a Venetian nobleman*. THE HOST OF THE SOL D'ORO.

THE HOST OF THE SOL D'ORO.—My Lord, here he is. (*Pointing to Fontanares.*)

QUINOLA.—And you dared to lodge the grand-son of General Fontanaresi in a wretched stable! The Republic of Venice will offer him a palace! Embrace me, my dear child! (*He comes closer to Fontanares.*) The most noble republic has heard of your promises to the King of Spain and has sent me, the Director of its

Arsenal, to consult with the greatest engineer of the age. (*Aside to Fontanares.*) I am Quinola.

FONTANARES.—Never before has a grandfather appeared more opportunely—

QUINOLA.—What destitution! Is this the ante-chamber of glory!

FONTANARES.—Poverty is the crucible through which it pleases God to test our strength.

QUINOLA.—Who are all these people?

FONTANARES.—They are creditors and workmen who besiege me for money.

QUINOLA, *to the host*.—You rascal of an inn-keeper, is my grandson in his own room here?

THE HOST OF THE SOL D'ORO.—Most certainly he is, Your Lordship.

QUINOLA.—Then you just fetch me the police, and if I know anything of the laws of Catalonia, they will put these fellows in jail, double quick. You, scoundrels, you may send to my grandson all the summons you please but you can't enter his lodgings without his consent. (*He pulls out of his pocket a handful of small change and throws it to the workmen.*) Here is something with which to drink my health. Later, you'll come to me and get your pay. Now, go.

THE FOUR MEN.—Long live His Excellency! (*Ereunt the workmen.*)

QUINOLA, *to Fontanares*.—Our last ducat! It had to go in that way!

SCENE XI

THE PRECEDING, *minus the* WORKMEN AND THE HOST.

QUINOLA, *to the two tradesmen*.—As for you, gentlemen, you do not seem to be so troublesome, and money is all you are after. Well, you'll get that from me quick enough.

COPPOLUS.—Excellency, we are entirely at your service.

QUINOLA.—Now, my dear child, explain to me this invention everybody is talking about in the official circles of Venice. Show me your designs, the sectional views, elevations and other leading features.

COPPOLUS *to Carpano*.—He evidently knows all about such matters. Still, we ought to find out more about him before supplying further goods.

QUINOLA, *who has been glancing over designs, etc.*—My child, you are a genius! Some day, your name will be as famous as that of Christopher Columbus. (*He bends his knees in the attitude of prayer.*) May God be praised for the honor He grants to our family! (*To the tradesmen.*) You will be paid within two hours.

(*Exeunt Coppolus and Carpano.*)

SCENE XII

QUINOLA. FONTANARES. MONIPODIO.

FONTANARES.—What is to be the result of this masquerading?

QUINOLA.—You were on the brink of an abyss, I have rescued you just in time.

MONIPODIO.—Well acted, so far as it goes; but Venetians have the reputation of being made of money, and to get three months more of credit lots of gold dust will have to be thrown into our creditors' eyes; and it comes high!

QUINOLA.—Didn't I tell you that I had a treasure coming? Well, it's on the way now.

MONIPODIO.—It comes—unassisted? (*Affirmative nod from Quinola.*)

FONTANARES.—Your audacity frightens me.

SCENE XIII

THE PRECEDING. MATEO MAGIS. DON RAMON.

MAGIS.—I bring to you Don Ramon, without whose advice I refuse to go any further.

DON RAMON.—Señor, I am delighted to meet a man of your learning. You and I, together, are sure to bring your invention to its highest perfection.

QUINOLA.—The professor knows all about mechanics, balistics, mathematics, dioptrics, catoptrics—and other tricks?

DON RAMON.—I have written a number of treatises that are well thought of in learned circles.

QUINOLA.—In Latin?

DON RAMON.—No, in Spanish.

QUINOLA.—The great savants write everything in Latin. There is danger in making science too popular. Do you know Latin?

DON RAMON.—I do.

QUINOLA.—All the better for you.

FONTANARES.—I have for your reputation the respect it deserves; but my enterprise is fraught with too many perils for me to accept your offer. Do you know that it is my head that is at stake? Yours is infinitely too precious to be thus jeopardized.

DON RAMON.—And do you really believe, Señor, that you will be able to dispense with the help of Don Ramon, who has made for himself such a name in the realms of science?

QUINOLA.—Then you are the famous Don Ramon who has explained so triumphantly phenomena that went on for centuries without any explanation?

DON RAMON.—The same Don Ramon.

QUINOLA.—My name is Fontanaresi! I am the Director of the great arsenal in Venice and the grandfather of our inventor. My dear child, (*turning to Fontanares*) you may have full confidence in this gentleman; in his position it would be beneath him to set a trap for you; we will do well to tell him everything.

DON RAMON, *aside*.—I am going to be told the whole secret.

FONTANARES, *aside to Quinola*.—What are you going to do?

QUINOLA, *answering in the same manner*.—I am going to teach him mathematics in my own way; it will do him no good and us no harm. (*To Don Ramon*.) Come closer, please. (*He points out to him several parts of the machinery along the wall*.) All this detail is not what you want. For the true savant, the theory of the invention is sufficient. Now, the great thing—

DON RAMON.—The great thing?

QUINOLA.—Is the scientific problem in itself. You know the reason why clouds always rise?

DON RAMON.—Because they are lighter than air.

QUINOLA.—Nothing of the kind, since, after a while, they drop on us in the form of water. I hate water; and you?

DON RAMON.—I respect it.

QUINOLA.—We are made to agree. Now, the truth is that the clouds rise because, being vapors, they are attracted by the force of the higher, colder, atmosphere.

DON RAMON.—I wouldn't be surprised if it were so. I'll write a book about it.

QUINOLA*.—My nephew has derived from the theory just explained a formula which he writes down: $A + O$. As there is lots of water in the air, he has simplified it to: $O + O$, an entirely new binomial.

DON RAMON, *dazed*.—An entirely new binomial!

QUINOLA.—Or if you want it clearer yet, we'll say: $O + O = X$.

DON RAMON.—Equals X ; yes, yes, I understand!

FONTANARES, *aside*.—What an ass!

QUINOLA.—The rest is child's play. A tube receives the water which is made to turn into a cloud. The nature of that cloud forces it to rise, and the power thus developed is enormous.

DON RAMON.—Enormous! Why enormous?

QUINOLA.—Enormous because it comes from nature itself. Now, you know, man does not create forces—

DON RAMON.—If it's so, how—?

QUINOLA.—He borrows them from nature. An inventor is nothing but a constant borrower. After

* The joke of Quinola rests on a French pun, *eau* (water) being pronounced *O*.

that, it's only a matter of a few rods and screws and such things—you know—

DON RAMON.—Yes, sir; don't I know everything in mechanics?

QUINOLA.—Well then, you'll grasp at once that the transmission of this force, once borrowed from nature, is but a trifling matter, as easy as moving a spit—

DON RAMON.—Oh, you are using a spit?

QUINOLA.—We are using two, and the force they develop is such that it could set mountains a-jumping like the rams in King David's psalms! You see one of the prophet's predictions comes true.

DON RAMON.—Señor, you are perfectly right. A cloud is water—

QUINOLA.—Yes, professor, it is; and the whole world is water! Without it what could we do? And this is the basis of my grandson's invention: Water is to conquer water, according to the equation: $X=O+O$.

DON RAMON, *aside*.—I don't understand half he says.

QUINOLA.—You have understood me, of course.

DON RAMON.—Every word.

QUINOLA, *aside*.—It's impossible to be more stupid. (*Aloud.*) I have spoken to you in the language only true savants understand.

MAGIS, *to Monipodio*.—Who is this most learned gentleman?

MONIPODIO.—An extraordinary man from whom I am receiving instruction in ballistics. He is the Director of the Arsenal in Venice, and will pay you back, to-night, in behalf of the Republic, the funds you advanced to his grandson.

MAGIS, *aside*.—A man from Venice— I'll hasten to

Signora Brancadori; she comes from there. (*Exit Magis.*)

SCENE XIV

THE PRECEDING, *minus* MATEO MAGIS. LOTUNDIAZ.
MARIA.

MARIA.—Am I in time?

QUINOLA, *aside*.—Here is our treasure, at last!
(*Lotundiaz and Don Ramon are most polite to each other and examine together the parts of machinery on the wall.*)

FONTANARES, *on the front of the stage with Maria*.—You here, Maria?

MARIA.—Brought here by my father! Ah, dear friend, when your servant informed me of your dire distress—

FONTANARES, *to Quinola*.—You, rascal!

QUINOLA.—What! Grandson!

MARIA.—Oh, by doing so, he ended my anguish.

FONTANARES.—Had you any special cause for anguish?

MARIA.—Indeed I had! You have no idea how I have been persecuted at home since your quarrel with Signora Brancadori! And what can I do against paternal authority? You know it is boundless. If I remained home much longer, I doubt if I should be strong enough to prevent my person from being bartered away, even when my heart is yours forever!

FONTANARES.—You poor, dearly beloved martyr!

MARIA.—This delay in the day of your final triumph has rendered my life simply unbearable. Alas, now that I see you here, in this bare stable, I realize that,

during these same months, you must have suffered incredible privations. Now, listen: to prevent any further attempt to separate us and to remain your own in soul if not in body, I have decided to pretend that I am going to be the bride of the church: to-night, I enter a convent.

FONTANARES.—Driven within dark convent walls to avoid a worse separation! O Maria, this is a torture cruel enough to make one curse life! You, my darling, the very principle and flower of my discovery, you the star that protected me, you are to vanish from my sight, perhaps forever. Ah! this is too much. (*He bows down, and sobs shake his frame.*)

MARIA.—But when I promised to enter a convent, I made it a condition that I should see you once more. I wanted to add some hope to my farewell, and to bring you the savings of the young girl, offered to the dearest of friends and kept precious for the day when everything would seem to have forsaken you.

FONTANARES.—But, without you, what do I care for fame or fortune, or even life!

MARIA.—It is your duty to accept what is offered you by one whose only joy will be to belong to you! If I knew you to be harassed and in want, my retreat would be no relief to me, and I should soon die there, hopeless and heart-broken, though still praying for you.

QUINOLA.—Let him be proud as much as he pleases, if only we can save him in spite of himself! Hush! I am supposed to be his grandfather. (*Maria gives to Quinola the reticule she had on her arm.*)

LOTUNDIAZ, coming forward with Don Ramon.—So you don't think he amounts to much?

DON RAMON.—The younger one? Why, he is an

ignorant artisan who has stolen two or three fairly good ideas during his stay in Italy.

LOTUNDIAZ.—I always thought so, and I felt I was right in opposing my daughter and refusing her that husband.

DON RAMON.—He would squander her last maravedi! Why, he has already spent five thousand ducats and run into debt to the extent of three thousand more, all in eight months' time, and without anything to show for it! Ah, his grandfather is a different person and possessed of immense learning. It would take the young fellow a lifetime to come near him. (*He points to Quinola.*)

LOTUNDIAZ.—That's his grandfather?

QUINOLA.—Yes, sir, my name of Fontanares was changed, in Venice, to Fontanaresi.

LOTUNDIAZ.—So you are Pablo Fontanares, are you?

QUINOLA.—Pablo himself.

LOTUNDIAZ.—And rich, I take it?

QUINOLA.—Very rich.

LOTUNDIAZ.—Delighted to meet you—since you will surely pay me the two thousand ducats you borrowed from my father.

QUINOLA.—Just show me my signature and I will reimburse you.

MARIA, *ending a low-voice conversation with Fontanares.*
—To accept is to hasten the hour of your triumph, and is that not hastening the hour of our bliss?

FONTANARES.—How can I muster up the courage to drag down this lovely victim into the abyss that lies at my feet?

(*Exeunt Quinola and Monipodio.*)

SCENE XV

THE PRECEDING. SARPI.

SARPI, *to Lotundiaz*.—You here, sir, with your daughter?

LOTUNDIAZ.—She made it a condition, before entering the convent that I should allow her to bid him good-bye.

SARPI.—There are too many people present at this interview for me to feel vexed about it.

FONTANARES.—Ah, here is the most constant of my persecutors! Well, Señor, are you planning to put my perseverance to a new test?

SARPI.—I represent here the Viceroy of Catalonia, and I am entitled to your respect. (*To Don Ramon.*) Are you satisfied, professor?

DON RAMON.—With my advice, success may be reached.

SARPI.—The Viceroy sets great weight on your learned assistance.

FONTANARES.—Am I dreaming, or are they setting up a rival against me?

SARPI.—We are giving you a guide, sir, to save you from failure.

FONTANARES.—Who told you I need one?

MARIA.—Alfonso! If he really helped you to success?

FONTANARES.—Even she is doubting me!

MARIA.—They say the man is a great savant—

LOTUNDIAZ.—Don't you see that the presumptuous fool believes himself more learned than all the savants in the world rolled into one?

SARPI.—I am brought here by a question that is causing the Viceroy some concern. You have had for nearly ten months one of the King's vessels; you must account for this stewardship.

FONTANARES.—The King fixed no limit for the completion of my labors.

SARPI.—The Governor of Catalonia has a right to put such a limit and he has been so instructed by the ministers. (*Movement of surprise from Fontanares.*) Oh, we are not going to be hard on you! Take a reasonable time. Only, we hope you are not trusting to avoid the penalty that hangs over your head by keeping the vessel in your possession to the end of your natural life?

MARIA.—What penalty is he speaking about?

FONTANARES.—My head is at stake.

MARIA.—Why, you risk your life in this enterprise and you refuse my pitiful assistance!

FONTANARES.—Count Sarpi, within three months and without the help of anybody, I shall have completed my work, as promised. You will witness one of the grandest spectacles a man can present to his time.

SARPI.—Here is your three months' engagement; sign it. (*Fontanares goes to the table and signs.*)

MARIA.—Good-by, beloved friend. Should you fail in your undertaking, I think I would love you still more.

LOTUNDIAZ.—Come, come, daughter, this man is crazy.

DON RAMON.—Young man, read my books!

SARPI.—Good-by, future Grandee of Spain!

(*Exeunt all, except Fontanares.*)

SCENE XVI

FONTANARES, *in front of the stage*.—With Maria in a convent I should feel chilled even in the midday sun! Alas, I am carrying a world on my shoulders, and I fear that I am no Atlas! No, I cannot succeed when everything is thus fighting against me— This work of mine, the child of three years' thought and ten months of harassing labor will never furrow the seas— I feel overcome by fatigue— (*He lies down on the straw.*)

SCENE XVII

FONTANARES, *asleep*. QUINOLA AND MONIPODIO,
entering by the small door.

QUINOLA.—Gold, Pearls, Diamonds! We are saved!

MONIPODIO.—Bear in mind that the Brancadori woman hails from Venice.

QUINOLA.—Then I'll have to go back there, double-quick. Fetch me the inn-keeper; I am going to place our credit on a firm footing.

MONIPODIO.—Here he comes.

SCENE XVIII

THE PRECEDING. THE HOST OF THE SOL D'ORO.

QUINOLA.—So, mine host, you have had no confidence in our grandson's star, it seems?

THE HOST.—An inn, Your Excellency, is not a banking house.

QUINOLA.—True; but charity might have induced you to furnish him the bare necessities of life. Anyway, I find him so much attached to this country, that I am unable to induce him to bring his discoveries to The Most Excellent Republic. So, I am about to leave this city as I came—secretly. All I have with me that I can dispose of is this diamond. Take it; within a month you will receive funds from me. In the meantime, make arrangements with my grandson's valet for the sale of this ring.

THE HOST.—Your Excellency, Señor Fontanares and his valet will be treated like princes with their pockets full of money.

QUINOLA.—You may go.

(Exit the Host.)

SCENE XIX

THE PRECEDING, *minus* THE HOST OF THE SOL D'ORO.

QUINOLA.—Let us go, and change our clothes. *(Looking at Fontanares.)* How he sleeps! Even his strong constitution gives way to so many shocks! We manage to prevent worries from getting a hold on us; but he lacks our happy carelessness. Did I do right in asking of him every time double the money necessary for forging these parts? *(To Monipodio.)* Well, here goes— Take the pattern of the last piece.

(Exeunt Quinola and Monipodio.)

SCENE XX

FONTANARES, *asleep*. FAUSTINA. MAGIS.

MAGIS.—Here he is!

FAUSTINA, *gazing upon Fontanares asleep*.—To such a state have I reduced him! Judging from the cruel wounds I have thus inflicted upon myself, I can fathom the depth of my love! Ah, how much happiness I owe him for all the sufferings I have forced him to endure!

(CURTAIN ON THIRD ACT.)

FOURTH ACT

(*The stage represents a public square. At the rear of the stage stands a platform : on the ground in front of it are piled up sundry pieces of machinery, which an auctioneer, from his rostrum on the platform, is endeavoring to sell to the crowd of spectators grouped around. To the left, one notices Coppolus, Carpano, the Host of the Sol d'Oro, Esteban, Girone, Magis, Don Ramon, Lotundiaz. To the right, Fontanares, Monipodio and Quinola, the latter wrapped up in a big cloak and half hidden behind Monipodio.*)

SCENE I

FONTANARES. MONIPODIO. QUINOLA. COPPOLUS.
CARPANO. THE HOST OF THE SOL D'ORO. ESTEBAN.
GIRONE. MATEO MAGIS. DON RAMON.
LOTUNDIAZ. AN AUCTIONEER. TWO GROUPS OF
POPULACE.

THE AUCTIONEER.—Gentlemen, won't you put a little more fire in your bids? Why, here is a kettle big enough to cook, at one time, the dinner of a whole regiment!

THE HOST.—I bid four maravedis more!

THE AUCTIONEER.—No other bid— No other bid— Come closer, good people, and examine the goods.

MAGIS.—Six maravedis more!

QUINOLA, *low to Fontanares*.—Sir, the total amount of the sale won't reach a hundred ducats.

FONTANARES.—Let us resign ourselves.

QUINOLA.—Resignation is entitled to be called the fourth Theological Virtue— For woman's sake, it was not included in the original list.

MONIPODIO.—You had better hush up, if you don't want to be nabbed. They think you one of my men or you'd have been in jail long ago.

THE AUCTIONEER.—This is the last lot, gentlemen— No further bid? Well, then, knocked down to Mateo Magis for ten gold ducats and ten maravedis.

LOTUNDIAZ, *to Don Ramon*.—And thus ends the sublime invention of our great man! He was right, after all, when he promised us an entertaining spectacle!

COPPOLUS.—You may laugh about him; he owes you nothing!

ESTEBAN.—And we, poor devils, have to pay for his folly.

LOTUNDIAZ.—He owes me nothing, did you say, Master Coppolus? And what about my daughter's diamonds which the valet of the great man managed to sink into this old junk.

MAGIS.—But they were seized at my house.

LOTUNDIAZ.—Yes, the court has got them in charge; I'd prefer they had hold of that Quinola; that kidnapper of maiden's treasures.

QUINOLA, *aside*.—Ah, what a lesson for me! My antecedents are ruining me!

LOTUNDIAZ.—But if they catch him, they won't be long settling his business; I shall soon have the pleasure to see him distributing blessings with his toes.

FONTANARES.—Our misfortune renders this heavy bourgeois almost witty.

QUINOLA.—You mean, ferocious—

DON RAMON.—I must say that, for my part, I regret this catastrophe. This young artisan was beginning to listen to me, and there is no doubt that, together, we would have succeeded in fulfilling his promises to the King. Oh, he may rest undisturbed—I shall go to the Royal Court to obtain his pardon by pledging myself to make some use of him.

COPPOLUS.—Here is generosity seldom met with among savants!

LOTUNDIAZ.—Don Ramon, you are an honor to Catalonia.

FONTANARES, *coming forward and speaking to the people*.—I have stood patiently the torture of witnessing my work sold for a few ducats—my work which was so near bringing me fame and fortune. (*Murmuring in the crowd.*) But this is going a step too far—Don Ramon, if you had, I do not say *known*, but merely *suspected* the real use to which these various parts now scattered were to be put, you would have bought them at the cost of your whole fortune—

DON RAMON.—Young man, I respect your unfortunate luck, but you well know that your apparatus was not in working order, and that my experience had become indispensable if you were to succeed.

FONTANARES.—The worst among all the tortures of the poor is that they cannot stop the calumnies and the boastings of idiots.

LOTUNDIAZ.—Are you not ashamed, in your present position, to come forward and insult a savant who has given such proofs of his high learning? Where should I be if I had allowed you to marry my daughter? On the highroad to beggary, for you have already

devoured 10,000 ducats without any result to show for it! What about your title of Grandee, my little man?

FONTANARES.—I pity you—

LOTUNDIAZ.—Maybe! But I certainly do not envy you, with your head at the mercy of the court.

DON RAMON.—Leave him alone, Señor Lotundiaz; don't you see that he is crazy—

FONTANARES.—Not crazy enough, sir, to believe that $O + O$ is a binomial!

SCENE II

THE PRECEDING. DON FREGOSO. FAUSTINA.

AVALOROS. SARPI.

SARPI.—We arrive too late; the sale is over.

DON FREGOSO.—The King will regret that he trusted a charlatan.

FONTANARES.—I, a charlatan, My Lord? Well, in a few days I shall have forfeited my head and it will be cut off upon your order. Until then, cease slandering me; your position is too lofty for you to act so basely.

DON FREGOSO.—Your audacity equals your misfortune. Have you forgotten that the magistrates consider you as the accomplice of your valet in the theft of the jewels of Señorita Lotundiaz? The running away of your Quinola was sufficient proof of his crime and yours, and, were it not for Madame's intercession, (*he points to Faustina*) you would be now under arrest.

FONTANARES.—My servant, My Lord, may have committed errors in his youth, but, since he attached him-

self to my fortune, he has purified his life in the crucible of my torments. Upon my honor, he is innocent; the precious stones found in his possession when he was offering them for sale to Mateo Magis, had been freely given him by Maria Lotundiaz, from whom I had refused them a few moments before.

FAUSTINA, *aside*.—What pride in his misfortune! Nothing seems to daunt him!

SARPI.—And how do you explain this resurrection of your grandfather, this pretended Director of the Arsenal of Venice? It happened that Madame and I both know the real director.

FONTANARES.—I had my valet assume that disguise so that he could converse on scientific subjects with Don Ramon. Señor Lotundiaz will tell you that the Catalanian savant and Quinola agreed on all points.

MONIPODIO, *aside*.—He is a ruined man!

DON RAMON.—I call my works as witnesses against this slander!

FAUSTINA.—Do not feel offended, Don Ramon! It is so natural for people who feel the ground dropping from under their feet to try and drag everybody down with them!

LOTUNDIAZ.—What a horrible temper he has!

FONTANARES.—It is our duty, before we die, to tell the whole truth to those who have pushed us to the abyss. (*To Don Fregoso*.) My Lord, the King had promised me the assistance of his Barcelona officials, and I have received from them nothing but hatred! Oh, you the great, the wealthy on this earth, you who hold in your hands some share of power, why do you always oppose every new conception? Are you obeying a divine law when you mock, when you persecute that which,

later, you will surely worship? Had I shown myself abjectly humble and yielding, success would have been mine from the start! In harrassing me, you have persecuted that which is noblest in every human being, the consciousness of his strength, the majesty of labor, the heavenly inspiration that leads his hand—and even love, this human faith which keeps alive the flame of courage—when the cold blast of raillery would extinguish it! Ah, if you succeed wretchedly in doing good, you succeed brilliantly in doing evil! But I stop now: you are not worth my anger!

FAUSTINA, *aside*.—One word more, and I would have cried out that I adore him!

DON FREGOSO.—Sarpi, call the alguazils, and place under arrest the accomplice of Quinola! (*The crowd applauds; a few cries of "Bravo" are heard here and there.*)

SCENE III

THE PRECEDING. MARIA LOTUNDIAZ.

(*Just as the alguazils are about taking hold of Fontanares, Maria appears, dressed in the garb of a novice and escorted by a friar and two nuns.*)

MARIA LOTUNDIAZ, *to the Viceroy*.—My Lord, I have just been informed that what I did, with the intention of saving Fontanares from the persecution of his enemies, has turned to his ruin. Having received permission to speak out the truth, I hereby declare that I myself delivered to Quinola my jewelry and my savings. (*Lotundiaz starts back.*) They were my own,

father; I pray God that you may never have to regret your blind prejudices in this matter.

QUINOLA, *throwing off the folds of his cloak*.—Ah, thank Heavens, I feel better now!

FONTANARES, *one knee on the ground before Maria*.—Be blessed, be blessed! Your pure love unites me again, in heavenly bliss, with faith and with hope! You have saved my honor!

MARIA.—Is it not mine also? Fame will come soon!

FONTANARES.—Alas, the fruits of my labor are now scattered among a hundred avaricious hands that would not yield them up except for as much gold as they have already cost. I should merely double the amount of my debts, and fail after all, to reach the goal in time. No, all is over—

FAUSTINA, *to Maria*.—Sacrifice yourself and he is saved!

MARIA.—My father—Count Sarpi— (*Aside*.) Oh, I shall die of it— (*Aloud*.) If you consent to furnish all that is necessary to secure the complete success of Señor Fontanares' invention, then—then—I will obey you, father— (*To Faustina*.) You see, Madame, I sacrifice myself—

FAUSTINA.—You are sublime, my angel. (*Aside*.) At last, I am rid of her!

FONTANARES.—Stop, stop, Maria— Promise nothing! Rather more struggles and perils, rather death itself than to lose you!

MARIA.—So you love me better than you do glory? (*To the Viceroy*.) My Lord, I beg of you to have the jewels returned to Quinola. For my part I go back to the convent with joy in my soul: I shall belong to him or to God!

LOTUNDIAZ.—He must have bewitched her!

QUINOLA.—This maiden would almost make me trust women again!

FAUSTINA, *to Sarpi and Avaloros*.—Shall we never conquer him?

AVALOROS.—I'll have my try now.

SARPI, *to Faustina*.—No, everything is not yet lost. (*To Lotundiaz*.) Take your daughter home with you; she will soon show herself obedient.

LOTUNDIAZ.—May heaven hear you! Come, daughter.

(*Exeunt Lotundiaz, Maria and the friar and nuns who came in with her, Don Ramon and Sarpi.*)

SCENE IV

FAUSTINA. DON FREGOSO. AVALOROS. FONTANARES.
QUINOLA. MONIPODIO.

AVALOROS.—I have studied you carefully, young man, and I have discovered in you an iron will, and a truly great character. Iron always will be the master of gold. Let us be partners, open and above board. I will assume the payment of your debts; I will buy back everything that was sold to-day and give you and Quinola five thousand ducats to permit the completion of your machine. Besides, I will beseech His Lordship, the Viceroy, to graciously forgive your wild outburst.

FONTANARES.—If, in the excess of my grief, I failed in the respect I owe you, My Lord, I beg Your Lordship to forgive me.

DON FREGOSO.—That will do, sir; Don Fregoso cannot be offended.

FAUSTINA.—Ah, this is fine, My Lord!

AVALOROS.—Well, young man, you see what beautiful calm has succeeded the storm. Everything now smiles upon you. Let us agree to fulfill, in good accord, your promises to the King.

FONTANARES.—I have but one incentive toward fortune. Shall I be allowed to marry Maria Lotundiaz?

DON FREGOSO.—You love no one else in the world?

FONTANARES.—No one else, My Lord. (*Faustina and Avaloros whisper to each other.*)

DON FREGOSO.—You never told me this before. You may now count upon my unreserved assistance, young man. (*Exit Don Fregoso.*)

MONIPODIO, *aside*.—They agree, we are lost. I'll flee to France with the duplicate parts of the machinery. (*Exit Monipodio.*)

SCENE V

QUINOLA. FONTANARES. FAUSTINA. AVALOROS.

FAUSTINA, *to Fontanares*.—You see now that I bear you no grudge. As a mark of our reconciliation, will you not attend an entertainment in my house, to celebrate your assured triumph?

FONTANARES.—I cannot help remembering, Madame, that your first kindness concealed a pitfall.

FAUSTINA.—Like all the sublime dreamers who endow the world with their discoveries, how little you understand women and the world!

FONTANARES, *aside*.—I have but a week left— (*To Quinola*.) I will make use of her—

QUINOLA.—As you make use of me.

FONTANARES.—Madame, I shall be there.

FAUSTINA.—I suppose I must thank Quinola for this. (*She hands him a purse*.) Here, take this. (*To Fontanares*.) Until to-night.

(*Exeunt Faustina and Araloros*.)

SCENE VI

FONTANARES. QUINOLA.

FONTANARES.—This woman is as perfidious as the winter sun. Oh, how I hate my ill-luck for awaking in me such suspicious feelings! Is it true, then, there are virtues one must cease to practice?

QUINOLA.—But, sir, why should one suspect the intentions of a lady whose every word is, so to speak, wrapped up in gold? She is in love with you, that's all. Your heart must be very small, indeed, if it can't contain two loves at the same time!

FONTANARES.—Hush! hush! Do you not know that Maria is hope itself! She has comforted my very soul— Yes, yes, I will succeed!

QUINOLA, *aside*.—Where has Monipodio gone? (*Aloud*.) Reconciliation is an easy matter with a woman so kindly disposed as the Brancadori!

FONTANARES, *reproachfully*.—Quinola!

QUINOLA.—Now, sir, you are really upsetting me with your misplaced scruples! How can you expect to fight successfully the wiles of perfidious love with the loyalty of a blind love? I need Madame Branca-

dori's influence to rid us of Monipodio, whose intentions I greatly suspect. When that's done, I'll answer for your final success, and you will marry your Maria.

FONTANARES.—By what means?

QUINOLA.—Ah, sir, by climbing on the shoulders of a far-sighted man one sees even farther than he does. You are an inventor— I am inventive! You saved me from—you know what! I will save you from the claws of envy and the clutches of greed. To everybody his business. Here is gold; come to the tailor and buy a right royal outfit. You must show yourself handsome and proud, like a man on the eve of a great victory. But, remember, you will have to be particularly nice to the Brancadori!

FONTANARES.—Oh, Quinola, tell me how to do that?

QUINOLA.—No, sir, I won't do it, for if I taught you my ways, everything would be lost. You have too much genius to be lacking in the simplicity of a child.

(Exeunt both.)

(CURTAIN ON TABLEAU.)

SECOND TABLEAU

(The scene changes to the drawing-room in Signora Brancadori's palace.)

SCENE VII

FAUSTINA, *alone*.—At last, I have reached the hour toward which all my efforts have been directed for fourteen months! In a few moments, Fontanares will

realize that he has lost his Maria forever. Avaloros, Sarpi and I have paralyzed the efforts of this man's genius and brought him to the eve of his final experiment with empty hands, and with nothing but enemies around him. Ah, now he is truly mine! But, does one ever rise from contempt to love? Alas, never! Ah, if he only realized that for over a year I have been his stubborn enemy, he would hate me savagely and there might then be some hope, since hatred is not the counterpart of love, but simply its other form. I know what I will do. I will tell him everything and then he will hate me!

SCENE VIII

FAUSTINA. PAQUITA.

PAQUITA.—Madame, your orders have been fulfilled to the letter by Monipodio. Señorita Lotundiaz has just been told, through her duenna, that Señor Fontanares is to be in great danger to-night.

FAUSTINA.—Sarpi must have arrived. Tell him that I want to speak to him.

(Exit Paquita.)

SCENE IX

FAUSTINA, *alone*.—Monipodio must be got rid of. Quinola trembles lest he has received the order to make away with Fontanares; such a fear ought not be allowed to exist for a minute.

SCENE X

FAUSTINA. DON FREGOSO.

FAUSTINA.—You are particularly welcome, sir, for I have a favor to ask of you.

DON FREGOSO.—Your request bestows a favor upon me.

FAUSTINA.—Within two hours, Monipodio must not be in Barcelona nor even in Spain; ship him off to Africa.

DON FREGOSO.—What has he done to you?

FAUSTINA.—Nothing.

DON FREGOSO.—Then why—?

FAUSTINA.—Just because— Do you understand?

DON FREGOSO.—I do, and you shall be obeyed at once.
(*He sits down at a table and begins to write.*)

SCENE XI

THE PRECEDING. SARPI.

FAUSTINA.—My cousin, have you in your possession the papers necessary for the immediate celebration of your marriage with Maria Lotundiaz?

SARPI.—Yes, everything is in readiness; the old gentleman drew up the settlements long ago.

FAUSTINA.—Well then, notify the Convent of the Dominicans to have their church prepared for the ceremony. At midnight, you shall marry the heiress, with her full and free consent. (*Low, to Sarpi.*) She will accept you at once when she sees her Fontanares in the hands of the alguazils.

SARPI.—I understand— All that's needed is to have him arrested right here. My position and fortune will be henceforth unassailable—and I owe this to you. (*Aside.*) There's no such lever as a woman's hatred!

DON FREGOSO, *rising from the table, a paper in his hand.*—Sarpi, have this order attended to at once and without mercy.

(*Exit Sarpi.*)

SCENE XII

THE PRECEDING, *minus* SARPI.

DON FREGOSO.—And our marriage, Signora, when is it to take place?

FAUSTINA.—My Lord, my whole future is to be decided during these few hours of festivity; my answer will be given you before the night is over. (*Fontanares appears at the door.*) (*Aside.*) Oh, here he comes! (*To Don Fregoso.*) If you truly love me, leave me for a few moments.

DON FREGOSO, *pointing to Fontanares.*—Alone with him?

FAUSTINA.—Yes; it is my decision.

DON FREGOSO.—Oh! Since he loves no one but this girl, Maria Lotundiaz! (*Exit Don Fregoso.*)

SCENE XIII

FAUSTINA. FONTANARES.

FONTANARES.—The palace of the King of Spain is hardly more splendid than yours, Madame, and you have the manners of a sovereign.

FAUSTINA.—Listen to me, dear Fontanares—

FONTANARES.—Dear? Ah, Madame, you taught me to mistrust such words!

FAUSTINA.—At last you will learn to know the woman you have so cruelly insulted. A horrible disaster is threatening you. I have just been told that Sarpi, acting as the instrument of a terrible power bent upon crushing you, may cause this *fête*, under my own roof to seem like the kiss of Judas. I am informed that, in this very hall, you will be arrested and led to jail. Then your trial will begin, never to come to an end. In the few hours left you, will you be able to complete the equipment of the ship confided to you? Alas, no such thing is possible and your work is doomed. Now I, and I alone, can save you—you and your glory—you and your fortune—

FONTANARES.—You can do that! And how?

FAUSTINA.—Avaloros has placed at my disposal one of his swiftest ships; from Monipodio I have secured a band of his best smugglers— Let us set sail for Venice. The Republic will make you a patrician and give you, for your invention, ten times more gold than Spain would think of paying you— (*Aside.*) They are not coming!

FONTANARES.—If Maria is to go with us, I will trust you!

FAUSTINA.—What! You think of her when you have but a few minutes in which to choose between life and death! Decide now, at once, or it will be too late— We shall be lost!

FONTANARES.—We, Madame? Why, We?

SCENE XIV

THE PRECEDING. SOLDIERS *appear at all the doors.*

AN ALCALDE. SARPI.

SARPI.—Do your duty!

THE ALCALDE, *to Fontanares.*—I arrest you in the name of the King.

FONTANARES.—The hour of my death has come. But I carry my secret away with me and my love will be my shroud.

SCENE XV

THE PRECEDING. MARIA LOTUNDIAZ. LOTUNDIAZ.

MARIA LOTUNDIAZ.—They told me the truth: you have been delivered into the hands of your enemies. It is my duty then to die in your stead, dearest Alfonso, and what a death it is to be! Beloved, heaven is jealous of too perfect love and these cruel events we believe due to fate, are meant to teach us that there is no perfect happiness except in God. You, my own—

SARPI.—Señorita!

LOTUNDIAZ.—Daughter!

MARIA.—Father, Count Sarpi,—you have granted me these few moments of freedom— Keep your promises and I will keep mine— You, the sublime inventor, you soon will assume the obligations of greatness; you will have to face the struggles of your growing ambition; these will suffice to fill your life. During those years, the Countess Sarpi will die a slow

and obscure death within the walls of her mansion. My father, Count Sarpi, it is well understood, is it not, that in exchange for this supreme act of submission on my part, the Viceroy of Catalonia grants to Señor Fontanares an extension of one year in which to complete his experiments?

FONTANARES.—But, Maria, I cannot live without you!!

MARIA.—I shall have to live with your tormentor!

FONTANARES.—Farewell, then; I prefer to die!

MARIA.—Have you not solemnly pledged yourself to the King of Spain, to the world? (*In a low voice.*) Triumph first— We will die afterwards!

FONTANARES.—Be not his, I accept—

MARIA.—Father, fulfill your promise.

FAUSTINA.—I have won!

LOTUNDIAZ, *in a low voice to Fontanares.*—Vile seducer! (*Aloud.*) Here are ten thousand ducats. (*Low.*) Infamous wretch! (*Aloud.*) One year of my daughter's income. (*Low.*) May the plague carry you off. (*Aloud.*) Ten thousand ducats which Señor Avaloros will pay you on receipt of this order.

FONTANARES.—But, Señor, does His Lordship, the Viceroy, consent to these arrangements?

SARPI.—You publicly accused the Viceroy of Catalonia of not honoring the promises of the King of Spain! Here is our answer to your charge. (*He pulls a paper from his pocket.*) This is a decree which, in the interest of the State, stops all the proceedings of your creditors against you and gives you one full year in which to fulfill your promises.

FONTANARES.—I will be ready.

LOTUNDIAZ.—He sticks to his hobby! Now, my daughter, come with me to the convent of the Domini-

cans; the good fathers must be waiting for us by this time. His Lordship does us the honor of attending the ceremony.

MARIA.—So soon! (*The whole party leaves in a procession.*)

FAUSTINA, *to Paquita*.—Go with them, and let me know as soon as the bond is tied.

SCENE XVI

FAUSTINA. FONTANARES.

FAUSTINA, *aside*.—He is there, motionless, as if standing on the edge of a precipice with a pack of tigers after him— (*Aloud.*) Why is not your heart as immense as your brains? Is there but one woman in this world?

FONTANARES.—And do you really believe, Madame, that a man can pull such a love from his heart as he would a sword from its scabbard?

FAUSTINA.—That a woman should love and serve you, I understand well enough; but for you to love so madly is for you to give up a throne. All that the greatest men have ever aimed at: fame, honors, wealth, more than these—a sovereignty above revolutions, the sovereignty of genius, a power over multitudes equal to that of an Alexander, a Caesar, a Charles the Fifth, is awaiting you! And you have placed between you and this magnificent existence a pitiful love affair worthy of a student at the Alcala University! Born a giant, you take pleasure in dwindling to a dwarf! Don't you know that every

man of genius has, somewhere in the world, a woman especially created for him. In the eyes of society she must be a queen; before him, the humblest, most obedient of servants, ready to face with a cheerful visage all the buffets of life's struggles, and to be far-seeing in prosperity as well as in adversity. She must be indulgent to his every whim, and wise in the world's wiles and perils; capable, in a word, to sit like a queen in the chariot of his triumph after helping drag it up the steepest hills.

FONTANARES.—Is it her portrait you have just been drawing?

FAUSTINA.—The portrait of whom?

FONTANARES.—Of Maria.

FAUSTINA.—Has this child known how to defend you? Has she guessed who her rival was? The maiden who has allowed herself to be robbed of you—is she worthy of keeping you? A mere puppet, who let herself be dragged step by step to the altar before which she is standing this minute! I would have killed myself at your feet rather than have submitted! And upon whom does she bestow herself? Upon the unflinching enemy who has received the command to see that your enterprise fail!

FONTANARES.—Ah, but how could I help being true to that inexhaustible love that came thrice to my rescue and which did save me for a time? To that love which, when it has nothing more to offer, sacrifices itself upon the altar of fate and returns to me my honor, in this paper, the letter giving me back my King's esteem and the world's admiration!

(*Enter Paquita who nods to her mistress behind Fontanares' back.*)

FAUSTINA, *aside*.—She is now Countess Sarpi! (*To Fontanares.*) At last thy life, thy fame, thy honor, are in my hands! Maria will never again stand between us!

FONTANARES.—Us! Us!

FAUSTINA.—Why give me the lie, Alfonso? I have now conquered all that was and is yours except your heart! And in my love you will find the most submissive, the most intelligent devotion— Yes, and it will help you to the rank to which you are entitled among men!

FONTANARES.—Your audacity frightens me! With this sum I am still master of my destiny. (*He shows her Lotundiaz's order on Avaloros.*) And when the King shall have witnessed my work and its results he will grant my supplications and cause this marriage, stained with violence, to be annulled by the Holy Father!

FAUSTINA.—Fontanares, if I love you so madly it is perhaps on account of your extraordinary simplicity, doubtless, the stamp of genius—

FONTANARES, *aside*.—When she smiles that way she gives me the cold shivers—

FAUSTINA.—That gold, is it in your possession already?

FONTANARES, *showing the paper in his hands*.—Yes, there it is.

FAUSTINA.—Do you imagine for a moment that the paper would have been given you if the sum was really to come into your hands? Why, when you reach Avaloros' bank you'll find that your creditors have attached the amount in advance. Not a cent will be paid to you. And, without gold, where will you

be? The old fight will have to be fought all over again. For the parts of your machine have not been scattered; they are all mine, bought for me by Mateo Magis and now stored in this palace under our feet. I am the only one who will not steal from you fame or fortune, for it would be like robbing myself—

FONTANARES.—What? You did all that? You cursed Venetian woman!

FAUSTINA.—I did—I did! Since you insulted me, months ago, I have been the leading spirit in the relentless war waged against you! I was behind Magis and Sarpi, behind your creditors, behind the host of the Sol d'Oro, behind your rioting laborers! But how much love was at work under this pretended hatred! Were you never awakened, during your troubled slumber, by a tear, the precious pearl of true repentance falling from my sorrowing eyes on the face of my adored martyr—

FONTANARES.—You are not, you cannot be a woman!

FAUSTINA.—You are right, there is more than a woman in a woman who loves like this!

FONTANARES.—Then, if you are not a woman, I can kill you!!

FAUSTINA.—If it be with your own hand, yes, yes! (*Aside.*) How he hates me!

FONTANARES.—I am trying to find—

FAUSTINA.—A weapon?

FONTANARES.—No, a torture that may equal your crime—

FAUSTINA.—There is no torture that can frighten a woman who loves as I do— Just put me to the test!

FONTANARES.—So, you love me, Faustina? I am your very life? My grief is your grief?

FAUSTINA.—For each grief you suffer, I suffer a thousand!

FONTANARES.—If I die, you will die also? Well then, and although your life be not worth the love I have lost, I have decided what to do.

FAUSTINA.—Ah!

FONTANARES.—I will await in silence and with folded arms, the day when sentence will have to be passed upon me. Thus Maria's soul and mine will flow to heaven together.

FAUSTINA, *throwing herself at his feet*.—Alfonso, I will remain at your feet until you promise me—

FONTANARES.—Ah, infamous courtesan, away from me, away from me! (*He pushes her away.*)

FAUSTINA.—In the open square, you cried out that men end by worshipping what they first despised.

SCENE XVII

THE PRECEDING. DON FREGOSO.

DON FREGOSO, *who has heard the last words of Fontanares*.—You wretched artisan! If, for this insult, I do not thrust my sword through your miserable body it is because I will make you suffer more dearly for this outrage!

FAUSTINA.—Don Fregoso, I love this man and whether he takes me as his wife or as his slave, my love must be his shield in your eyes!

FONTANARES.—More persecutions, My Lord! You fill me with joy! Strike me one hundred blows—She says that she will feel them tenfold on her heart—Begin, I am ready!

SCENE XVIII

THE PRECEDING. QUINOLA.

QUINOLA.—Sir!

FONTANARES.—Are you also betraying me?

QUINOLA.—Monipodio is now sailing toward Africa with bracelets on his wrists and ankles.

FONTANARES.—What of it?

QUINOLA.—He and I, under pretense of robbing you, had duplicates made of every part of your machine and they are safely stored in a cellar known to me only.

FONTANARES.—Ah, with one true friend like this, despair is not possible. (*He embraces Quinola.*) My Lord, write to the King, build in front of the harbor an amphitheater for two hundred thousand spectators! Ten days from now, my promises shall have been fulfilled and Spain shall see a ship propelled only by steam, navigating the waters of the harbor against wind and tide! Come the storm I will conquer it!

FAUSTINA.—You really manufactured another—

QUINOLA.—I manufactured two, in case of accident.

FAUSTINA.—What imps of darkness did that for you?

QUINOLA.—The three children of Job: Silence, Patience, Perseverance.

(Exeunt Fontanares and Quinola.)

SCENE XIX

FAUSTINA. DON FREGOSO.

DON FREGOSO, *aside*.—Her conduct is abominable—and I love her still!

FAUSTINA.—I must have my revenge! Will you help me?

DON FREGOSO.—Yes, and we will ruin him!

FAUSTINA.—Ah, you do love me in spite of everything—you!

DON FREGOSO.—Alas, after such a scandal, how can I make you Marchioness of Fregoso?

FAUSTINA.—Ah, if I made but a sign—

DON FREGOSO.—I can dispose of myself, Madame; of my ancestors, never!

FAUSTINA.—A love that is not boundless is not love! Good-by, My Lord, I shall revenge myself single-handed.

DON FREGOSO.—Beloved Faustina—

FAUSTINA.—Beloved!

DON FREGOSO.—Yes, dearly beloved, now and forever! From this hour, Fregoso is nothing but a wretched old man whose sorrow will find a terrible avenger in this cursed artisan. My life is closed. Be kind and do not return to me the pictures I was so delighted to offer you. (*Aside*.) She will need their value soon enough. (*Aloud*.) They will remind you of a man you treated cruelly many a time, but who forgave you over and over again, for, with his passionate love for you, was mixed a deep paternal affection.

FAUSTINA.—If I were not so mad, Don Fregoso, I almost think that you would soften me; but it is only

at the right moment that one can bring tears into my eyes!

DON FREGOSO.—To the last, then, I shall have done things at the wrong time!

FAUSTINA.—Did I not love him as I do, your touching farewell would secure you my heart and my hand. For, in spite of all, My Lord, I could yet make you a proud and worthy wife.

DON FREGOSO.—Then listen to this appeal toward an honest life and do not throw yourself blindly into the abyss!

FAUSTINA.—You see, I may yet be Marchioness of Fregoso! (*Exit Faustina, laughing.*)

SCENE XX

DON FREGOSO, *alone*.—Old men ought, indeed, to be heartless.

(CURTAIN ON FOURTH ACT.)

FIFTH ACT

(The stage represents a terrace in front of the Barcelona City Hall, flanked on either side by lofty pavilions. It faces the sea, and a broad balcony runs along the back of the stage. In the distance, masts are seen, showing some large ship to be close by. There are entrances, right and left. A high arm-chair, other seats and a table are grouped to the right of the spectators. One hears the cheers of an immense crowd. Leaning over the balcony, Faustina is gazing upon the steamboat half hidden from view of the audience. To the left stands Lotundiaz plunged in the deepest stupefaction. To the right stands Don Fregoso and a secretary who has just completed the report of the experiment. The Grand-Inquisitor occupies the center of the stage.)

SCENE I

LOTUNDIAZ. THE GRAND-INQUISITOR. DON FREGOSO.

DON FREGOSO. — I am lost, ruined, dishonored! Should I throw myself at the King's feet I would find him merciless!

LOTUNDIAZ. — What a price I have had to pay for my patents of nobility! My son killed in an ambuscade, away in the Low Countries! My daughter at the point of death, and her husband, the Governor of Roussillon, refusing to let her come to me for fear that she be present on the day of Fontanares' triumph!

She was right when she said I would repent, some day, my obstinate blindness!

THE GRAND-INQUISITOR, *to Don Fregoso*.—The Holy Office has reminded the King of your past services; you are to be appointed Viceroy of Peru where a few years will suffice to reconstruct your fortune. But before you go, you must complete your work; we must crush this sacrilegious inventor and smother his dangerous invention.

DON FREGOSO.—But how can this be done? Must I not obey His Majesty's orders, at least in appearance?

THE GRAND-INQUISITOR.—We have prepared you the means of proving your obedience to the Holy Office as well as to the King. You will simply have to act as you are told. (*To Lotundiaz*.) Count Lotundiaz, as the chief magistrate of Barcelona, you are instructed to offer, in the name of the city, the prepared crown of gold to Don Ramon, author of the glorious discovery which secures to Spain the empire of the seas.

LOTUNDIAZ, *surprised*.—To Don Ramon?

THE GRAND-INQUISITOR *and* DON FREGOSO.—To Don Ramon.

DON FREGOSO.—You will address him your congratulations.

LOTUNDIAZ.—But—

THE GRAND-INQUISITOR.—By order of the Holy Office.

LOTUNDIAZ, *bending his knees*.—Forgive me.

DON FREGOSO.—What name do you hear the crowd shouting? (*Outside cries of "Long live Don Ramon."*)

LOTUNDIAZ.—I hear "Long Live Don Ramon!" Well, I like it better that way. I'll get some revenge for all the harm I have done to myself!

SCENE II

THE PRECEDING. DON RAMON. MATEO MAGIS. THE
HOST OF THE SOL D'ORO. COPPOLUS. ESTEBAN.
GIRONE. A CROWD OF POPULACE.

(All the characters as well as the populace group themselves in a semicircle to the center of which Don Ramon is led with much ceremony.)

THE GRAND-INQUISITOR.—In the name of His Majesty the King of Spain, Castile and the Indies, I address you, Don Ramon, the congratulation due to your magnificent genius. *(He leads him to the chair of State.)*

DON RAMON, *aside*.—After all, the other was merely the hand, I was the head. Ideas are above machines. *(To the crowd.)* On such a day, modesty would be out of place and an insult to those honors conquered through so many vigils. One has a right to be proud of one's successes!

LOTUNDIAZ.—In the name of the City of Barcelona, I offer you, Don Ramon, this crown of gold which is truly yours as a reward for your perseverance, in bestowing upon the world an invention worthy of immortality.

SCENE III

THE PRECEDING. FONTANARES, *his clothes all soiled by the work but just completed*.

DON RAMON.—I accept— *(noticing Fontanares)* under the condition that I shall share these honors

with the courageous artisan who has so worthily assisted me in my undertaking.

FAUSTINA.—How modest!

FONTANARES.—Is this a joke?

ALL.—Long live Don Ramon!

COPPOLUS.—Don Ramon, in the name of the merchants of Barcelona we beg you to accept this silver crown, as a token of their gratitude for a discovery which is to open a new era of commercial prosperity.

ALL.—Long live Don Ramon!

DON RAMON.—I am delighted to see that the business world understands the value of steam.

FONTANARES.—Come forward, O you, my workmen, whom I notice in this crowd; you, sons of the common people, whose labor and sweat had a part in my work, come forward and bear witness before all! Tell them whether or not the models you forged came solely out of my own hands; speak out and say who, Don Ramon or myself, has created this new power which the sea has just been compelled to acknowledge?

ESTEBAN.—I can only say that without Don Ramon you would have found yourself in a bad muddle!

MAGIS.—More than two years ago I had a talk with Don Ramon on the subject and he asked me to supply the funds for this experiment.

FONTANARES, *to Don Fregoso*.—My Lord, what is this strange vertigo that has seized the whole population of Barcelona? I enter this palace still covered with the noble stains of my labor, and I am greeted with cheers addressed to Don Ramon, and I see you here, standing motionless and silent, thus sanctioning the most shameful robbery ever committed on the face of the earth. (*Mutterings in the crowd.*) Alone I made a

promise to the King of Spain, alone I risked my head in an attempt to fulfill that promise—and now, now that everything is done, completed, accepted, I find here, in my stead, an *ignoramus*, a Don Ramon!! (*Increased mutterings.*)

DON FREGOSO.—An old soldier has but a poor knowledge of scientific matters, sir, and has to accept facts as they are presented to him. All Catalonia recognizes that Don Ramon is entitled to priority as far as this invention is concerned, and everybody here declares that you could have reached no result without him. It is my duty to inform His Majesty of the circumstances in the case.

FONTANARES.—He has the priority, has he? The proof?

THE GRAND-INQUISITOR.—In his work on the casting of cannons, Don Ramon speaks of an invention called thunder, by your teacher, Leonardo da Vinci, and adds that it might be applied to navigation.

DON RAMON.—And so, after all, you have been reading my works, young man?

FONTANARES, *aside*.—Oh, I would give my glory for revenge!

SCENE IV

THE PRECEDING. QUINOLA.

QUINOLA, *low to his master*.—Sir, the pear was too fine—there is a worm in it.

FONTANARES.—What do you mean?

QUINOLA.—I think it must be hell that has returned to us that man Monipodio, athirst for revenge. He is

on board your ship with a gang of rascals and ready to sink it if you do not at once send him ten thousand ducats.

FONTANARES.—Heaven has heard me! The ocean I wanted to conquer is to-day my only protector and will keep my secret forever! (*To Quinola.*) Hurry up and manage it so that Monipodio will sink my ship within the next few minutes.

QUINOLA.—What! Sink the ship! Which of us is stark mad, sir?

FONTANARES.—Obey.

QUINOLA.—But, my dear master—

FONTANARES.—Obey— Your life and mine are at stake!

QUINOLA.—To obey without knowing why—it will be the first time; but I will risk it. (*Exit Quinola.*)

SCENE V

THE PRECEDING, *minus* QUINOLA.

FONTANARES, *to Don Fregoso.*—My Lord, let us set aside, for the present, the question of priority, which will be easily settled by the courts. The important point for me, just now, is to keep my head from being placed again in jeopardy. You cannot refuse me a transcript of the official records showing that the experiment has proved successful and that I have redeemed my promise to the King.

DON RAMON.—Then you recognize the validity of my claims—?

FONTANARES.—I recognize everything you wish me to admit, even that $O + O$ is a binomial.

DON FREGOSO, *after having consulted the Grand-Inquisitor*.—Your request is a proper one. Here is an attested copy of the records; the original, we keep.

FONTANARES.—Then my life is safe. Now, all you here present, you proclaim Don Ramon, also present, the real inventor of the ship which you have just seen propelled by steam against wind and tide, in full view of two hundred thousand Spaniards?

ALL, *with one voice*.—We do!

FONTANARES.—Then, if Don Ramon is the author of this marvel, he will have no trouble doing the whole thing over again (*a terrific noise is heard in the distance*) now that this extraordinary vessel has ceased to exist! (*Commotion in the crowd.*) Such a power as steam is not handled without danger, and this peril which Don Ramon did not suspect, has caused a disaster just as he was receiving his rewards! (*Great tumult outside. Everybody in the hall rushes to the balcony to see what is happening in the harbor.*) Vengeance is mine!

DON FREGOSO, *to the Grand-Inquisitor*.—What will the King say?

THE GRAND-INQUISITOR.—Oh, France is afire, the Low Countries are rising in revolt, His Majesty has too many cares to trouble himself about a ship more or less. This invention and the Reformation—it was too much at one time! For some centuries to come the world will escape the contagion of ideas.

(*Exeunt all.*)

SCENE VI

QUINOLA. FONTANARES. FAUSTINA.

FAUSTINA.—Alfonso, how much harm I have done you!

FONTANARES.—Maria is dying, Madame; I do not any longer know the meaning of good and evil!

QUINOLA.—He is a man at last!

FAUSTINA.—Only forgive me, and I will devote myself to building you another career!

FONTANARES.—Forgive—that is another word erased from my lexicon. From certain torments, the heart emerges either broken or steeled. A few months ago, I was but twenty-five years old; to-day, I am fifty! You made me lose a world—you owe me another—

FAUSTINA.—Alfonso, is not a love like mine worth more than a world?

FONTANARES.—Indeed it is, for, through it, you have become an extraordinary instrument of ruin and destruction. From this day on, with you as my slave, I shall overcome and humiliate all those who have dared to stand in my way!

FAUSTINA.—I will be your slave, doing your bidding without a word!

FONTANARES.—But harbor no hope of conquering me— You know, henceforth, there will be nothing but steel here— (*He strikes his left breast.*) You taught me what the world is—nothing but greediness, low cunning and treachery! There will be two of us fighting it with its own weapons!

QUINOLA.—Sir?

FONTANARES.—Well?

QUINOLA.—What of me?

FONTANARES.—You, Quinola, the only one for whom there is a warm spot left in my heart! Why, the *three* of us are going to—

FAUSTINA.—Going to?

FONTANARES.—To France.

FAUSTINA.—Let us start at once; I know Spain and they must already be planning your death.

QUINOLA.—Quinola's resources are now at the bottom of the sea. Please excuse his blunders; he surely will do better in Paris. And, besides, I believe hell is paved with good inventions!

(FINAL CURTAIN.)

PAMELA GIRAUD

A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS

*Presented for the first time, at the Théâtre de la Gaîté,
in Paris, September 26, 1843.*

CHARACTERS

GENERAL DE VERBY.

DUPRE, a lawyer.

ROUSSEAU, a wealthy Parisian merchant.

JULES ROUSSEAU, his son.

JOSEPH BINET.

GIRAUD, a janitor and the father of Pamela.

THE CHIEF OF THE SECRET POLICE.

ANTOINE, a servant of Monsieur Rousseau.

PAMELA GIRAUD.

MADAME DU BROCARD, a widow.

MADAME ROUSSEAU.

MOTHER GIRAUD.

JUSTINE, maid to Madame Rousseau.

AN INVESTIGATING JUDGE.

A POLICE CAPTAIN.

Policemen, gendarmes, etc.

The action takes place in Paris, at the time of a Napoleonic conspiracy, under Louis XVIII. (1815-24).

PAMELA GIRAUD

FIRST ACT

(The stage represents the interior of a mansard-roofed garret used as a bed-room and working-room by an artificial-flower maker. It is poorly lighted by means of a tallow-candle on the work-table. The rear of the stage shows the slope of the mansard-roof to be steep enough for a man to hide under it, close to the floor, near the window. The door is at the right; an open fire-place, at the left.)

SCENE I

PAMELA, *working at her flower-bench.* JOSEPH BINET,
seated near her. Later JULES ROUSSEAU.

PAMELA.—Monsieur Joseph Binet.

JOSEPH.—Mademoiselle Pamela Giraud?

PAMELA.—Do you really want me to hate you?

JOSEPH.—Of course, if hatred is to be the beginning of love—hate me as hard as you can.

PAMELA.—Drop this nonsense.

JOSEPH.—So, you won't let me tell you how much I love you?

PAMELA.—No, indeed I won't. I wish you to understand, once for all, that I am not going to marry a mere upholsterer's assistant.

JOSEPH.—Must I get to be an emperor, or something

like that, to aspire to the hand of an artificial-flower maker?

PAMELA.—No; all you need is to be loved—and I do not love you in any way.

JOSEPH.—In any way? I thought there was but one way to love?

PAMELA.—That may be, but there are certainly several ways of *not* loving somebody. Now, for instance, I can be your friend without loving you—

JOSEPH.—Oh!

PAMELA.—Or you might be perfectly indifferent to me—

JOSEPH.—Ah!

PAMELA.—And finally, I might hate you, really and seriously hate you— Just at present, you are simply boring me, and that's the worst of it all!

JOSEPH.—I bore her! I, who am never tired of obeying her slightest wishes!

PAMELA.—If you did that, you would not stay here now.

JOSEPH.—If I go, will you love me a little bit?

PAMELA.—I never love you better than when you are absent.

JOSEPH.—Then, if I never came?

PAMELA.—You'd give me a great pleasure.

JOSEPH.—Why should it be that I, the chief assistant of Monsieur Morel, one of the best upholsterers in Paris, and about to start business for myself, should have fallen so deeply in love with Mademoiselle? I have lost taste for my work, I am thinking of her day and night, I feel I'm getting daft on the subject— But there are other girls in Paris; why should you, Mademoiselle Pamela Giraud, show yourself so uppish?

PAMELA.—You are right, why should I? I am nothing but the daughter of a bankrupt master tailor who has had to take refuge in a janitor's lodge. I just make enough to live—if one can call living to work at a confining task fourteen hours out of the twenty-four. Once in a long while I can afford a little outing in the suburbs, to pick lilacs, at the Pres-St.-Gervais or at some other of the country dancing-grounds. I know, of course, how far above me is the chief assistant of Monsieur Morel and I could never think of entering a family that would think their son was marrying below his station—the Binet family!

JOSEPH.—But what has been the matter with you for the last week or so, my dainty darling of a little Pamela? It was hardly more than ten days ago that I used to come here almost every night and help you cut your leaves, make stems for your roses and hearts for your daisies, while we were chatting so comfortably. Sometimes we would go to the theatre and cry together, listening to some heart-rending melodrama. You called me your little Joseph, your good, kind Joseph; in a word I was the sort of Joseph husbands are made out of! Suddenly, without notice, it's all changed—

PAMELA.—Oh, do leave me now, please— You are neither in the street nor in your own room!

JOSEPH.—All right, Mademoiselle, all right; I'm going. I'll walk downstairs and have a little talk with Mother Giraud. She doesn't sneer at me, she doesn't; she is ready enough to accept Binet as a member of the family— She doesn't change her mind every few days—

PAMELA.—Well then, Monsieur Joseph, while you are

not to enter the family just at present you might visit my parents' lodge and talk matters over with my mother. (*Exit Joseph.*) He may interest the dear old people enough to keep them from noticing Monsieur Adolphe Durand, when he slips past the janitor's office as he comes to see me. Ah, Adolphe! What a lovely name! It sounds so romantic! And what a handsome fellow he is! For the last fortnight, it has been a regular siege on his part— I knew I was not so very, very, homely—but I never thought I was so pretty as he says I am— He must be an artist or some way-up clerk— But I don't care what he is; I like him because he looks so distinguished! Still, his appearance may be deceptive; after all, he may be some wicked person— The letter he just sent me by messenger is so strange. (*Reading.*) "Wait for me to-night and try to arrange it so that nobody will see me enter the house. My life is at stake— Ah, if you knew the terrible fate that pursues me!—Adolphe Durand." It is written with a pencil— He says his life is in danger— Oh, I am so anxious, so anxious—

JOSEPH, *on the threshold of the door.*—As I was going down the stairs I said to myself: "If only Pamela—" (*Jules' head appears and disappears outside the window.*)

PAMELA, *who has seen it.*—Ah!

JOSEPH.—Why do you say, "Ah!"

PAMELA.—I thought I saw—I thought I heard a noise in the loft above— Will you go up and find out if there is anybody there? You are not afraid, are you?

JOSEPH.—Afraid? Not a bit.

PAMELA.—Well, then, go up and investigate every nook and corner. Otherwise, I won't sleep a wink to-night.

JOSEPH.—I am going—I am going. If you wish it, I'll inspect the roof, besides. (*He steps out in the direction of a small staircase leading to the roof, and which is visible when the door is opened.*)

PAMELA.—Thank, you; look carefully, please. (*Jules entering the room through the window.*) Ah, sir, what a part you force me to play!

JULES.—You are saving my life, and you'll never regret it, for you know how passionately I love you! (*He kisses both her hands.*)

PAMELA.—I know— You tell me so—but you act toward me—

JULES.—As toward one who is saving my life—

PAMELA.—Since I received your last letter, I feel all upset—I don't know who you are or what brings you here—

JOSEPH, *from the window above*.—Mademoiselle, I am in the loft—I am looking over the roof—

JULES.—He will be back in a minute. Where can you hide me?

PAMELA.—But you cannot stay in this room?

JULES.—Then you want my ruin, Pamela?

PAMELA.—Here he comes— Go there! (*She points to the dark place under the sloping roof.*)

JOSEPH, *re-entering the room*.—Mademoiselle, you are not alone!

PAMELA.—Of course not—since you are back—

JOSEPH.—I am sure I heard a man's voice— You know, sound goes up—

PAMELA.—Yes, when it does not come down. Better look on the stairs.

JOSEPH.—Still I am sure—

PAMELA.—Sure of nothing— Now, go, sir; I must be alone.

JOSEPH.—Alone with a man's voice, eh?

PAMELA.—So, you don't believe me?

JOSEPH.—Oh, but I heard the voice, all right.

PAMELA.—Fiddlesticks!

JOSEPH.—But, Mademoiselle!

PAMELA.—If you prefer to trust any buzzing in your ears to what I tell you, I am afraid you would make a poor kind of a husband— It's a good thing I found this out in time—

JOSEPH.—All this does not alter the fact that I heard—

PAMELA.—Since you are so obstinate, I guess I may as well agree with you— Yes, yes, you are right, you heard the voice of a man, of a young man who does everything I tell him to: he comes and he vanishes at a word from me. Now what are you standing here for? Do you think that, with him here, your presence is particularly welcome? Rather go down to father and mother and ask them what his name is— He must have told it, as he passed the lodge, or his voice has, anyhow!

JOSEPH.—Mademoiselle Pamela, you must forgive a poor fellow, half crazy from love for you. It is not my heart—it's my head I lose when you are in question! Don't I know well enough that you are as good as you are beautiful? And that your soul is even more perfect than your person? I would not care if I heard ten voices, a hundred voices, in your room—but *one* voice—

PAMELA.—Well?

JOSEPH.—One voice, it would be different! But I am going now. I was saying all this in fun, you know; I

feel sure now that you are going to be alone. Good-night, Mademoiselle Pamela, I am off; I have full confidence, full confidence—

PAMELA, *aside*.—He suspects something!

JOSEPH, *aside*.—I know there is some one here—I'll hurry and tell father and mother Giraud about it— (*Aloud.*) By-by, Mademoiselle Pamela— (*Exit Joseph.*)

SCENE II

PAMELA. JULES.

PAMELA.—You see, Monsieur Adolphe, to what you are exposing me— This poor fellow is a skilled, prosperous and warm-hearted workman. He has an uncle ready and able to buy him a business in his line. He wants to marry me—and, in the last few minutes I have compromised my whole future—for one I know nothing about, except that your conduct in the matter shows me that you must be some rich young man to whom the reputation of an honest, hard-working girl means very little, if anything!

JULES.—Please, please, dearest Pamela, do not speak that way— I know you well and my respect for you equals my love— Yes, I am rich, but that makes things all the easier for our love— Henceforth we shall never leave each other. A traveling carriage is waiting for me at a friend's door, near the St. Denis gate. We will start, right now, and walk to my post-chaise, which will drive us at once to the coast, from

which we shall cross over to England! There is no time for me to explain matters in this room; we must go at once unless you want something fatal to happen to me!

PAMELA.—Something fatal? What can it be?

JULES.—I'll tell you on our way there—

PAMELA.—Are you out of your head, my dear Monsieur Adolphe, to make me such a crazy proposal? Why, you have hardly known me a month, and after a chance meeting at a country ball, half a dozen short visits to this room, and a number of protestations of undying love, you come to me, all of a sudden, to propose an elopement to take place within ten minutes—

JULES.—Not even ten minutes but at once, at once— It would be the remorse of your life if you ever realized what the slightest delay may bring about!

PAMELA.—Cannot everything of importance be told in two words?

JULES.—Not if the secret involves the lives of many people—

PAMELA.—If your life were truly at stake I would do a great deal for you, although I understand nothing of the matter and so little of you— But then, why should you take me with you to England? What earthly use could I be to you in your flight?

JULES.—Child, you do not know that two eloping young lovers excite no suspicions! And then I feel that I love you so passionately that I do not hesitate to risk my parents' wrath and will marry you as soon as we reach Gretna Green!

PAMELA.—Marry me— So—at once—I am beside myself— This poor young man—in such danger—so fond of me—so pressing—

JULES.—Some one on the stairs—I am lost— This delay will cost me my life—

PAMELA.—Oh, what are you saying? Can anything so awful happen through my fault? Stay here, I'll see who is coming—

JULES.—Before you go, take these 20,000 francs in notes; they will be safer in your hands than in that of the police. Well, I had but half an hour before me, and that's gone!

PAMELA, *who is standing near the door, listening*.—No danger yet— It's my parents, that's all—

JULES.—You are so bright and clever that I'll trust you to get me out of this safely and at once—and, mind, you are to come with me— Have no fear; upon my honor, nothing but good can result for you— (*He goes back and hides under the sloping roof.*)

SCENE III

PAMELA, *on the threshold of her door*. GIRAUD AND MADAME GIRAUD. *Their daughter stands in the way of their entering farther than one step into the room.*

PAMELA, *aside*.—He is certainly in dire peril and he surely loves me—two reasons why I should save him at all costs—

MADAME GIRAUD.—Well, well, Pamela, our comfort in all our troubles, the mainstay of our old age, our only hope in this world!

GIRAUD.—A girl so strictly brought up!

MADAME GIRAUD.—Shut up, Giraud—you don't know what you're talking about!

GIRAUD.—All right, Madame Giraud.

MADAME GIRAUD.—As I was just telling you, Pamela, you are highly spoken of by all the neighbors as a girl who will prove such a help to her parents in their old age—

GIRAUD.—And worthy of receiving the prize for virtue.

PAMELA.—Then what's all this scolding about?

MADAME GIRAUD.—Joseph just told us that you are hiding a man in your room—

GIRAUD.—He heard a voice—

MADAME GIRAUD.—Shut up, Giraud—Pamela, do not listen to your father!

PAMELA.—And you, mother, do not listen to Joseph!

GIRAUD.—Just what I was telling you on the stairs, Madame Giraud! Doesn't Pamela know how much we count upon her? Isn't she determined to make a good match, as much for us as for herself? She feels so bad to see us, the authors of her being, reduced to the condition of janitors, and she is much too sensible to do anything so foolish as that! Isn't that so, child? You are not going to say nay to your old father?

MADAME GIRAUD.—Now, tell me, darling, you are sure there is nobody in the room? Because, you know, a decent working-girl receiving company in her room after ten at night would be awfully compromised—

PAMELA.—But if there were any one here, wouldn't you have seen him enter the house?

GIRAUD.—She is right.

MADAME GIRAUD.—Maybe, but she is not answering my question; I want to look through the room and the closet

PAMELA.—Stop, mother! I can't allow it— You have no right to doubt me—I love you, I love my father, and I swear on everything that's most sacred, I have done nothing wrong, nothing, nothing! You can not, you will not, withdraw your confidence from a daughter you have trusted so long and so justly!

MADAME GIRAUD.—Then why don't you explain to us—?

PAMELA, *aside*.—I cannot— If they saw this young man, in a moment everybody would know—

GIRAUD, *insisting*.—We are your mother and father and we must see if—

PAMELA.—Then, for the first time in my life, I shall have to disobey you. I am of age, I am self-supporting. This room's rent I pay out of my earnings—

MADAME GIRAUD.—Oh, Pamela, on whose head were all our hopes!

GIRAUD.—You are ruining your chances in life—and I will be a janitor the rest of my days!

PAMELA.—No, no, have no fear— Everything will turn out all right. I'll tell you now— Yes, there is someone here— (*Putting her hand on her mother's lips.*) Hush! Not a word. You go back downstairs at once, and tell Joseph that he was absolutely mistaken, that you looked over the room and found nobody. When he is gone, come back, and I'll show you the young man, and tell you his intentions. But you must keep my secret!

GIRAUD.—Wretched child— What an insane proposal! Who are you taking your father for? (*Noticing the package of bank notes on the table.*) What's all that money?

MADAME GIRAUD, *making a motion to enter further into*

the room, her daughter restraining her.) Money? Pamela, where did you get it?

PAMELA.—I will write you all about it—

GIRAUD.—Write! She is going to elope!

SCENE IV

THE PRECEDING. JOSEPH BINET.

JOSEPH BINET, *entering*.—I knew he was some scamp or other—some robber chief or burglar— The house is surrounded, police, soldiers, gendarmes, the whole outfit—

JULES, *coming out of his hiding-place*.—I am lost!

PAMELA.—I did all I could.

GIRAUD.—And who are you, sir?

JOSEPH.—Are you a—?

MADAME GIRAUD.—Speak out, quick!

JULES.—If it hadn't been for this idiot I'd be in safety by this time— Young man, you'll have to reproach yourself for causing a man's death!

PAMELA.—Monsieur Adolphe, you are innocent?

JULES.—I am.

PAMELA.—Then, everything is not lost— Come this way, we'll foil them yet— (*She opens a small window in the roof; it is guarded by police.*)

JULES.—Too late to flee, but you may save me yet— Listen: I am your daughter's sweetheart and I have just asked you for her hand. I am of age, my name is Adolphe Durand and my father is a rich merchant of Marseilles.

GIRAUD.—A lover, both honest and rich! Young man, I take you under my protection!

SCENE V

THE PRECEDING. THE CHIEF OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

A POLICE CAPTAIN. POLICEMEN,

GENDARMES, SOLDIERS.

GIRAUD.—Gentlemen, by what right do you force an entrance into an inhabited house and rush into the room of a peaceful maiden?

JOSEPH.—Yes, by what right?

THE POLICE CAPTAIN.—Never mind about our right, young fellow. A few minutes ago you were willing enough to show us the hiding place. Now, all of a sudden, you are against us.

PAMELA.—For whom are you looking? Whom do you want?

THE POLICE CAPTAIN.—Then you know that we are looking for some one?

GIRAUD.—Before we came in, sir, there was but one person with my daughter—her future husband, Monsieur—

THE POLICE CAPTAIN.—Monsieur Rousseau.

PAMELA.—Monsieur Adolphe Durand.

GIRAUD.—I don't know any Rousseau. The gentleman here is Monsieur Adolphe Durand.

MADAME GIRAUD.—The son of a respected merchant of Marseilles.

JOSEPH, to *Pamela*.—Ah, you were deceiving me then and that's the meaning of your coldness; this man is—

THE POLICE CAPTAIN, to *the Chief of the secret Service*.—Then he's not our man?

THE CHIEF OF THE SECRET SERVICE.—Yes, yes, he is; you just obey my orders.

JULES.—I assure you, sir, that it's a case of mistaken identity. My name is not Jules Rousseau—

THE CHIEF OF THE SECRET SERVICE.—Ah, you know his given name, it appears; no one here mentioned it.

JULES.—I have heard about him— Besides my passport is in regular shape—

THE POLICE CAPTAIN.—Produce it, please.

GIRAUD.—Gentlemen, I can only assure you, once more, that—

THE CHIEF OF THE SECRET SERVICE.—If you keep on trying to make us believe that this gentleman is Monsieur Adolphe Durand, the son of a merchant—

MADAME GIRAUD.—Of Marseilles—

THE CHIEF OF THE SECRET SERVICE.—I'll have you all arrested as his accomplices, and locked up to-night inside the Conciergerie Prison. You'll be mixed up then, in a criminal prosecution from which it will be mighty hard to escape. If you care for your head—?

GIRAUD.—I do, I do!

THE CHIEF OF THE SECRET SERVICE.—Not a word more, then!

MADAME GIRAUD.—Not a word more, Giraud.

PAMELA, *aside*.—Oh, if I had only obeyed him at once!

THE POLICE CAPTAIN, *to two policemen*.—Search him. (*They pull out a handkerchief from Jules' pocket and pass it over to the Chief.*)

THE CHIEF OF THE SECRET SERVICE, *looking at it*.—Marked J and R, is it? My dear sir, you are not very clever—

JOSEPH.—What can he have done? Do you belong to his gang, Mademoiselle?

PAMELA.—Never speak to me again! You may be the cause of his death!

THE CHIEF OF THE SECRET SERVICE, *to Jules*.—Here is the bill of your dinner, to-night, at a Palais-Royal restaurant. While there, you wrote a penciled note and sent it here through one of your friends, Monsieur Adolphe Durand, who has loaned you his passport. We are sure of what we say: you are Monsieur Jules Rousseau!

JOSEPH.—Jules Rousseau! The son of that rich Monsieur Rousseau for whose drawing-room we are making a superb set of furniture?

THE POLICE CAPTAIN.—That'll do. Be silent.

THE CHIEF OF THE SECRET SERVICE, *to Jules*.—And you, sir, follow us.

JULES.—I am ready, sir. (*To Giraud and his wife*.) I hope you will excuse the trouble I have caused you. And you, Pamela, do not forget me. Should we never meet again, keep what I have given you and may you be happy.

GIRAUD.—Lord in heaven!

PAMELA.—Poor, poor, Adolphe!

THE POLICE CAPTAIN, *to a couple of policemen*.—You stay with me; we will search the room and question all these people.

JOSEPH, *horror-stricken*.—And when I think that she preferred a criminal to me!

(*Jules is placed in the custody of the police and as he leaves the curtain drops.*)

(CURTAIN ON FIRST ACT.)

SECOND ACT

(The stage represents a drawing-room in the Rousseau home. As the curtain rises, Antoine is seen looking over the newspapers.)

SCENE I

ANTOINE. JUSTINE.

JUSTINE.—Have you read the papers, Antoine?

ANTOINE.—Isn't it a shame that the servants in this house can find out nothing about Monsieur Jules' affair except through the papers?

JUSTINE.—That's so, but Monsieur, Madame and Madame du Brocard, Madame's sister, don't seem to know much more. For three months now, Monsieur Jules has been kept in what is called the secret cell. Nobody but the Investigating Judge and the jailers come near him.

ANTOINE.—They say the plot was great— They were going to place the Other back on the throne!

JUSTINE.—Think of it! Here is an only son with nothing in the world to do but to have a good time and with the prospect of inheriting twenty thousand a year from his widowed aunt, besides coming into his parents' sixty thousand a year—and he must go and risk his head in a conspiracy!

ANTOINE.—I like him for it; for were they not trying to get the Emperor back! I don't care if they cut my head off, but we are alone, you don't belong to the police, and we'll cry: "Long live the Emperor!"

JUSTINE.—Hush! Hush! Old fool! The next thing, you'll get the whole house arrested.

ANTOINE.—I am not afraid and my answers to the Investigating Judge, when he had me sent for, won't help convict Monsieur Jules. The poor young man trusted some of his co-conspirators too far and they peached to save their necks.

JUSTINE.—Madame du Brocard could not put her big savings to a better use than that of trying to rescue her nephew.

ANTOINE.—Oh, money won't be of much use this time— Since General Lavalette's escape nothing can be done any more that way; they watch the prison gates too closely; it is worse than ever. I am awfully afraid Monsieur Jules will have to suffer the final penalty. He will be a noble martyr; I shall go to see him— (*A bell rings, exit Antoine.*)

JUSTINE, *alone*.—He says he'll go to see him on the—I don't understand how any one can have the courage to witness such a frightful end of some one he knew—I—I shall try and see the trial, though— The poor child, I owe him that proof of—

SCENE II

DUPRE. ANTOINE. JUSTINE.

ANTOINE, *entering with Dupre, aside*.—That's their lawyer. (*Aloud.*) Justine, tell Madame that Monsieur Dupre is here. (*Aside.*) He seems a hard nut to crack! (*Aloud.*) Does Monsieur l'avocat see any hopes for Monsieur Jules?

DUPRE.—So, you are very fond of your young master, are you?

ANTOINE.—It's only natural, sir.

DUPRE.—What would you do to save him?

ANTOINE.—Everything, sir.

DUPRE.—That means nothing.

ANTOINE.—Nothing! Why I'd testify to anything you'd tell me to.

DUPRE.—Yes, and if it contradicted what you have already said, you would be tried for perjury, and do you know what you would get?

ANTOINE.—No, sir.

DUPRE.—Ten or twenty years in the penitentiary!

ANTOINE.—Ah, that would be awful, sir.

DUPRE.—Yes, I see, you would like to serve him without compromising yourself.

ANTOINE.—Is there any other way I can be of use to him?

DUPRE.—None that I know of.

ANTOINE.—Then I'll risk it.

DUPRE, *aside*.—What? A devoted servant?

ANTOINE.—I am sure Monsieur will give me a life pension.

JUSTINE, *entering*.—Here is Madame.

SCENE III

THE PRECEDING. MADAME ROUSSEAU.

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—Ah, Monsieur Dupre, we were expecting you with such impatience! (*To Antoine*) Quick—tell your master that Monsieur Dupre is here! Ah, sir, our last hope lies in you!

DUPRE.—You may feel assured, Madame, that I will do everything in my power—

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—Oh, you do not know how grateful I am! For Jules, my darling child, is not guilty. How could he cause the government any trouble? Why, a cross word from me, his mother, puts him all in a tremble! Ah, sir, tell me that you will return him to us!

ROUSSEAU, *entering, to Antoine*.—Yes, General Verby— Bring him here as soon as he arrives— (*To Dupre.*) And what is the good news, my dear Monsieur Dupre?

DUPRE.—No news of any kind. To-morrow the fight in court will be started in earnest. To-day, they have gone through the preliminaries, the reading of the indictment, etc.

ROUSSEAU.—So far, I understand, my poor Jules has not weakened?

DUPRE.—He has not; he acknowledges nothing and sticks to the part of the unsophisticated victim of circumstances. But, if we cannot bring forth some strong testimony to shake the powerful evidence of the State, we are in a sorry plight.

ROUSSEAU.—Ah, sir, save my son, and half my fortune is yours!

DUPRE.—If I had all those half fortunes thus offered me, I should be too rich.

ROUSSEAU.—Do you doubt the extent of my gratitude?

DUPRE.—I shall await results, sir.

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—Have pity on a poor mother!

DUPRE.—I assure you, Madame, nothing excites my curiosity, my interest, more than the manifestation of a genuine feeling; it is so seldom met with in Paris.

On that account, I cannot remain unmoved by the poignant grief of a family threatened with the loss of an only son. You may depend on my best efforts.

ROUSSEAU.—Ah, sir—

SCENE IV

THE PRECEDING. GENERAL DE VERBY. MADAME
DU BROCARD.

MADAME DU BROCARD, *showing the way to General de Verby*.—Come in, my dear General.

DE VERBY, *to Rousseau*.—Ah, my dear sir, I have just learned—

ROUSSEAU, *introducing*.—General, Monsieur Dupre; Monsieur Dupre, General de Verby. (*They bow to each other.*)

DUPRE, *aside, while Rousseau is talking to the General*.—He owes his promotion to Court intrigues; his brother is Gentleman of the Chamber to the King. I imagine he is here for a purpose—

DE VERBY.—I am told, sir, that you have charge of the defense of Monsieur Jules Rousseau in this most unfortunate affair?

DUPRE.—Yes, General; and a most unfortunate affair it is, indeed; for the really guilty ones are not in jail. Once again, the courts will severely punish the tools while the wielders of them will go scot free. Are you the General, Vicomte de Verby?

DE VERBY.—Plain General Verby, sir. I use no title— My opinions—I suppose you have seen the documents in the case?

DUPRE.—Only in the last three days have we been allowed to confer with the prisoners.

DE VERBY.—And what do you think will be the outcome?

ALL.—Yes, tell us, what do you think of it.

DUPRE.—My long experience at the bar leads me to believe, that, after obtaining a pitiless verdict of guilty, the government will offer a commutation from the penalty of death to a milder one in exchange for revelations.

DE VERBY.—Ah, but the prisoners are all men of honor!

ROUSSEAU.—Still—

DUPRE.—One's principles are apt to suffer a change when one faces the scaffold. It is especially so when a man has much to lose beside his life.

DE VERBY, *aside*.—One ought to plot only with penniless fellows!

DUPRE.—For my part, I shall advise my client to tell everything he knows.

ROUSSEAU.—Of course.

MADAME DU BROCARD.—Certainly.

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—He'll have to do it.

DE VERBY, *anxiously*.—So, you really believe that he has no other chance?

DUPRE.—None whatever. The Attorney-General has full evidence that he took part not only in the concoction of the plan but in its full execution, so far as it went.

DE VERBY.—I would sooner lose my head than my honor.

DUPRE.—It depends whether the head is worth more than the honor.

DE VERBY.—Your ideas are very—

ROUSSEAU.—They are mine.

DUPRE.—They are those of the great majority. I have seen many things done to save a head— You must remember that there are people who make a specialty of pushing others forward while remaining themselves in the background ready to gather the profits of victory if things turn that way. Have such people any honor? Are those they have fooled bound to show them any mercy?

DE VERBY.—No mercy whatever; they are scoundrels.

DUPRE, *aside*.—He said that with the right ring— All the same this man brought poor Jules to ruin, and he'll bear watching—

SCENE V

THE PRECEDING. ANTOINE. *Later* JULES, brought in by policemen in plain clothes.

ANTOINE.—Madame—Monsieur— A carriage has just stopped in front of the house— Several men stepped out, with Monsieur Jules between them. They are bringing him upstairs.

MONSIEUR and MADAME ROUSSEAU.—My son!

MADAME DU BROCARD.—My nephew!

DUPRE.—I suppose they want to look through his papers in his presence.

ANTOINE.—Here he is! (*Jules appears followed by policemen and accompanied by an Investigating Judge and his clerk. Young Rousseau runs to his mother.*)

JULES —Mother! dear mother! (*He kisses her.*) At

last I see you again! (*To Madame du Brocard, kissing her also.*) My dear aunt!

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—My darling child! Sit here, close to me. They won't dare to take you away—(*To policemen who come toward the prisoner.*) Leave him alone, leave him to me!

ROUSSEAU, *rushing to him.*—Have pity on a poor mother!

DUPRE, *to the Investigating Judge.*—Sir—

JULES.—Dear mother, restrain yourself— Soon I shall be a free man again—really I shall—and then we will never part any more!

ANTOINE, *to Monsieur Rousseau.*—They want to search Monsieur Jules' room—

ROUSSEAU, *to the Investigating Judge.*—All right—I will go with you myself, sir. (*To Dupre.*) Do not leave Jules a moment. (*He leaves the room with the Judge after the latter has signed to the police to keep close watch over their prisoner.*)

JULES, *taking De Verby's hand.*—Ah, General! (*To Dupre.*) And you also, Monsieur Dupre, so kind, so generous, I find you here comforting my mother. (*To Dupre, low.*) Conceal the truth from her. (*Aloud.*) You may tell her everything just as it is, so that she may know I run no danger—

DUPRE.—I will tell her that she can save you.

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—I—

MADAME DU BROCARD.—And how can she do it?

DUPRE.—By beseeching him to reveal the names of those on whose account he has acted.

DE VERBY.—Sir!

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—Oh, but you must do it! You must! I order you to, I, your mother!

MADAME DU BROCARD.—Yes, my nephew is bound to speak out without reserve— He has been left in a most horrible position by people who led him on and then abandoned him. In his turn, he has the right to—

DE VERBY, *low to Dupre*.—What, sir! You would advise your client to betray—

DUPRE, *like a flash*.—Whom?

DE VERBY, *visibly disturbed*.—But—can no other means be found? Monsieur knows the duty a man of honor owes to himself.

DUPRE, *aside*.—He is the man! I was sure of it!

JULES, *to his mother and aunt*.—Never, though I die for it, never will I compromise any one! (*Involuntary movement of relief on the part of the General.*)

MADAME ROUSSEAU. — Lord in heaven! (*Looking around and seeing all exits guarded.*) And no means of escape!

MADAME DU BROCARD.—Not one!

ANTOINE, *entering*.—Monsieur Jules, they want you in the next room.

JULES.—I am coming.

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—I go with you. (*She goes with him to the door and parleys with the policeman who guards it.*)

MADAME DU BROCARD, *to Dupre who is keeping his eyes on the General*.—Monsieur Dupre, I thought that, perhaps—

DUPRE, *interrupting her*.—A little later, Madame, if you please. (*He escorts her to the door; exeunt together Jules, his mother, his aunt and his guards.*)

SCENE VI

DUPRE. DE VERBY.

DE VERBY, *aside*.—These Rousseaus have secured a lawyer who is both wealthy and devoid of ambition. Besides, he has the strangest ideas—

DUPRE, *looking at the General as he comes down the stage, aside*.—Now, I must get at his secret. (*Aloud.*) You show a great interest in my client, General?

DE VERBY.—I *feel* a great interest.

DUPRE.—I am still at a loss to understand what could induce a young man like our friend, with plenty of money and a natural love of pleasure, to throw himself into such a conspiracy!

DE VERBY.—The seduction of glory, I suppose!

DUPRE, *with a smile*.—Oh, don't say such things to a lawyer who has been in active practice for twenty years. Too many men and cases have passed through his hands for him not to have discovered that lofty phrases serve only to disguise mean, selfish purposes. I can truthfully say that I never have met a human being that was not an egotist at heart.

DE VERBY.—I suppose you argue cases without being paid for them.

DUPRE.—I often do; and I never argue one I do not believe in.

DE VERBY.—You are a rich man, of course.

DUPRE.—I inherited a competence. Otherwise, the world being what it is, I should have ended long ago in the poorhouse.

DE VERBY.—Then it is because you believed in young Rousseau's innocence that you took charge of his defense?

DUPRE.—Yes, and also because I think he has been duped by persons belonging to a higher social circle. I love to help dupes when they have been trapped through no debasing scheming on their part—in other words, when they are honest dupes, not foolish tricksters.

DE VERBY.—You evidently belong to the tribe of men-haters?

DUPRE.—I do not esteem men enough to hate them; on the other hand, I never met any one I could truly love—I am satisfied to study my fellow beings and to watch them acting their parts with more or less cleverness. It is true that I have no illusions left, but I can still laugh like any theater-goer! I never hiss, though; I am not interested enough!

DE VERBY, *aside*.—How can such a man be influenced? (*Aloud.*) Is it possible that you have never had any need of others, sir?

DUPRE.—Never.

DE VERBY.—But you must be in pain sometimes?

DUPRE.—When I am, I want to be alone— Besides, in Paris, one can buy everything, even careful nursing. I continue living because there are duties to be performed, for no other reason— I have tested philanthropy, friendship, love, and found them all wanting; of all make-believers there is none more disgusting than the sentimental one.

DE VERBY.—And what about love of country, sir?

DUPRE.—How paltry it sounds after Love of Humanity!

DE VERBY, *discouraged*.—So you see in young Rousseau an enthusiast?

DUPRE.—No, sir, I see in him a riddle to be solved,

and, thanks to you, I'll unravel it all right. (*A start from the General.*) Speaking frankly, I do not believe that you are entirely unacquainted with the whole business.

DE VERBY.—Sir—

DUPRE.—You can save this young man—

DE VERBY.—I? And how, if you please?

DUPRE.—By corroborating the testimony Antoine is willing to give.

DE VERBY.—I have my reasons for not appearing at the trial.

DUPRE.—Oh, I see— You did belong to the conspiracy—

DE VERBY.—Sir!

DUPRE.—And you induced the poor lad to follow you—

DE VERBY.—Sir, such wild statements—

DUPRE.—Do not try to deceive me. I know better. I only wonder what inducements you brought forward. The young man is rich, he—

DE VERBY.—Sir, if you say a word more on the subject—

DUPRE.—I don't care enough for life to be intimidated by a threat!

DE VERBY.—Sir, you are perfectly convinced that Jules will get out of this safe and sound; but if you induced him to misbehave in the matter he would lose all his chances of marrying my niece and of inheriting the title of my brother, one of his Majesty's Gentlemen of the Bed-Chamber.

DUPRE.—Ah, that was the bait? And my young friend is just as much of a schemer as the rest of the crowd! You, General, had best think over what I

have just told you. You have a number of influential friends—and a strict duty to perform.

DE VERBY.—A duty? I fail to see—

DUPRE.—You lured him into the trap, you must get him out of it. (*Aside.*) I have got him nailed down!

DE VERBY.—I'll think the matter over, sir.

DUPRE.—Don't imagine that you can escape me—

DE VERBY.—A general who feared no peril, will certainly not be frightened by a mere lawyer!

DUPRE.—Do as you please then. (*De Verby walks out in a huff and collides with Joseph at the door.*)

SCENE VII

DUPRE. JOSEPH BINET.

JOSEPH.—It was only yesterday, sir, that I learned that you were to defend Monsieur Jules Rousseau. I went to your house, but you did not return until late. This morning, early, you had already left. As I happen to be working in this apartment, I had an idea I might see you here some time during the day.

DUPRE.—What do you want of me?

JOSEPH.—My name is Joseph Binet.

DUPRE.—Well, what of it?

JOSEPH.—Meaning no offense, sir, I have saved, centime after centime, a sum of fourteen hundred francs; I am a journeyman upholsterer and my uncle, Dumouchel, a retired tavern-keeper, is well-off—

DUPRE.—Hurry up and tell me what you are after.

JOSEPH.—Fourteen hundred francs is quite an amount, but then they say lawyers come dear! I only wish I were a lawyer; she'd marry me—

DUPRE.—What is all that nonsense about?

JOSEPH.—It's not nonsense. I have the money in my pocket; here it is, sir. And it's for you.

DUPRE.—For me? What do you mean?

JOSEPH.—Oh, it is for you if only you save Monsieur Jules from the guillotine—if you get him off with a term of transportation or exile. I don't want him to die, but I'd like him to take a long journey. He is rich; he'll have a good time. So, you just save his head and have him disposed of for fifteen years or so, and my fourteen hundred francs are yours. Above the bargain, I'll make you a first-class arm-chair—Now, is it a go?

DUPRE.—What is your object in making me such an offer?

JOSEPH.—My object? I want to marry Pamela—that's my object. Pamela, my sweet little Pamela!

DUPRE.—And who is your Pamela?

JOSEPH.—Why! Pamela Giraud, who makes flowers.

DUPRE.—And what connection is there between Pamela Giraud and Jules Rousseau?

JOSEPH.—You don't know that? Why I thought lawyers were paid to know everything! I am not surprised some people believe advocates are good for nothing—I take back my offer, I do. Now, listen: Pamela accuses herself, or rather accuses me, of having delivered Monsieur Jules' head to the guillotine man and she will have nothing more to do with me. Now, if I save him, I mean if I save his head—for he ought to be sent out for, say fifteen years—I could marry Pamela and the peace of my home would be secure. What's fifteen years? Nothing; but, during that time

my children will have grown, my wife will be over her infatuation— You understand?

DUPRE.—This one is candid, anyway— Those who scheme openly like that are not the worst kind; they sometimes have pretty good hearts—

JOSEPH.—What is he talking about? A lawyer that talks to himself, that's like a candy-maker eating his own goods— Sir?

DUPRE.—So your Pamela is in love with Monsieur Jules?

JOSEPH.—You know, as long as he is in such a dangerous position, women will rave over him—

DUPRE.—Did they see each other often?

JOSEPH.—Too often— Just the same, if I had known, I'd have helped him get away.

DUPRE.—Is she beautiful?

JOSEPH.—Beautiful, my Pamela? The idea! Why, she is as beautiful as the Louvre Apollo!

DUPRE.—Keep your fourteen hundred francs, my good fellow; if you and your Pamela are really kind-hearted you may help me save him from the scaffold. For it has come to the point where he has to be snatched away from it!

JOSEPH.—Ah, sir, don't say that to Pamela; she is low-spirited enough already.

DUPRE.—But I'll have to see her this morning

JOSEPH.—I'll let her know through her father and mother.

DUPRE.—Oh, she has a father and mother, has she? (*Aside.*) That's going to increase the expense considerably. (*Aloud.*) What are they?

JOSEPH.—Respectable janitors.

DUPRE.—All right.

JOSEPH.—The father failed as a tailor.

DUPRE.—I see— Now, go and notify them that I am going to call on them in a few hours. And, above everything, keep silent or you'll ruin Monsieur Jules' last chance.

JOSEPH.—I'll keep mum.

DUPRE.—You and I never met.

JOSEPH.—Never. I am going— (*He starts to go but steps to the wrong door.*)

DUPRE.—This way out.

JOSEPH.—Thank you, great lawyer. Will you allow me to give you a little piece of advice: make it transportation for ten or fifteen years; it will teach him to leave the government alone— (*Exit Joseph.*)

SCENE VIII

ROUSSEAU. MADAME ROUSSEAU. MADAME DU
BROCARD, *assisted by Justine.* DUPRE.

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—My poor child! How brave he is!

DUPRE.—I hope to rescue him, Madame; but it will not be without great sacrifices.

ROUSSEAU.—Half of my fortune is at your disposal, sir.

MADAME DU BROCARD.—And half of mine.

DUPRE.—Some more half fortunes! I am going to try and do my duty; later your turn will come. We shall judge each other on results. Be of better cheer, ladies—I have some new hopes.

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—Ah, sir, what are you saying?

DUPRE.—Yes, a few moments ago, your son seemed lost; now I think I see a loophole of escape.

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—What has to be done?

MADAME DU BROCARD.—What do you ask of us?

ROUSSEAU.—We will obey you implicitly.

DUPRE.—I'll soon find out if you do— Here is the whole story, and I think I could carry the jury with its help. Your son had a love affair with a working girl, an artificial-flower maker, named Pamela Giraud, and the daughter of a janitor.

MADAME DU BROCARD.—I see— People of no account—

DUPRE.—You may have to be on your knees pretty soon before these people of no account— It appears that your son was constantly in the girl's company and therein lies his only chance of acquittal. Perhaps, on the very evening the Attorney-General says he took part in a meeting of the conspirators, he was visiting her. If the facts are really so; if the girl states in court that he did not leave her; if her parents both corroborate this declaration; if, finally, your son's rival in Pamela's good graces confirms the testimony, we may hope for the best. Between an alibi as strongly backed and a verdict of guilty the jurors undoubtedly will choose the alibi.

MADAME ROUSSEAU, *aside*.—Ah, sir, you give me a new lease of life!

ROUSSEAU.—Our gratitude will never die!

DUPRE, *looking at the three fixedly*.—What sum of money am I authorized to offer them?

MADAME DU BROCARD.—They are poor, are they not?

DUPRE.—Yes, but their family honor is at stake.

MADAME DU BROCARD.—Oh, the honor of a flower-girl!
DUPRE, *with a sneer*.—It can't be worth much!

ROUSSEAU.—What do you think?

DUPRE.—I think you are haggling about the price to pay for your son's head.

MADAME DU BROCARD. — Monsieur Dupre, now, really—

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—Yes, really—

DUPRE.—Really, what?

ROUSSEAU.—I don't understand these hesitations. Monsieur Dupre, you may go as high as you think proper.

DUPRE.—Then you give me full powers to treat? But what reparation shall I offer, if the girl has to sacrifice her good name to give you back your son, who, perhaps, told her he loved her?

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—If she is a good, pure, girl, he'll marry her; that's what he will do! I come from the working class, myself; I was not born a Marchioness.

MADAME DU BROCARD.—Why, sister, what are you saying? And the De Verby match, have you forgotten all about it?

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—Sister, we must save him!

DUPRE, *aside*.—Here is a new comedy; it will be the last one I'll care to witness to its conclusion. I'll start things going. (*Aloud.*) It might be a good idea for you to visit the girl secretly.

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—Indeed you are right, sir; I must go to the girl, beseech her— (*She rings the bell.*) Antoine! Justine! (*Antoine appears at the door.*) Have the carriage at the door as quickly as possible—

ANTOINE.—Yes, Madame.

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—Dear sister, you must come with me— Ah, Jules, my poor Jules!

MADAME DU BROCARD.—They bring him back here.

SCENE IX

THE PRECEDING. JULES, *escorted by the police. Later*
DE VERBY.

JULES.—Mother, good-by—(*he kisses her*) no— Au revoir! I shall see you again soon. (*Rousseau and Madame du Brocard kiss Jules.*)

DE VERBY, *entering the room and walking to Dupre.*—I will do what you asked me to, sir. One of my friends, Monsieur Adolphe Durand, will testify that Jules was entirely absorbed in an intrigue with a working girl with whom he was about to elope.

DUPRE.—That will do; all depends now upon the success of our immediate efforts.

THE INVESTIGATING JUDGE, *to Jules.*—Let us leave, sir.

JULES.—I am ready, sir. Be of good cheer, mother; all will turn out right! (*He waves a last good-by to Dupre and Rousseau. De Verby manages to make him a secret sign to keep silent.*)

MADAME ROUSSEAU, *to Jules, as he leaves the room.*—My dearest, dearest child, keep up your courage, we'll save you yet! (*Jules throws a last kiss to his mother and vanishes.*)

(CURTAIN ON THE SECOND ACT.)

THIRD ACT

(The stage represents Pamela's room.)

SCENE I

PAMELA. GIRAUD. MADAME GIRAUD.

(Pamela is standing by her mother who is knitting; Father Giraud is at work cutting a coat from a coarse piece of cloth at a table near by.)

MADAME GIRAUD.—I don't want to be hard on you, daughter, but you are at the bottom of all that's happening now.

GIRAUD.—Of course she is. Why, if we came to Paris to live, it was not only because the tailoring trade is no good in the country, but, above all, because we had lots of ambition for the future of our little Pamela. We said: "We'll take service in some large house and by dint of hard work we'll manage to have the girl learn a nice, easy trade. And as she will show herself as good and industrious as she is pretty, she'll surely catch a first-class husband and our old age will be passed in comfort.

PAMELA.—Please, father!

MADAME GIRAUD.—The whole thing was just the same as done.

GIRAUD.—It was— We had the luck to find a fairly good janitor's position, and you were making artificial

flowers that beat the garden-grown variety. As for a husband, why, here was neighbor Joseph Binet—he would have married you any time.

MADAME GIRAUD.—Instead of that, the scandal of this affair has caused us to be dismissed by our landlord and the whole street is full of all kinds of ugly gossip about you on account of the arrest of that young man in your own room.

PAMELA.—What does all the gossip matter, since I am not guilty of any wrongdoing?

GIRAUD.—Of course we know you are innocent, child; otherwise, should we be here, mother and I, and as fond of you as if you had not brought down all these troubles upon our heads? I tell you, Pamela, when an honest girl has her parents on her side, the rest of the world may bark until it is hoarse—she need not blush.

SCENE II

THE PRECEDING. JOSEPH BINET.

MADAME GIRAUD.—I declare, if it isn't Joseph Binet?

PAMELA.—Monsieur Binet, why are you coming here? Had it not been for you, and your obstinate curiosity, Monsieur Jules would not have been found here—Please, go—

JOSEPH.—I come to speak to you of him.

PAMELA.—Is that so? Oh, then, speak, Joseph, speak!

JOSEPH.—You don't send me away, any more, I see—Well, I have seen Monsieur Jules' lawyer, and I offered him all I had to help save the prisoner.

PAMELA.—You did that?

JOSEPH.—I did— Wouldn't you be pleased if he were only sentenced to transportation?

PAMELA.—Joseph, you are a truly kind-hearted fellow! And I believe that you love me. From now on, we shall be good friends.

JOSEPH, *aside*.—I should hope so!

(Some one knocks at the door.)

SCENE III

THE PRECEDING. GENERAL DE VERBY. MADAME
DU BROCARD.

MADAME GIRAUD, *opening the door*.—Company!

GIRAUD.—A lady and a gentleman!

JOSEPH.—Who can they be?

(Pamela rises and makes one step toward General de Verby who bows to her.)

MADAME DU BROCARD.—Mademoiselle Pamela Giraud?

PAMELA.—That's my name, Madame?

DE VERBY.—You will kindly excuse us, Mademoiselle, if we have taken the liberty of calling upon you without informing you of our coming.

PAMELA.—That's all right, Sir. May we know the object of your visit?

MADAME DU BROCARD.—And you, good people—you are the father and mother of this young woman, I suppose?

MADAME GIRAUD.—Yes, Madame.

JOSEPH, *aside*.—She called them “good people”—
She must be a great lady—

PAMELA.—Will the lady and gentleman sit down?

(*Madame Giraud brings chairs for the newcomers.*)

JOSEPH, *to Giraud*.—I say, they are high-toned
people: the gentleman wears the red ribbon.

GIRAUD, *looking*.—You are right, he does.

MADAME DU BROCARD.—I am the aunt of Monsieur
Jules Rousseau.

PAMELA.—You are, Madame? And the gentleman,
is he his father?

MADAME DU BROCARD.—No, just a friend of the fam-
ily. We have a service to ask of you, Mademoiselle.
(*Looking askance to Joseph.*) Is this—person—your
brother?

GIRAUD.—No, Madame, just a neighbor.

MADAME DU BROCARD.—Then, send him away.

JOSEPH, *aside*.—Send him away! How she said
that! I'd like to know by what right—?

(*Pamela makes Joseph a sign to withdraw.*)

GIRAUD, *to Joseph*.—You had best go, Joseph; they
have something confidential to tell us.

JOSEPH.—All right—all right— (*Exit Joseph.*)

SCENE IV

THE PRECEDING, *minus* JOSEPH.

MADAME DU BROCARD.—You are acquainted with my
nephew, Mademoiselle. I am not here to blame you
on that account; your parents alone have the right—

MADAME GIRAUD.—God be praised, no blame attaches to her in the matter.

GIRAUD.—It's on account of your nephew that people are gossiping about her, but she is absolutely innocent.

DE VERBY, *interrupting*.—We believe it; but suppose it were necessary that she should appear guilty.

PAMELA.—What do you mean, sir?

GIRAUD *and* MADAME GIRAUD.—Why, that's preposterous!

MADAME DU BROCARD, *grasping the General's idea*.—Still if the only way to save a poor young man's life—

DE VERBY.—Is to declare in court that Monsieur Jules Rousseau spent the greater part of the night between the 24th and 25th of last August in this room, with you, Mademoiselle?

PAMELA.—Ah, sir!

DE VERBY, *to the two Girauds*.—If both of you had to testify in corroboration of your daughter's statement?

MADAME GIRAUD.—Never shall I say such a terrible thing.

GIRAUD.—What! Insult my child? Sir, I have gone through all kinds of troubles; I have come down from a tailor's shop to a janitor's lodge, but never, never, have I forgotten that I am a father! Our daughter! Why, she is the pride of our declining years, and you ask us to besmirch her good name?

MADAME DU BROCARD.—Kindly listen to me, sir.

GIRAUD.—No, Madame, I will not— My darling daughter, the hope of my white hair—

PAMELA.—Father, please, do not excite yourself—

MADAME GIRAUD.—Now, Giraud, allow the lady and gentleman to explain.

MADAME DU BROCARD.—It is a family in the greatest of sorrows that is beseeching you to save him!

PAMELA, *aside*.—Poor, poor, Jules!

DE VERBY, *low to Pamela*.—His fate is in your hands!

MADAME GIRAUD.—We are not hard-hearted people; we understand the terrible anguish of a mother with a son in such danger—but what you ask of us cannot be done!

(Pamela weeps behind her handkerchief.)

GIRAUD.—Here, she is crying again!

MADAME GIRAUD.—She has hardly done anything else for days!

GIRAUD.—I know my daughter— She is just the one to go and tell the whole thing in court—even against our will.

MADAME GIRAUD.—I am awfully afraid she would— You see, she loves your nephew and to save his life— Well, I should do the same in her place—

MADAME DU BROCARD.—Ah, let yourselves be touched—

DE VERBY.—Give in to our prayers—

MADAME DU BROCARD, *to Pamela*.—If you truly love Jules—

MADAME GIRAUD, *bringing her husband to Pamela, and in a low voice*.—Now, listen, Giraud. She loves this young man and he is surely fond of her, too— If she does make such a sacrifice for his sake, marriage is the price he ought to pay.

PAMELA, *quickly*.—No, no, never! *(Aside.)* His family would be furious!

DE VERBY, *to Madame du Brocard*.—They are consulting together.

MADAME DU BROCARD.—We will have to make a sacrifice! Take them by their love of money; that never fails.

DE VERBY.—When we came to ask you for so great a sacrifice, we knew that you could count on our gratitude. Jules' family, which might have been indignant at your association with him, is now, on the contrary, ready to contract obligations toward you—

MADAME GIRAUD, *to her husband and daughter*.—Well, what did I tell you?

PAMELA, *with joy in her face*.—Jules! Could it be possible?

DE VERBY.—I am authorized to make positive promises to you.

PAMELA, *deeply moved*.—Ah!

DE VERBY.—How much do you want for the sacrifice you are ready to make for his sake?

PAMELA, *dumfounded*.—How—much—I want—for saving Jules! For what low creature do you take me, Sir?

MADAME DU BROCARD, *protesting*.—Mademoiselle!

PAMELA.—You have made a terrible mistake, lady. When you came to us, poor people, you did not realize what it was you were asking of us— You, Madame, ought to have known better, for whatever her rank, her education, the honor of a woman is her dearest treasure. But you thought that this treasure, which, in your families you surround with such care, such respect, could be readily bought here, in a garret! And you came, saying to each other: Money will purchase a working-girl's honor!

GIRAUD.—Ah, that's fine! I recognize my blood.

MADAME DU BROCARD.—My dear child, don't get offended that way— Money is money, after all!

DE VERBY, *to Giraud*.—Of course it is! And six thousand francs a year is a fair price for a—

PAMELA.—For a lie! Well, sir, you'll have it for less, but, by heaven, I know how to have myself respected! Good-by, sir! (*She makes a deep bow to Madame du Brocard and withdraws to a small connecting room.*)

DE VERBY.—What are we to do?

MADAME DU BROCARD.—I am amazed!

GIRAUD.—Of course six thousand a year is quite a sum—but my daughter is like me, she is proud—

MADAME GIRAUD.—And she will never consent!

SCENE V

THE PRECEDING. JOSEPH BINET. DUPRE. MADAME ROUSSEAU.

JOSEPH.—That way, sir; this way, Madame. (*Enter Dupre and Madame Rousseau.*) Here are father and mother Giraud.

DUPRE, *to the General*.—I regret that you should have forestalled us here.

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—My sister doubtless told you, Madame, the nature of the sacrifice we are hoping your daughter may consent to make to save my son. Only an angel can do this!

JOSEPH.—What sacrifice?

MADAME GIRAUD.—None of your business!

DE VERBY.—We just had an interview with Mademoiselle Pamela—

MADAME DU BROCARD.—And she has refused!

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—Lord in heaven!

DUPRE.—She refused what?

MADAME DU BROCARD.—Six thousand a year!

DUPRE.—I was sure you had offered her money.

MADAME DU BROCARD.—But it was the only way—

DUPRE.—To spoil everything. (*To Madame Giraud.*)
Madame, will you kindly tell your daughter that Monsieur Jules Rousseau's lawyer is here and is most anxious to see her.

MADAME GIRAUD.—Oh, you will obtain nothing from her—

GIRAUD.—Nor from us, either.

JOSEPH.—But what are they after?

GIRAUD.—Shut up!

MADAME DU BROCARD, *to Madame Giraud.*—Offer her—

DUPRE, *interrupting.*—Ah, please, Madame du Brocard, please— (*To Madame Giraud.*) Beg her, in the name of the mother of Jules. We must see her.

MADAME GIRAUD.—Oh, it will be of no use, sir. Think of it, to offer the girl money in this rough way when the young man had promised to marry her!

MADAME ROUSSEAU, *carried away.*—Well, what of it?

MADAME GIRAUD, *quickly.*—What did you say, Madame?

DUPRE, *pressing Madame Giraud's hand.*—You just go and fetch your daughter. (*Madame Giraud enters the room to the left.*)

DE VERBY *and* MADAME DU BROCARD.—You converted her?

DUPRE.—I did not; Madame did.

DE VERBY, *to Madame du Brocard*.—What promise has she made?

DUPRE, *noticing Joseph who is listening*.—Be silent, General. I think it would be best if you kept the ladies company in the next room, while I have my talk with the young girl. Here she comes. Ladies, and you also, gentlemen, I wish you to leave us alone together, Mademoiselle and I.

(Pamela and her mother enter the room, the young girl bowing respectfully to Madame Rousscan who looks at her with emotion. Then Dupre leads every one into the room just vacated by Pamela. Joseph remains behind.)

JOSEPH, *aside*.—What is all this fuss about? They all talk of sacrifice— What sacrifice? I could get nothing out of Father Giraud! I can't have this sort of thing going on. If I am to pay my fourteen hundred francs to that lawyer I must know how he is behaving.

DUPRE, *coming to Joseph*.—Joseph Binet, you will have to leave us.

JOSEPH.—But since you are going to talk about me?

DUPRE.—Go, if you please.

JOSEPH, *aside*.—They are hiding something from me. *(To Dupre.)* I have prepared the way; she'll accept transportation for him. You may bank on it!

DUPRE.—All right. Now, go.

JOSEPH, *aside*.—But I am not going. *(While the others are not looking, he slips into a closet, near the entrance door.)*

DUPRE.—Let me first thank you for consenting to receive me. I know what has happened and I am not going to speak to you as they did a few minutes ago.

PAMELA.—Just to look at you, sir, I feel sure of that.

DUPRE.—First, tell me, do you love this honest young fellow, Joseph Binet?

PAMELA.—I know that lawyers are almost like father-confessors.

DUPRE.—Yes, they are sworn to the same discretion. You may speak to me openly.

PAMELA.—Well, sir, I did love Joseph, or rather, I thought I did, and at that time I would gladly have become his wife. I realized that with his hard-working habits he soon would be his own master and that we had before us a life of congenial work together. On reaching a certain degree of prosperity, we would have taken my parents into our home, and thus our life might have rolled on, simply and smoothly.

DUPRE, *aside*.—This young girl's manner strikes me most favorably. I wonder if the impression will be confirmed. (*Aloud.*) You stop— What are you thinking of, now?

PAMELA.—I was thinking of this past, so happy when compared to the present. It did not take me two weeks to have my head completely turned by Monsieur Jules. In fact I hardly had seen him, when I felt for him that love I had heard other girls speak of so vehemently—a love that would lead you to suffer anything for the sake of the loved one. I used to say, listening to them: "Will it ever be so with me?" And now, there is nothing I would not do for Monsieur Jules' sake. A moment ago, they offered me money—those persons from whom I expected such noble feelings, and I could not help crying out in disgusted indignation! Money! I have money! Twenty thousand francs, in this room, and they are yours—that is, they are his. I have kept them

untouched to use them some time for his rescue! For, do you know, it was my want of faith in him that caused his arrest! I refused to trust him, who showed such absolute confidence in me!

DUPRE.—He gave you twenty thousand francs?

PAMELA.—Yes, sir; he confided that amount of money to me. It is in that drawer; should he die, I will return it to the family— But, tell me— promise me, he shall not die— (*She stifles a sob.*)

DUPRE.—My dear child, remember that your life, your happiness, perhaps, may depend on the truth you will put into your answers. Answer me as you would God himself.

PAMELA.—I will do so, sir.

DUPRE.—You never loved any man?

PAMELA.—Never.

DUPRE.—I think I am frightening you— You do not give me your full confidence—

PAMELA.—Indeed I do sir; I swear it on everything that's most sacred— It is Gospel truth that since we came to Paris to live, I never have left my mother's side, thinking of nothing outside of my work and my home duties. A few minutes ago, when these people spoke as they did, I was bewildered, then beside myself with anger; now, with you, it seems so different, I feel like opening my very heart. Yes, it is true, I never loved a man before I met Monsieur Jules; now I will never love any one else and I would follow him to the end of the world! You see, I speak to you as I would to God!

DUPRE.—Then I can appeal to your heart and beseech you to grant me that favor which you have refused to the others. All I want you to do, remem-

ber, is to tell the truth, the whole truth. You are the only one on earth whose testimony, in open court, may yet save Jules Rousseau from a dread fate— You love him, Pamela, and although I fully understand what it will cost you to confess publicly that—

PAMELA.—To confess that I love him? Would that be sufficient to save him?

DUPRE.—It will, I answer for it!

PAMELA.—Well, then—

DUPRE.—Dear child—

PAMELA.—He is saved!

DUPRE, *with a peculiar stress*.—But, you will be compromised—

PAMELA.—I do not mind that—for his sake!

DUPRE, *aside*.—Then, I shall not die without having met one noble, disinterested human being! (*Aloud.*) Pamela, you are a kind, generous girl!

PAMELA.—Ah, to act that way is one's consolation in the little troubles of life!

DUPRE.—And, besides, my dear child, you are frank, quick, and bright— Now, if we are to succeed in what we have before us, you must display plenty of assurance and an indomitable will.

PAMELA.—That shall not fail me, sir; you'll see.

DUPRE.—Do not allow yourself to be upset— Have the bravery to tell everything— For a moment, let us imagine that we are now inside the court-room. Here are the presiding judge, the prosecuting attorney, the prisoner, myself, and the twelve men of the jury— Besides, a large audience filling the immense hall. Now, remember, you are to remain perfectly self-possessed—

PAMELA.—I will. I will— Don't you fear!

DUPRE.—A court-officer leads you to the witness stand. After you have stated your name, etc., the presiding judge will ask you if you know the prisoner—What will you answer?

PAMELA.—I shall answer the truth— I met Monsieur Jules about a month before his arrest, on the Island of Amour in the Belleville Park.

DUPRE.—In whose company was he then?

PAMELA.—I only saw him!

DUPRE.—You did not hear him or his companions talk politics?

PAMELA, *surprised*.—Monsieur, I should think the court would know that politics are quite out of place on the Island of Amour!

DUPRE.—A good answer. Next, you will have to tell the court all you know about Jules Rousseau—

PAMELA.—Here again the truth is easily told; I can only repeat what I said to the Investigating Judge: That I knew nothing of any conspiracy; that I was dumfounded when they came into my room to arrest him. In fact, I thought at first that he was arrested for some robbery or the like, and I ask Monsieur Jules' pardon for the suspicion.

DUPRE.—Then, you will have to testify that, after you made the young man's acquaintance, he was constantly in your room, you will have to—

PAMELA.—But all that is the truth, sir, the plain truth— He was all the time calling on me; I received him, because I liked him. He said he came out of love for me and I—well, I resisted his advances as it was my duty to—

DUPRE.—But later—?

PAMELA, *much disturbed*.—Later?

DUPRE.—You are trembling—? Now, take care, a moment ago, you promised me the whole truth.

PAMELA.—The whole truth! Oh, what a torture!

DUPRE.—I am, myself, greatly interested in this young man, but I would hesitate before stating an untruth for his, or for any man's sake. If he is really guilty, I shall defend him from a sense of professional duty; but if he is innocent, his cause will become like my own. Yes, I know, Pamela, the sacrifice I am demanding of you is a terrible one, but it must be made— Now, answer. Did not Jules' visits take place late at night and without your parents' knowledge?

PAMELA.—I shall never be able to say that! Never!

DUPRE.—Ah, then, my last hope is gone!

PAMELA, *aside*.—The last hope gone! He or I to be ruined! (*Aloud*.) Be reassured, sir; if I am so much distressed, it is only because I am not facing the real danger! But, before his judges, when I shall fully realize how great is the peril that threatens him, when it will be in my hands to save him—ah, then!

DUPRE.—I understand— I understand— All will yet be well— But the fact that must be most positively testified to is that, on the evening of the 24th of August last, he did come to visit you, here— With that I can save him; without it, he is lost!

PAMELA, *deeply moved*.—He, Jules, lost! No, no! Better that I should be ruined! My God, will you forgive? (*Aloud*.) Yes, yes, I remember now— He did come that evening, the 24th of August! It was my saint's day—my name is Louise-Pamela—and he brought me flowers, and my parents knew nothing about it—and it was late—very late—when he left

me— Ah, sir, have no fear, I will tell everything, everything! (*Aside.*) I shall lie, lie—but it must be done!

DUPRE.—You will save his life! (*At that moment enters Monsieur Rousseau from the street.*) Ah, here you are, sir! (*Dupre rushes to the door of the small room and opening it wide cries out.*) Come back, all of you, and thank our heroine!

SCENE VI

ROUSSEAU. DE VERBY. MADAME DU BROCARD.

GIRAUD. MADAME GIRAUD. *Later* JOSEPH.

ALL.—She consents?

ROUSSEAU.—You save my son! Never will I forget it!

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—Dear girl, we are entirely yours and forever!

ROUSSEAU.—My fortune is at your disposal.

DUPRE.—I say nothing, my child; we shall see each other again!

JOSEPH, *bursting from the closet where he has been concealed.*—A moment, please! Don't you rush things! I have heard everything—for I suspected you, and hid in this closet. So, you are trying to make Pamela, whom I have loved enough to ask her to become my wife—you are trying to make her say such abominable things! (*To Dupre.*) And that's the way you are earning my fourteen hundred francs! Ah, but I won't allow it! I also will go to court and I will testify that I heard you contriving that pack of lies—

ALL.—Great heavens!

DUPRE.—Why, you wretched young man!

DE VERBY.—If you dare say a word!

JOSEPH.—Oh, you don't scare me!

DE VERBY, *to Madame Rousseau and Madame du Brocard*.—You may depend upon it he shall not go; if it is necessary I'll have him waylaid and locked up until after the trial is over!

JOSEPH.—I'd like to see you try, sir! (*Just then enter a court-clerk.*)

DUPRE, *to the newcomer*.—What do you want?

THE COURT-CLERK.—I am deputy-clerk of the Court of Assizes—Mademoiselle Pamela Giraud? (*Pamela comes forward.*) Using his discretionary power, the Presiding Judge has issued this summons commanding you to appear in court to-morrow at ten o'clock, sharp.

JOSEPH, *to De Verby*.—You'll see if I don't get in there!

THE COURT-CLERK.—The janitor downstairs told me I would also find here a Monsieur Joseph Binet?

JOSEPH.—Here! here!

THE COURT-CLERK.—Here is your summons for to-morrow morning, same hour.

JOSEPH, *triumphant*.—Didn't I tell you that I would get in there all right!

(*The clerk withdraws and they all crowd around Joseph beseeching him to abandon his threatened intervention. Dupre tries to talk to him but Joseph refuses to listen, and pushes his way out of the room.*)

(CURTAIN ON THIRD ACT.)

FOURTH ACT

(The stage represents Madame du Brocard's drawing-room, from which one has a clear view of the court-yard in front of the Hall of the Assizes, in Paris.)

SCENE 1

MADAME DU BROCARD. MADAME ROUSSEAU. ROUSSEAU.

JOSEPH BINET. DUPRE. JUSTINE. *Dupre is seated and looking over legal papers.*

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—Monsieur Dupre!

DUPRE.—As I was telling you, Madame, the court adjourned immediately at the conclusion of the opposing arguments. I rushed here at once, to reassure you as to the outcome.

MADAME DU BROCARD.—So near to the Hall of the Assizes, we shall be posted upon every happening. Ah, Monsieur Dupre, what gratitude we owe you! Your pleading was superb. *(To Justine.)* Hurry up, and bring Monsieur l'avocat something to drink—

MONSIEUR ROUSSEAU.—You spoke magnificently!

JOSEPH, *with tears in his eyes*.—Ah, it was beautiful, beautiful!

DUPRE.—It is not me you ought to thank, but that courageous child, Pamela.

JOSEPH.—And what of me?

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—He? *(Pointing at Joseph.)* He did not execute his threats, after all?

DUPRE.—Indeed not; he has been of the greatest use to us.

JOSEPH.—I have, I know; but it was all your doing, Monsieur Dupre— When I was called to the stand, I had made up my mind to upset everything— But, with that crowd listening so breathlessly, the tall Presiding Judge in his red robe, the jurors so solemn-like in their box—I felt myself all in a tremble. Still I had not weakened yet— The Judge asked me the first question; I was opening my mouth to answer him, when, all of a sudden, my eyes met those of Mademoiselle Pamela and I saw hers were filled with tears— It simply paralyzed me! Then, on the other side, there was Monsieur Jules looking so brave, so unconcerned—a fine head he has, though so terribly imperilled just now— That finished me. The Judge, noticing my emotion, said: “Be not afraid, young man, take your time!” I had lost my bearings, I had— Still, I was so afraid of getting myself compromised that, even then, I might have told the truth, nothing but the truth, if Monsieur Dupre, had not fixed upon me his piercing look, a look that seemed to say to me—I am not able to say what—but it stopped my tongue, it filled me with a most extraordinary emotion and I began sobbing like a baby— Oh, you were splendid, sir, you were— When I was able to speak I was just turned inside out, and I began to say things— Why, I actually swore that late in the evening of August 24th I had surprised Mademoiselle Pamela and Monsieur Jules in her room! Yes, Pamela, whom I love so dearly that, even now, after this awful scandal, I am ready to marry her the moment she consents— What they’ll say in my neighborhood,

you may imagine; but, I don't care; no, great lawyer, I don't care! (*To Justine.*) I guess I'll have something to drink, too!

ROUSSEAU, MADAME ROUSSEAU and MADAME DU BROCARD, *surrounding Joseph*.—Oh, you good man, our excellent friend!

DUPRE.—My main hope rests on the impression produced by Pamela's straightforwardness in her trying testimony. For a brief space, I trembled for the fate of her evidence; the Attorney-General was pressing her so hard and showed himself so skeptical as to the truth of her statements, that she turned pale and seemed about to swoon—

JOSEPH.—Just the way I felt myself!

DUPRE.—Ah, but she was devoted to the end! You have no idea yet of the extent of that devotion! I understand it all now—she deceived me—she accused herself falsely, she is a pure and innocent girl! It all came to me like a flash! Just as she seemed to weaken, her eyes gazed for a second upon Jules', and, suddenly, the rush of blood that replaced the pallor on her face told me that she would save him at any cost! She braved the threat of arrest for perjury, and once more, in the presence of the breathless audience, she repeated her confession, every word of it, and then fell back into her mother's arms, sobbing bitterly.

JOSEPH.—Ah, what a good heart she has!

DUPRE.—I must leave you now. In a few minutes, the sitting will be resumed for the summing-up of the Presiding Judge.

ROUSSEAU.—Let us go.

DUPRE.—Just a moment. Ladies, in our absence do

not forget Pamela, the young girl who has sacrificed her precious good name for you, for him!

JOSEPH.—You understand, I am not asking anything, but promises have been made me and—

MADAME DU BROCARD *and* MADAME ROUSSEAU.—Oh, we will never feel that we have done enough for you!

DUPRE.—That's all right. Now, let us start, gentlemen, it is time.

(Exeunt Dupre and Rousseau.)

SCENE II

THE PRECEDING, *minus* DUPRE AND ROUSSEAU.

MADAME DU BROCARD, *restraining Joseph from leaving the room.*—Listen.

JOSEPH.—What is it?

MADAME DU BROCARD.—You see the anxiety we are in; try and get us word of the least incident.

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—Yes, keep us posted about everything in the court-room.

JOSEPH.—Sure, I will do all I can; and I won't have to leave the room, either. I have a seat near the window, and I can see your house from it. Now, you just watch that window, the second one on the second floor— If he is acquitted I will wave my handkerchief! Do you understand?

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—Yes, we do— But don't forget—

JOSEPH.—Of course I won't— I know what a

mother's feelings must be in such an awful situation— For your sake, for the sake of Pamela, I have said things— Well, one does not command one's likings, and, besides, you have promised me something— You may count on me— (*Exit Joseph on a run.*)

SCENE III

THE PRECEDING, *minus* JOSEPH.

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—Justine, open this window and keep close watch until you see the signal this honest young fellow has promised to wave us from the courtroom— Ah, but suppose they bring out a verdict of guilty! It makes my heart stop!

MADAME DU BROCARD.—Monsieur Dupre told us to hope.

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—And this brave, this excellent girl, Pamela—what can we do for her?

MADAME DU BROCARD.—Ah, we must make her happy for life! Her help came straight from heaven! Only a warm heart can inspire such devotion! Yes, indeed, we must give her a fortune, say thirty thousand francs, for instance! We shall owe to her Jules' life! (*Aside.*) If only the poor boy is acquitted! (*She looks toward the window.*)

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—Well, Justine?

JUSTINE.—Nothing, yet Madame.

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—Nothing yet— Ah, sister, how right you are, and what a noble heart this young girl

must possess to have acted as she did. I do not know what you and my husband may think of it but the happiness and the honor of Jules are first in my mind, and in case Pamela does truly love him, if he, himself, is fond of her— I think I heard some noise outside—

MADAME DU BROCARD *and* JUSTINE.—Nothing, nothing!

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—Ah, tell me, sister, has she not deserved that happiness? Somebody coming—

(The two sisters remain motionless, pressing each other's hands in suppressed excitement.)

SCENE IV

THE PRECEDING. DE VERBY.

JUSTINE, *announcing*. — Monsieur le General de Verby.

MADAME ROUSSEAU *and* MADAME DU BROCARD.—Ah!

DE VERBY.—Everything is going first rate, and my presence in the court-room not being necessary any longer, I thought I would join you, ladies. There are great chances in favor of Jules; in the summing-up, the Presiding Judge positively aided his case.

MADAME ROUSSEAU, *overjoyed*.—Ah, God be blessed!

DE VERBY. — Jules behaved splendidly— My brother, Count de Verby, is most kindly disposed toward him. My niece thinks him a hero and I— well—I know courage and honor when I see them! When the excitement created by this affair has quieted down, we will hurry the marriage—

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—You ought to know, General, that we have made this young girl certain promises—

MADAME DU BROCARD.—You need not speak of that just now, sister—

DE VERBY.—Oh, I understand, she certainly deserves a reward, a large one even—say, fifteen or twenty thousand francs.

MADAME DU BROCARD.—You hear, sister. The General is a high-minded and generous man, and since he believes that such an amount would prove sufficient, I don't see why—

JUSTINE.—Here comes Monsieur Rousseau!

MADAME DU BROCARD.—My brother!

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—My husband!

SCENE V

THE PRECEDING. ROUSSEAU

DE VERBY.—You bring good news?

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—He is acquitted?

ROUSSEAU.—Not yet— But there is a rumor around that he is to be. The jury is still locked up. I had not the courage to wait any longer—I told Antoine to rush here as soon as a verdict was rendered.

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—We shall be told the result from the window; that young fellow, Joseph, has promised to signal us from the Court-House—

ROUSSEAU.—Then watch closely, Justine—

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—And how does poor Jules feel? How anxious he must be!

ROUSSEAU.—He! Why, he is as cool and uncon-

cerned as if the verdict meant nothing to him! Ah, if he had employed this courage of his for something more worthy than a petty plot! He has placed us in such a terrible position! I might be President of the Chamber of Commerce, some day, were it not for this unfortunate affair!

DE VERBY.—You forget that an alliance with my family may prove some compensation.

ROUSSEAU, *as if remembering something suddenly*.—By the way, General, when I was leaving Jules, he was surrounded by his friends, among them Monsieur Dupre and this young girl, Pamela. I am afraid your niece and the Countess, her mother, must have noticed the scene. I hope you will do your best to erase from their minds the impression—

DE VERBY.—You need not worry on that score, sir; I'll manage to have Jules appear as white as snow! It is important, of course, to have that working-girl affair explained plausibly, as otherwise, my sister-in-law might oppose our plans. We will manage to have all idea of serious love eliminated and a sufficient amount paid the girl in full settlement.

ROUSSEAU.—Yes, indeed, I intend to do the right thing by the girl. I'll give her, say, about eight or ten thousand francs. That will be enough, won't it?

MADAME ROUSSEAU, *until then controlled by her sister*.—And her honor, sir, her honor? Who is to pay for that?

ROUSSEAU.—Oh, well, if it comes to that, we will find a husband for her, all right!

SCENE VI

THE PRECEDING. JOSEPH, *rushing in the room.*

JOSEPH.—Please, quick, quick—salts—water—something!

ALL.—What— What's the matter?

JOSEPH.—Monsieur Antoine, your valet, is bringing Mademoiselle Pamela here.

ROUSSEAU.—Has anything happened to her?

JOSEPH.—Just as the jury filed in, she fainted away— Father and Mother Giraud, who were seated at the other end of the hall, could not attend to her— I shouted for help and the Presiding Judge had me expelled.

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—But what about Jules, my son? What is the verdict?

JOSEPH.—I don't know anything about it— I only saw Pamela fainting! Because, you know, your son is all right, and Pamela comes first with me—

DE VERBY.—Still, you must have noticed on the faces of the jurors—

JOSEPH.—Ah, sir, the foreman of the jury looked that solemn and sad that I am afraid— (*They all start back in terrible anxiety.*)

MADAME ROUSSEAU, *half sobbing.*—Ah, my poor, poor, Jules!

JOSEPH.—Here comes Monsieur Antoine and Mademoiselle Pamela.

SCENE VII

THE PRECEDING. ANTOINE. PAMELA. *They bring a chair for the half-fainting girl and care for her in the usual way.*

MADAME DU BROCARD.—My dear child!

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—My daughter!

ROUSSEAU.—Mademoiselle!

PAMELA.—In spite of all my efforts, I could not stand this prolonged uncertainty— Hope had first forsaken me, and then it returned again, as I gazed upon the face of Monsieur Jules. While the jury was out his calm smile made me share the happy presentiment he seemed to have. And then again the impassive, almost gloomy look of Monsieur Dupre chilled me to the core— Suddenly the bell rang, announcing the return of the jury, a thrill of anxiety seemed to sweep over the whole audience and it went through me like a dagger; all my strength forsook me, my face was bathed in a cold sweat—I fainted away!

JOSEPH.—I screamed and they threw me out—

DE VERBY, *to Monsieur Rousseau*.—Supposing the worst happened—could we depend on her in case of a new trial?

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—We can depend upon her forever—I know it!

MADAME DU BROCARD.—Pamela!

ROUSSEAU.—Mademoiselle, you who have shown yourself so brave, so generous, if we should have to make another appeal upon your devotion, would you repeat—?

PAMELA.—I would repeat everything, sir. My only thought is to save him!

JOSEPH.—How she loves him!

ROUSSEAU.—Ah, everything I have is yours!

(*Cries outside.*)

ALL.—Oh, that noise! (*Pamela rises, trembling; Joseph rushes to Justine by the window.*) What do these shouts mean?

JOSEPH.—There is a crowd rushing down the stairs of the Court-House— It seems to be coming this way—

JOSEPH and JUSTINE, together.—Monsieur Jules, Monsieur Jules!

ROUSSEAU and MADAME ROUSSEAU.—My son!

MADAME DU BROCARD and PAMELA, rushing to the door.—Jules!

DE VERBY.—Saved!

SCENE VIII

THE PRECEDING. JULES. A NUMBER OF FRIENDS.
Jules, escorted in by a number of friends, rushes to his mother's arms. At first he does not notice Pamela who is in a corner of the stage next to Joseph.

JULES.—Ah, mother, auntie, my good father, I am a free man again! (*To De Verby and the ones who escorted him.*) General, and you, my many friends, a thousand thanks for your expressions of kind sympathy!

(*After shaking hands all around, the friends leave the room.*)

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—At last, at last, my son is mine again! But I shall not recover from my anguish and my joy for a long time!

JOSÉPH, *to Pamela*.—He has not said a word to you! He does not even seem to notice that you are here!

PAMELA, *withdrawing farther back*.—Hush, Joseph, hush!

DE VERBY, *to Jules*.—Not only are you saved but you have been raised immeasurably in the esteem of all those interested in this affair! You showed a steadfastness and a discretion that will receive their reward in due time.

ROUSSEAU.—Everybody behaved well! You, Antoine—you will be in my service for the rest of your life—

JULES.—Yes, they all did their best, father, but my real savior, my rescuing angel is Pamela, poor, dear, Pamela! How she grasped at once the true situation and the only way out of it! And what incredible devotion! But, I remember now—did she not faint away just as the jury was filing in? I must find out at once— (*He rushes toward the door. Madame Rousseau whose only thought at first was for her son, walks straight to Pamela, in her corner, and leads her by the hand to Jules.*) Ah, Pamela, Pamela! my gratitude shall never die!

PAMELA.—Ah, Monsieur Jules, I am so happy, so happy!

JULES.—And now, we are never to leave each other again— Isn't it so, mother? She will be your daughter!

DE VERBY, *quickly to Rousseau*.—Interfere, sir, interfere, right away! Remember, my sister-in-law and her daughter expect a message from you at once—

Do not allow a hot-headed youth to spoil his whole life out of ridiculous scruples and through exaggerated generosity—

ROUSSEAU, *embarrassed*.—Still—

DE VERBY.—I hold your pledged word, sir.

MADAME DU LROCARD.—Speak out, my dear brother-in-law.

JULES.—O mother! Answer me and say that we are of one mind, on the subject!

ROUSSEAU, *taking his son's hand*.—My dear Jules, never shall I forget the immense service rendered us by this young girl. I understand how deeply grateful you must feel toward her. But that must not make you forget that Count de Verby holds our pledged word, and that it would be most foolish to thus sacrifice your whole future. You have plenty of skill—you have just given signal proof of it; a young conspirator like you ought to have no trouble getting satisfactorily out of the position you are in.

DE VERBY, *on the other side of Jules*.—And, as a future diplomat, you have here a fine chance to distinguish yourself!

ROUSSEAU.—Besides, my decision is absolute.

JULES.—Oh, father, father!

DUPRE, *entering the room*.—Jules, I see that I shall have to come once more to your rescue!

PAMELA and JOSEPH.—Monsieur Dupre!

MADAME DU BROCARD.—The lawyer!

DUPRE.—I see—I am not "that dear Monsieur Dupre," any more!

MADAME DU BROCARD.—Of course you are— Only, before attempting to settle our debt of gratitude to you, we must think of this young girl, and—

DUPRE, *interrupting her coldly*.—Please excuse me, Madame, but—

DE VERBY.—This man is going to spoil everything!

DUPRE.—I heard enough, Madame, to know that my experience has been once more at fault— I never believed that ingratitude could follow so closely the benefit received. (*Addressing Monsieur Rousseau.*) Wealthy as you are, wealthy as your son is sure to be some day, I imagined that you might have obeyed, this time, the voice of your conscience! Don't you realize, sir, that to save your Jules she dishonored herself? Before such a sacrifice, your ambition ought to lower itself! Shall it be said that this fortune which you acquired by such honorable means has chilled within you every generous feeling? (*Noticing that Madame du Brocard is making signs to her brother-in-law.*) Ah, I see you are the leading spirit in this household, Madame, and even should I convince Monsieur Rousseau, for the time being, you would be sure to destroy my work within a few hours—

MADAME DU BROCARD, *stiffly*.—Monsieur Dupre, our word is given to the Count and the Countess de Verby! I feel sure that Mademoiselle, who, her whole life long, may count upon me, did not save my nephew to have him sacrifice his future for her sake.

ROUSSEAU.—There must be some proportions between fortunes. Now, my son will have, some day, eighty thousand francs a year!

JOSEPH, *aside*.—That suits me— I'll marry her! But that man is no father, he is a money-bag!

DE VERBY.—It is my opinion, sir, that we shall never be able to manifest enough admiration for your talent or esteem for your character. I feel certain that in

the bosom of this family the remembrance of the services you rendered it will be kept religiously. But, if I may be allowed to say so, some private matters ought not to be discussed before strangers. As far as I am personally concerned, I have Monsieur Rousseau's word and I refuse to release him. (*To Jules.*) Come with me, my young friend; come to my brother's house; my niece is waiting for you. To-morrow, as you know, is the day when the settlements are to be decided upon—

(*Pamela falls into a chair in a half swoon.*)

JOSEPH, *rushing to her side.*—Mademoiselle Pamela, what is the matter?

DUPRE *and* JULES, *also running to her.*—Heavens!

DE VERBY, *taking Jules by the hand.*—Come—come.

DUPRE.—Stop! When I came here, a moment ago, I trusted I should not be the only one to come to this child's help! I see it's otherwise— Well then, nothing is finished yet! Pamela shall be arrested for perjury! And (*grasping the General's arm*) you are all ruined!— (*He leaves the room abruptly, escorting Pamela.*)

JOSEPH, *hiding behind the sofa.*—Don't say I am here!!

(CURTAIN ON FOURTH ACT.)

FIFTH ACT

(The stage represents the private study in Dupre's house. A bookcase and a desk stand on each side of the stage. A window at the left is hung with heavy silk curtains which reach to the floor.)

SCENE I

DUPRE. PAMELA. GIRAUD. MADAME GIRAUD.

(As the curtain rises, Pamela is seen seated in an arm-chair, busy reading; Madame Giraud is standing by her side, while Giraud is examining the pictures on the wall. Dupre is pacing the room with long steps; suddenly he stops and addresses Giraud.)

DUPRE.—When you came to this house, I hope you took the usual precautions?

GIRAUD.—You need not worry about that, sir. When I come to see you I walk with my head turned the wrong way! I know too well what the consequences of the least imprudence might be. Daughter, your warm heart carried you away; but you ought to have stopped short of perjury, for that's a serious offence!

MADAME GIRAUD.—And severely punished, too— You must be mighty cautious, Giraud, when you visit us here; poor Pamela would get into a peck of trouble if it were known that Monsieur Dupre has been generous enough to hide the two of us inside his own house!

DUPRE, *who has resumed his nervous walk*.—That's all right! That's all right! But those Rousseaus! What a mean, ungrateful, crowd! They all believe that Pamela is under arrest and yet they have not done a thing to help her out! Jules has been shipped away to Brussels, General de Verby is enjoying the country air, and Monsieur Rousseau is every day on 'Change, doing business, as if nothing threatened his son's protectress! Money, Ambition, that's all their lives are made of! They care not a fig for noble sentiments. They never stop worshiping the Golden Calf; it seems as if they were blind to everything else!

PAMELA, *who has noticed Dupre's agitation, rises and goes to him*.—Monsieur Dupre, you are disturbed, you seem in pain— I am afraid it's all about poor me!

DUPRE.—But do you not feel indignant when you think that, after using you as an instrument, this family, whose son you have saved from certain death, has ignored you ever since, in such a heartless fashion?

PAMELA.—But if it cannot be helped, sir?

DUPRE.—Ah, dear child, your heart harbors no bitterness!

PAMELA.—Indeed it does not, sir; I am happier than any of them—I feel that I did my duty.

MADAME GIRAUD, *kissing her*.—My poor, dear girl!

DUPRE, *coming closer to Pamela*.—Mademoiselle, you are an honest girl! Nobody knows it better than I, for did I not come to you beseeching you to tell the truth and have you not nobly compromised yourself to save a life? Now, these people ignore you, disown you, but I, Pamela—I admire your pure mind, your beautiful devotion, and I wish to repair the harm done and to make you happy I am forty-eight years old;

I have some money and some reputation as a lawyer; I have spent my life trying to be an honest man— I'll stick to that until the end. Pamela, will you be my wife?

PAMELA, *deeply moved*.—I, sir?

GIRAUD.—His wife? Our daughter? I say, Madame Giraud!

MADAME GIRAUD.—Can it be possible?

DUPRE.—Why show such surprise? All I want you to do is to consult your heart— To answer me yes or no— I repeat it, will you be my wife?

PAMELA.—But what kind of a man are you, sir? I owe you so much already—and still you want to add to it— Ah, never will my gratitude—

DUPRE.—Gratitude again— Oh, please, do not use that word; it has a bad taste! I have only contempt for what they call the world's opinion; there is no one living to whom I owe any account of my conduct, of my affections— Since I have witnessed your courage, your resignation, I have loved you. I love you tenderly; will you try to love me?

PAMELA.—Yes, yes, yes, sir, I will!

MADAME GIRAUD.—Who could help loving you?

GIRAUD.—Monsieur Dupre, I am nothing but a poor janitor—I am not even that any longer—but when you say that you love our daughter, you must excuse me— my eyes are full of tears and—I can't find the words I want— (*He wipes his eyes.*) Ah, but you are right to love Pamela—it shows that you have your wits about you—because, Pamela—there are lots of landlord's children that don't come up to her! Just the same, it's humiliating for her to have a father and mother like us—

PAMELA.—Oh, father!

GIRAUD.—You, sir, you are a king among men— Well, my old wife and I—we'll go and hide in some nice little country town, far, far, away, and Sundays, at mass-time, you'll think: There are two dear old people who are praying for us!

(Pamela kisses her father and mother tenderly.)

DUPRE.—Good, honest, people! You don't want fortunes or titles! All you care for is a nice little village home— Well, you shall have that—I'll arrange it all.

GIRAUD.—Our gratitude—

DUPRE.—That word again! I'll have it scratched out of the dictionary! It's almost as bad as a bird of ill-omen! For the present, I will take you all to my summer place. So, go home, and pack up.

GIRAUD.—Monsieur Dupre—

DUPRE.—What is it, Giraud?

GIRAUD.—It is about that poor Joseph Binet, who is also compromised in this new affair— He does not know that you have given us a shelter in your house, but three days ago, he came to your servant and seemed all broken up by fright— As this house is God's own country, he was given a nook in one of your garret-rooms and has been there ever since.

DUPRE.—Go and tell him to come down here.

GIRAUD.—He won't; he is too deathly afraid of being arrested. When they bring him food he can hardly be made to open the door a couple of inches—

DUPRE.—He will soon be freed from this terror—I am expecting a letter that will set all our anxieties at rest.

GIRAUD.—Can I reassure him, then.

DUPRE.—No—better wait until to-night.

GIRAUD.—Then, I'll go back home as cautiously as ever.

(Madame Giraud walks with him to the door whispering all sorts of advice. Pamela starts to follow her, when Dupre speaks to her. Exeunt Giraud and Madame Giraud.)

DUPRE.—This Joseph Binet—you are sure you do not love him?

PAMELA.—Very, very sure—

DUPRE.—And—the other one?

PAMELA, *after a display of emotion which she controls at once*.—I shall never love any one but you! *(As she is about leaving the room, a noise is heard outside and Jules suddenly enters.)*

SCENE II

PAMELA. JULES. DUPRE.

JULES, *to the servant who tries to stop him*.—Let me in, please, I must see him without a minute's delay! *(Noticing Dupre.)* Ah, sir! What has become of Pamela? Is she free? Is she in safety.

PAMELA, *turning from the other door through which she was about to leave*.—Jules!

JULES.—Heavens! you here, Mademoiselle!

DUPRE.—And you, sir, I thought you were in Brussels?

JULES.—Oh, they sent me there, in spite of my protests— You know I have been taught blind obedience to my parents' will— But I took my memories along with me! Six months ago, before meeting Pamela, I did risk my life for Mademoiselle de Verby's hand,

partly to please my people's ambition, and partly, I must confess, to satisfy my vanity, for I hoped to become some day a nobleman—I, the son of a self-made business man! But I met Pamela and fell in love with her! You know the rest— What was at first a passionate longing turned out to be a solemn duty, and every hour I kept away from her, I felt more and more that my absence was an act of cowardice! So, while they think me far off and out of harm's way, here I am back in the city I ought never to have left! She was to be arrested, you said so—and I fled! (*To both of them.*) I did not even call upon you, my rescuer, who will also be hers!

DUPRE, *looking at the two young people.*—Ah, that is well said and well done, Jules! At last I meet with an honest, honorable man!

PAMELA, *wiping her tears.*—O Lord God, I thank You!

DUPRE, *to Jules.*—And now, what do you hope? What do you want?

JULES.—What do I want? I want to link my fate to hers, to pay the penalty with her, or if God has pity on us to say to her: Pamela, will you be mine?

DUPRE.—That's all very nice; there is but one difficulty in the way—I am going to marry her myself—

JULES, *dumfounded.*—You?

DUPRE.—Yes, I, myself— (*Pamela lowers her eyes.*) I have no family to say me nay—

JULES.—I'll bring mine to terms—

DUPRE.—Oh, they'll send you back to Brussels.

JULES.—I will go straight to my mother— Oh, I have plenty of courage when I need it—I'll brave my father's anger— I will risk the loss of my aunt's for-

tune— I will do everything that has to be done, otherwise I should think myself without dignity, without honor, without soul. And then, may I hope?

DUPRE.—Are you asking that of me?

JULES.—Pamela, I beg you, answer!

PAMELA, *to Dupre*.—You have my word, sir.

SCENE III

THE PRECEDING. A SERVANT, *who hands a card to Dupre*.

DUPRE, *looking at the card and showing much surprise*.—I declare— (*To Jules*.) Do you know where General de Verby is now?

JULES.—In Normandy, at his brother's country seat.

DUPRE, *still looking at the card*.—All right— Now you go to your mother—

JULES.—Then you promise me—

DUPRE.—I promise you nothing.

JULES.—Good-by, Pamela! (*As he walks to the door*.) I will come again! (*Exit Jules*.)

DUPRE, *turning to Pamela after Jules has gone*.—Must he come again?

PAMELA, *deeply moved throws herself into his arms*.—Ah, sir! (*Exit Pamela*.)

DUPRE, *wiping a tear, as he sees her withdraw*.—Gratitude, indeed! (*He goes and opens a small door hidden in the woodwork*.) Come in, General!

SCENE IV

DUPRE. DE VERBY.

DUPRE.—You here, General, when everybody thinks you are fifty leagues away!

DE VERBY.—I arrived this morning.

DUPRE.—Some serious matter must—

DE VERBY.—Nothing personal; but I could not remain indifferent to— Monsieur Dupre, you may do me a kindness—

DUPRE.—Only too happy, sir, to be of any service to you.

DE VERBY.—Monsieur Dupre, the circumstances under which we met gave me an opportunity of appreciating your merits. Among the men whose character and talent have won my admiration, you stand first and foremost.

DUPRE.—Ah, General, you compel me to answer that you, an officer of the Empire, represent in my eyes, by your courage, your loyalty, your independence, the best traditions of that glorious period. (*Aside.*) I guess we are quits!

DE VERBY.—Then I may count upon you?

DUPRE.—Unreservedly.

DE VERBY.—I desire some information about the young Pamela Giraud.

DUPRE.—I knew you would ask that.

DE VERBY.—The Rousseau family's conduct was shameful!

DUPRE.—Would the General have acted any differently?

DE VERBY.—I want to interfere in her favor. By the

way, after she was arrested for perjury, how far did the affair proceed?

DUPRE.—This is hardly important enough to interest you?

DE VERBY.—But it does, just the same—

DUPRE, *aside*.—He wants to make me talk, so as to find out if he is compromised yet— (*Aloud.*) General, there are men who keep their plans, even their very thoughts, concealed from any one; they are only revealed through the progress of events. I call these strong men. I hope you will excuse my bluntness if I tell you that you are not one of them.

DE VERBY.—Such language, sir— What a strange man you are!

DUPRE.—More than strange—truly peculiar! But, listen to me now. You have been talking to me in a manner of assumed indifference, thinking you might, perhaps, test on me your diplomatic talents as a future ambassador. You have mistaken your man, for I am going to tell you what you did not expect to reveal to me. Ambitious and cautious at the same time, you placed yourself at the head of a conspiracy against the present régime. When the plot failed, you gave proof of your courage by striking at once into another path, without a thought for the poor devils imperiled in your stead. Now, you have gone over to the government party and are counted among the ultra-royalists—a manifest proof of your independent spirit! You expect your reward—the Turin Embassy, they say—but you are deathly afraid that the arrest of Pamela and the re-opening of the conspiracy case may unmask you! In your terror, trembling lest you lose the trinket for which you allowed others to pay a terrible

price, you come to me, flattery and honeyed promises in your mouth, and you try to make me your dupe— This we shall call a proof of loyalty! Well, to shorten this interview, you are right, Pamela has been arrested and has confessed everything—

DE VERBY.—What is to be done?

DUPRE.—I know but one way out: Write to Jules that you release him from his pledge to your niece and that Mademoiselle de Verby does the same.

DE VERBY.—You don't mean it?

DUPRE.—You were saying a moment ago that you despised the Rousseaus for their shabby conduct—

DE VERBY.—Yes—but, you know, promises have been exchanged—

DUPRE.—I'll tell you what I know. Your private fortune is not sufficient for the high position you are aiming at—and Madame du Brocard, as silly as she is ambitious, has promised to assist you if the marriage takes place—

DE VERBY.—Sir, you are insulting my personal dignity!

DUPRE.—Be that as it may, I want you to write the letter I just mentioned, and then, then only, will I endeavor to save you from this new danger. If you refuse, you may get out of it the best you can. Wait! I hear some one coming—a client, I suppose—

DE VERBY.—I don't wish to be seen— Everybody believes me out of town, even the Rousseaus.

THE SERVANT, *announcing*.—Madame du Brocard!

DE VERBY.—Heavens! (*He rushes and conceals himself in a closet to the right.*)

SCENE V

DUPRE. MADAME DU BROCARD. *She comes in with a frightened look, which is noticed as soon as she raises a thick double veil.*

MADAME DU BROCARD.—I have repeatedly called in the hope of having a private talk with you, my dear Monsieur Dupre, but this is the first time I have been fortunate enough to find you in. Are we alone?

DUPRE, *smiling*.—Quite alone.

MADAME DU BROCARD.—It is true, then, that this terrible affair has started afresh?

DUPRE.—Unfortunately true, Madame.

MADAME DU BROCARD.—Wretched young man! If I had not raised him, I would disinherit him even now! For the last few days I have been beside myself with anxiety— To think that I, whose whole life has been a model of propriety, earning me the esteem of all, should be mixed up in such an awful muddle! My silly visit to the Girauds caused it all—

DUPRE.—Of course, you were the one who secured, by your eloquent promises, the consent of Pamela to act as she did.

MADAME DU BROCARD.—I tell you, sir, it is a terrible lesson! It teaches one not to get intimate with certain kind of people—with a Bonapartist, for instance—a man without a conscience, without an honest heart, even—

(De Verby who has been listening through the half-opened door of the closet withdraws his head with a look of disgust on his face.)

DUPRE.—You seemed to think so much of him!

MADAME DU BROCARD.—His family is so aristocratic! And then, there was this brilliant marriage—my nephew for whom I have such ambitions!

DUPRE.—You forget the General's disinterested affection for you!

MADAME DU BROCARD.—His disinterested affection! Why, the General is penniless and I have had to promise him one hundred thousand francs to be paid him the day the marriage of my nephew and his niece is solemnized.

DUPRE, *coughing in the direction of the closet where De Verby has concealed himself*.—Hum! Hum!

MADAME DU BROCARD.—It is against the openly expressed opinion of this General de Verby, who claims that you are a wretched lawyer, that I come to you for advice. I am ready to pay you any fee you may ask, if only you get me out of this awful position.

DUPRE.—The first thing I want of you, then, is your promise to give your nephew, whoever may be the person he decides to marry, the same amount you intended to give him in case he married Mademoiselle de Verby.

MADAME DU BROCARD.—A moment, please—whom do you mean by "whoever may be the person he decides to marry?"

DUPRE.—Say yes or no!

MADAME DU BROCARD.—But I must be told—

DUPRE.—If that's so, you may attend to your affairs without my assistance—

MADAME DU BROCARD.—You are really abusing the situation and— Good heavens— Somebody's coming!

DUPRE, *looking toward the entrance door which is being slowly opened*.—Oh, it's a member of your family!

MADAME DU BROCARD, *hastily glancing in the same direction*.—Monsieur Rousseau, my brother-in-law! What can bring him here? He had promised me solemnly not to give in under any circumstance!

DUPRE.—Oh, you do lots of solemn promising in your family—but you don't keep much of it!

MADAME DU BROCARD.—If only I could hear what he is going to say! (*As Rousseau enters with his wife, Madame du Brocard throws herself behind one of the heavy window draperies to the left.*)

DUPRE, *looking at her*.—If the newcomers want to hide themselves I don't know where I'll put them!

SCENE VI

DUPRE. ROUSSEAU. MADAME ROUSSEAU.

ROUSSEAU.—Monsieur Dupre, you see us—my wife and I—in utter despair. Madame du Brocard, my sister-in-law, came to us this morning, with her head all filled with nonsense.

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—She frightened me nearly to death!

DUPRE, *offering a chair to Madame Rousseau*.—Allow me, Madame—

(*She sits down.*)

ROUSSEAU.—If we are to believe her, our son is again in danger.

DUPRE.—He is.

ROUSSEAU.—Will that thing never end! During the months it has lasted, I have been entirely unfit for business and I feel that I have shortened my life by

ten years. I have allowed a number of splendid opportunities of making money to slip by, to be picked up greedily by my competitors. At last we got our verdict of acquittal, I breathed freely again! And now it is all to be gone through once more; and my precious time is to be spent begging everybody I know to use his or her influence in our favor! It's disheartening, it is!

DUPRE.—How I pity you!

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—And still, we cannot give up—

ROUSSEAU.—It's all your fault, Madame Rousseau or that of your family! That sister of yours, with her noble name, who used to call me "her dear Rousseau," and all because I happened to own a few hundred thousand francs—

DUPRE.—Oh, that makes quite a difference, you know!

ROUSSEAU.—Through ambition and through vanity she has thrown herself at General de Verby's head—
(*De Verby and Madame du Brocard both peep out of their hiding-places, listening intently.*) A nice couple they make—a drawing-room warrior and an old church-rat.
(*The two withdraw their heads suddenly.*)

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—She is my sister, sir!

DUPRE.—Really, you are going too far!

ROUSSEAU.—You don't know them as I do! Now, I come once more to you, Monsieur Dupre; I understand a new trial is to be ordered shortly— What has become of the little working-girl?

DUPRE.—The little working-girl is to be my wife, sir.

ROUSSEAU and MADAME ROUSSEAU.—Your wife!

DE VERBY and MADAME DU BROCARD, *each from his or her hiding-place*—His wife!

DUPRE.—I will marry her as soon as she is free—that is if your son does not marry her first!

ROUSSEAU.—He, marry her!

MADAME ROUSSEAU, *to her husband*.—What is he saying?

DUPRE.—Nothing that ought to surprise you—And, I tell you, as a friend, you'd do well to accustom yourselves to the idea.

ROUSSEAU, *sarcastically*.—Monsieur Dupre, I did not care particularly to have my son marry Mademoiselle de Verby—the niece of a man with a pretty shady reputation— It was this foolish Madame du Brocard who was bound to have me agree to the marriage— But, between it and a marriage to the daughter of a janitor—

DUPRE.—He is not janitor any longer!

ROUSSEAU.—What's that?

DUPRE.—He lost his position on account of your son's affair. So he is going back to the country to live on the small pension (*Speaking close to Rousseau's ear*) you'll allow him!

ROUSSEAU.—Of course, if you are joking—

DUPRE.—I am not joking in the least. Your son shall marry their daughter and you shall allow the old people a pension.

SCENE VII

THE PRECEDING. JOSEPH BINET, *entering pale with fright*.

JOSEPH.—Monsieur Dupre, Monsieur Dupre, save me!

THE THREE OTHERS.—What is it? What is the matter?

JOSEPH.—Soldiers, soldiers on horseback are coming to arrest me!

(General commotion. Dupre looks with anxiety toward the inner room where are Pamela and her mother.)

DUPRE, to Joseph.—To arrest you?

JOSEPH.—I tell you, I saw one entering the house—I hear him coming up the stairs! O, hide me, hide me!—*(He rushes to the closet from which De Verby emerges with an "Ah!" of dismay. Then Joseph dashes to the window draperies from behind which Madame du Brocard runs out crying "Heavens!")*

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—My sister!

ROUSSEAU.—General de Verby!

(The door is thrown open.)

JOSEPH, dropping into a chair at the rear of the stage.—We are all done for!

A SERVANT, handing a large sealed envelope to Dupre.—From his Excellency, the Minister of Justice.

DUPRE, addressing the four others standing in a row at the front of the stage. *He speaks slowly and impressively.*—Now, I am going to leave you alone, the four of you. You, who have such high esteem for each other, give a serious thought to the young maiden, who has sacrificed everything for your sake, and whom you have so cruelly treated! The time has come for you to repair the harm you have done her; and it is your last chance. You must act at once, in this room. After that, and that only, will I rescue you from your present danger—that is, if you show yourselves worth the trouble. *(Exit Dupre.)*

SCENE VII

THE PRECEDING, *minus* DUPRE. (*They look at each other, greatly embarrassed.*)

JOSEPH, *coming to them*.—I say, we are in a tight place—we are. (*To De Verby.*) You know, in prison, you'll have to take care of me, General, for my purse is as light as my heart is heavy. (*De Verby turns his back to him. Joseph addressing Rousseau.*) By the way, I was promised something— (*Rousseau walks off without answering. Joseph addressing Madame du Brocard.*) Don't you remember that something was promised me—

MADAME DU BROCARD.—Never mind just now.

MADAME ROUSSEAU, *to Joseph*.—But why are you afraid? How do you happen to be here? Were you tracked by the police?

JOSEPH.—No, I wasn't! For four days I have been in this house hidden in the garret like an insect— I fled to it, when I discovered that Father and Mother Giraud had been spirited away and Pamela locked up in jail— Oh, I am not going to be caught napping— If the police ever lay their hands on me I am going to peach, and right away, too! I did lie in court—that's a fact, but I am going to tell the story from start to finish before I let go—I'll denounce everybody!

DE VERBY, *to himself*.—It has to be done! (*He sits at one of the desks and begins to write.*)

MADAME DU BROCARD.—Oh, wretched Jules, who is the cause of it all!

MADAME ROUSSEAU, *to her husband*.—You see, that

lawyer holds us all— We shall be forced to give our consent!

(De Verby rises from the desk. Madame du Brocard takes his place and writes rapidly.)

MADAME ROUSSEAU, *to her husband*.—Dear husband, do it, do it, at once!

ROUSSEAU, *taking a resolution*.—I may promise that cursed lawyer all he wants! What does it matter? Jules is in Brussels!

(The door is thrown open: terrified exclamation from Joseph. Dupre appears, alone.)

SCENE IX

THE PRECEDING. DUPRE.

DUPRE.—Well? *(Madame du Brocard hands him the letter he has asked for. De Verby also presents him a letter, and while Rousseau, to whom Dupre immediately passes it, reads it with signs of surprise, the General leaves the room without bowing to anybody and with a scowl of rage on his face.)* And you, Monsieur Rousseau?

ROUSSEAU.—I leave my son free to act as he pleases in the matter.

MADAME ROUSSEAU, *delighted*.—Dear husband!

DUPRE, *aside*.—He thinks his son far from here.

ROUSSEAU.—But Jules is in Brussels and nothing can be done until his return.

DUPRE.—Of course, of course, nothing can be concluded without his presence—

ROUSSEAU.—That's it; later—when he returns—

DUPRE.—As soon as he returns?

ROUSSEAU.—Certainly, certainly— (*Aside.*) I will take good care that he stays there a good, long time—

DUPRE, *walking to the door to the left and opening it.*—Come in, my young friend, and thank your parents and your aunt, who consent to everything!

MADAME ROUSSEAU.—My Jules!

MADAME DU BROCARD.—My nephew!

JULES.—Is this really possible?

DUPRE, *throwing open the other door.*—And you, Pamela, my child, my daughter! Kiss your husband!
(*Jules rushes to her.*)

MADAME DU BROCARD.—What does all this mean?

DUPRE.—It means that she has not been arrested and never will be! It means that although I have no handle to my name and no brother in the House of Peers, I still possess just a trifle of influence. It means that the touching devotion of Pamela has found sympathizers among those in power. It means that the whole case has been pigeon-holed and that the mounted soldier who rode to my door came from the Minister with the glad news! The poltroon, over there, took him for a whole regiment!

JOSEPH.—One can't see distinctly from a garret-window—

MADAME DU BROCARD.—Monsieur Dupre, you have deceived us; I take back my word—

DUPRE.—But I keep your letter— You want a lawsuit? All right, I'll argue the case in court.

MADAME GIRAUD *and* GIRAUD, *who have entered the room.*—Monsieur Dupre!

DUPRE, *to them.*—Well, are you pleased with me?
(*Jules and Madame Rousseau have moved close to Rous-*

seau and are beseeching him to give his full consent. After refusing awhile, he finally yields and impresses a fatherly kiss on Pamela's brow. Dupre at once goes to him and taking him by the hand says: You are doing the right thing, sir! *(To Jules.)* Will you make her happy?

JULES.—Indeed I will, my excellent friend!

(Pamela raises Dupre's hand to her lips with a look of deep affection.)

JOSEPH, *to Dupre.*—What a fool I am! He is to marry her, and yet I feel tears of joy in my eyes! By the way, what am I to get out of the whole affair?

DUPRE, *laughing.*—I make you a present of my lawyer's fees—

JOSEPH.—Oh, sir, count upon my gratitude—

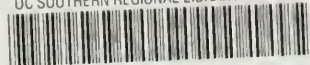
DUPRE.—I accept it as receipt in full!

(FINAL CURTAIN.)

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